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ISSUE 167

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." - Henry David Thoreau

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OFF THE TOP

PLAYING THE VICTIM

By Woody BeBout
Mr. Drummer 1991

"Playing the victim" is the modern counterpart to the medieval belief that certain human behavior may be attributed to forces beyond our control. We laugh at Flip Wilson's drag character, Geraldine, who absolves herself from all responsibility for her actions with the simple explanation, "The Devil made me do it!" While modern culture would not think of resorting to theology or demonology to explain human behavior, especially dysfunctional or destructive behavior, the concept of "victim" has become a popular and socially acceptable substitute.

According to this model, victims are not responsible for their thoughts, actions or feelings. Because the victim is not responsible for his or her conduct, the victim is held up as deserving pity, and we are asked to excuse the victim's behavior regardless of how obnoxious, criminal, or unhealthy that behavior is. The victim is a helpless, pathetic figure, acting at the whim of unconscious forces controlling the victim's every thought, word, and deed.

Playing the victim does have its advantages. Victims elicit sympathy and are not held accountable for their actions. Victims are underdogs constantly struggling against some person or force, which is usually portrayed as consummately evil, sinful, destructive, oppressive, or just plain bad. While victims rage against their victimization, they are usually secure in being victims and fear or avoid any alternatives. Victims see themselves and are viewed by others as weak, helpless, and in need of rescue, always on the outside looking in.

In reality, the victim model is little more than "the Devil made me do it" wrapped up in psychoanalytic garb. This is not to deny the profound effect of

continued on next page

OFF THE TOP

physical or mental trauma. Physical and sexual abuse, dysfunctional families, racism, sexism, homophobia, and other external social factors certainly impact personality, mental health, and behavior. The road to healing and wholeness begins with identification of these forces and a realization of the effect they have on our lives. Once identified, we can begin the process of overcoming their stranglehold on our lives. In other words, we identify the sources of our pain, we confront them, and we learn to overcome their destructive effect on our lives. Victims, on the other hand, institutionalize their status as victims, thinking themselves and their relationship to others always in terms of being on the deficit side of the power balance sheet.

Unfortunately, the victim model has been extended from the individual to describe and explain group behavior. No longer do we speak only of individuals who are victims, but we also characterize social groups as victims: people of color are victims of racism; women are victims of sexism; gays and lesbians are victims of homophobia; and on and on. Classical Marxism is rooted in victim ideology by postulating the conflict between the oppressed masses (the victimized proletariat) and the privileged oppressors (the victimizing bourgeoisie). Liberation theology has also traded in oppressor/victimizer v. oppressed/victim categories. In Marxism, the resolution of this conflict occurs when the oppressed proletariat overthrows the oppressive bourgeoisie, resulting in the creation of a classless society where the dictatorship of the proletariat replaces the dualistic oppressor v. oppressed dichotomy. Liberation theology resolves class conflict by the establishment of the Kingdom of God on Earth.

Marxism and liberation theology have their place as analytical tools to examine the composition and functioning of society, but are ineffective as tools for accomplishing either individual growth or social change. In addition, both fail to deal with the realities of human nature and historical reality. By enforcing a strict dualism of oppressor and oppressed, have and have nots,

powerful and powerless, one's choices are limited. Thus, an oppressed, powerless person has only two options: remain an oppressed, powerless person, or become an oppressor with power. There is no middle ground. Is this realistic? Is it healthy? Does it promote social change?

The Gay and Lesbian Community, and the Leather/SM/Fetish Community, have uncritically adopted a victim mentality. We relish the role of victims. We not only play victim to the larger society, but we also play the victim one another. What is amazing is that we are allowed to get away with it! One of the problems with being a victim is breaking out of victim status. Victim mentality divides the world into two groups: victims and oppressors. Little room is left for some middle ground, which if the truth be told, is probably where most people fit. A certain paranoia sets in and those trapped in victim thinking refuse to allow anyone to rise to a position of power and influence (i.e., to be on the oppressor's side of the equation), demanding that those who wish to count themselves as members in the victimized group be equally impotent.

The achievement of any power or status, even within the strict confines of the oppressed or victimized group, casts doubt upon the achiever, who is immediately suspected of being "one of them". The Gay and Lesbian Community, and sadly, the Leather/SM/Fetish Community, delight in crucifying their leaders, repeatedly setting them up only to revel in knocking them down. Many of our most promising and most committed leaders have retreated from any public roles within our communities, out of a need for self-preservation, weariness of being the targets of constant and unceasing attacks, and an aversion to nails.

The cannibalism which our community fosters, and too often cultivates, stems in large part from our mistaken belief that a person exercising leadership is automatically acting from selfish motives or is a spy within the camp. We will not allow anyone to escape from the victim camp, and we will spare no effort to destroy anyone

who tries. We play on our status as victims, trying to out victim one another, and in the process, we destroy or wound one another with malicious innuendo, gossip, and personal attacks. The more publicly, loudly and viciously we attack those who dare to assume the mantle of leadership, the better. We justify this behavior in our self-righteous minds because, after all, we are victims, and as victims, we are allowed to defend ourselves against our attackers, even if "they" be us. We do not need enemies; we have each other.

If we are ever to progress as a community, we must once and for all put an end to this never ending cycle of self-destruction and overcome our irrational fear of leadership. We may disagree with those in positions of public leadership. As diverse as our community is, it would be nothing short of miraculous if we ever came to full agreement on anything. Debate can be healthy, constructive and productive; personal attacks, public crucifixions, petty gossip and mindless character assassinations are not. We must cultivate a sense of community based upon mutual respect and a recognition not only of those forces that wish to hold us down, but also of our own force and power, both individually and as a group, to effect change. We are victims only as long as we choose to be; the key is in our hands.

In the Leather/SM/Fetish Community, we attempt to understand and explain our sexual interactions in terms of power. We give power, we take power, we exchange power. Power is inherently neutral—it can be used positively or negatively. We perceive and define ourselves as powerful men and women. The fact that another has power or uses power does not mean that I am weak or powerless. Until all of us "oppressed" folk learn this vital lesson, we will continue to be a noisy but largely ineffective force in society, flailing about in every direction without focus and dissipating our energies on senseless internal battles that only diminish us as individuals and trivialize us as a social movement for change.

MALE CALL

THE BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWN!

Dear Drummer,

I just picked up Issue #165 and found "Marines vs Navy" (Male Call) pretty interesting! OOH-RAH for ET3 Rick Jackson! I am in the Navy stationed in Dallas, Texas along with some randy Marines. I guess someone knows what Marines like best because some artist drew a cartoon showing three Marines getting plowed. I saw this cartoon in one of the stalls. There was also an invitation to come to the lake next to the roadside park during lunch or after duty hours. The roadside park looked a lot like a cruisy area so I decided to check it out after I got released.

When I arrived at the park, I parked about 20 meters behind another car. I could see that the driver had a high and tight flat top so my first guess was that he was a Marine. He kept looking back and finally waved his hand at me. That was the only signal I needed! I decided it was my turn to make a

move. I slowly got out of my pickup truck and started walking towards his car. When I got there I startled him and I could see why. He was wearing his green T-shirt but was naked from the waist down, sporting a hard on with a pearl drop oozing from the tip of his cock. I said hello and we made small talk. He invited me to sit in his car. I accepted without hesitation! Yeah, OOH-RAH! He told me he was a mechanic at the base. He explained why he was naked below the waist. He said he was hoping to get a tan! He put on his USMC warm-up pants and asked me if I wanted to check out the lake. I asked, "What's going on at the lake?" He answered, "That depends on what you're looking for." I said ok and off we went.

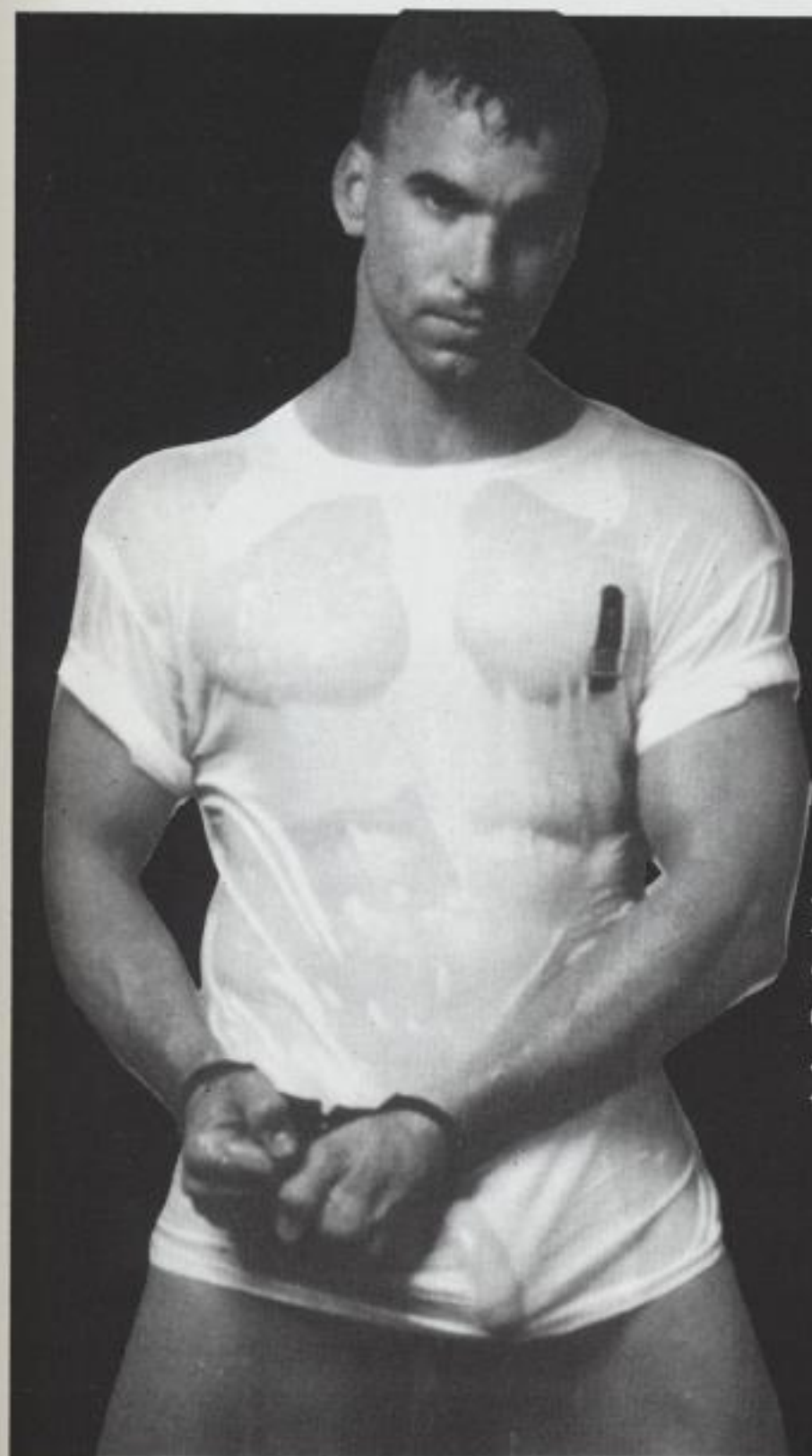
It was a weekday, so the lake area was deserted. He led me into the head. Once inside he took off his pants, spread them out on the floor and laid back. I quickly kicked

off my Nikes, came out of my Levi's, pulled my undershirt up, hoisted his muscular legs, resting them on my shoulders, aimed at his tight fuckhole and rammed it in! This guy was hot! He kept saying Fuck Me, Sailor Boy, Fuck Me! Next I fucked him doggie style. He still wanted more so we went into the shower room where we found a wooden bench. He laid back on it, raised his legs up in the air and I again put some Navy meat to him. This Marine was definitely a hot butch bottom! Aren't they all? The one in Virginia was also pretty hot but that's another hot encounter in the barracks on Saturday night after downing a few brewskies.

I've been to M.C.R.D., San Diego, California for graduation (Boot Camp) ceremonies. In October I'll be transferred to its neighboring rival - N.T.C. Maybe I'll get lucky. AGAIN! A day at the park can be as much fun as "A Day At The Zoo". Way to go, Rick! Keep pluggin' on!

Any Marine who works around so called "squid meat" all day long is a pretty lucky guy. Yeah, it's true sailors are always trying to bed down Marines and now we know why! Sorry "Semper Fi" dudes but the bottom line is - some guys just weren't meant to be on top!

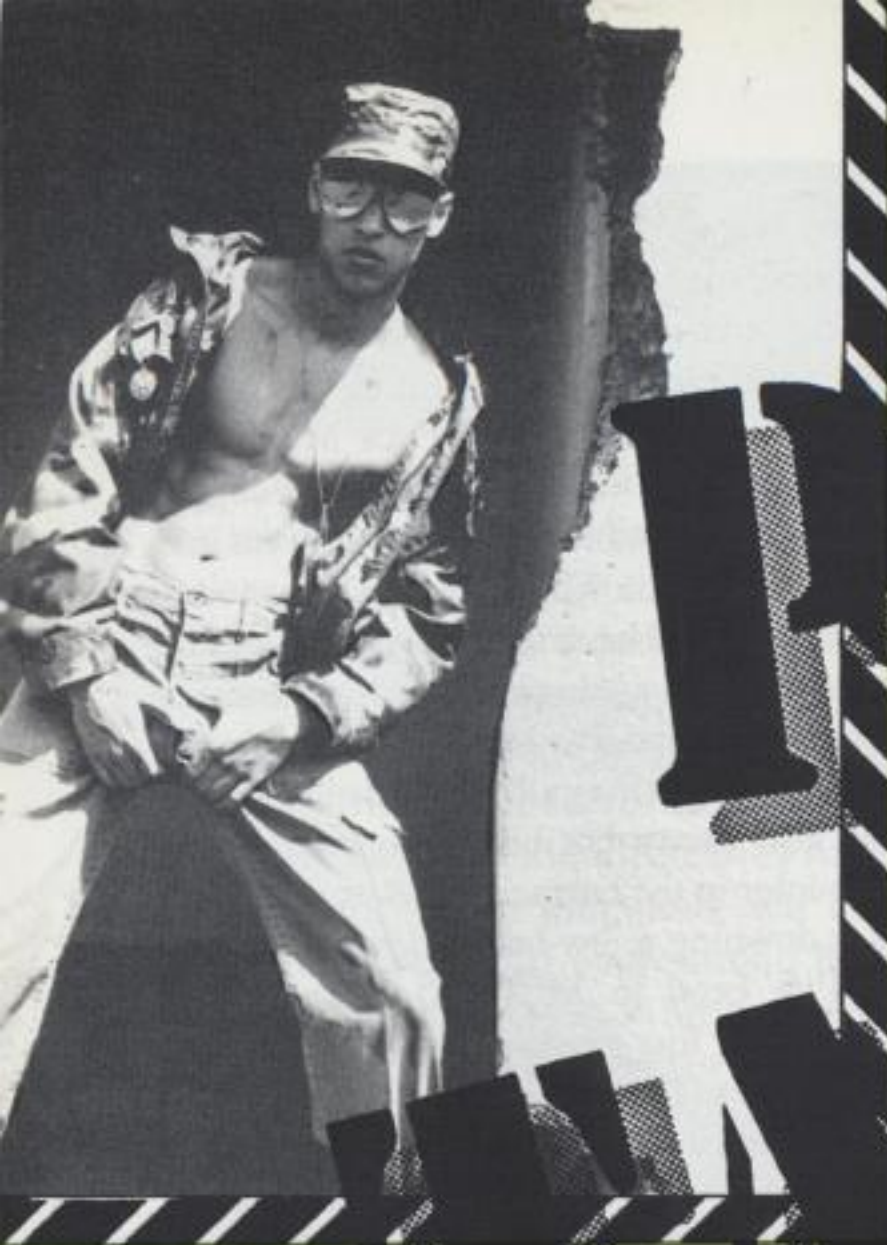
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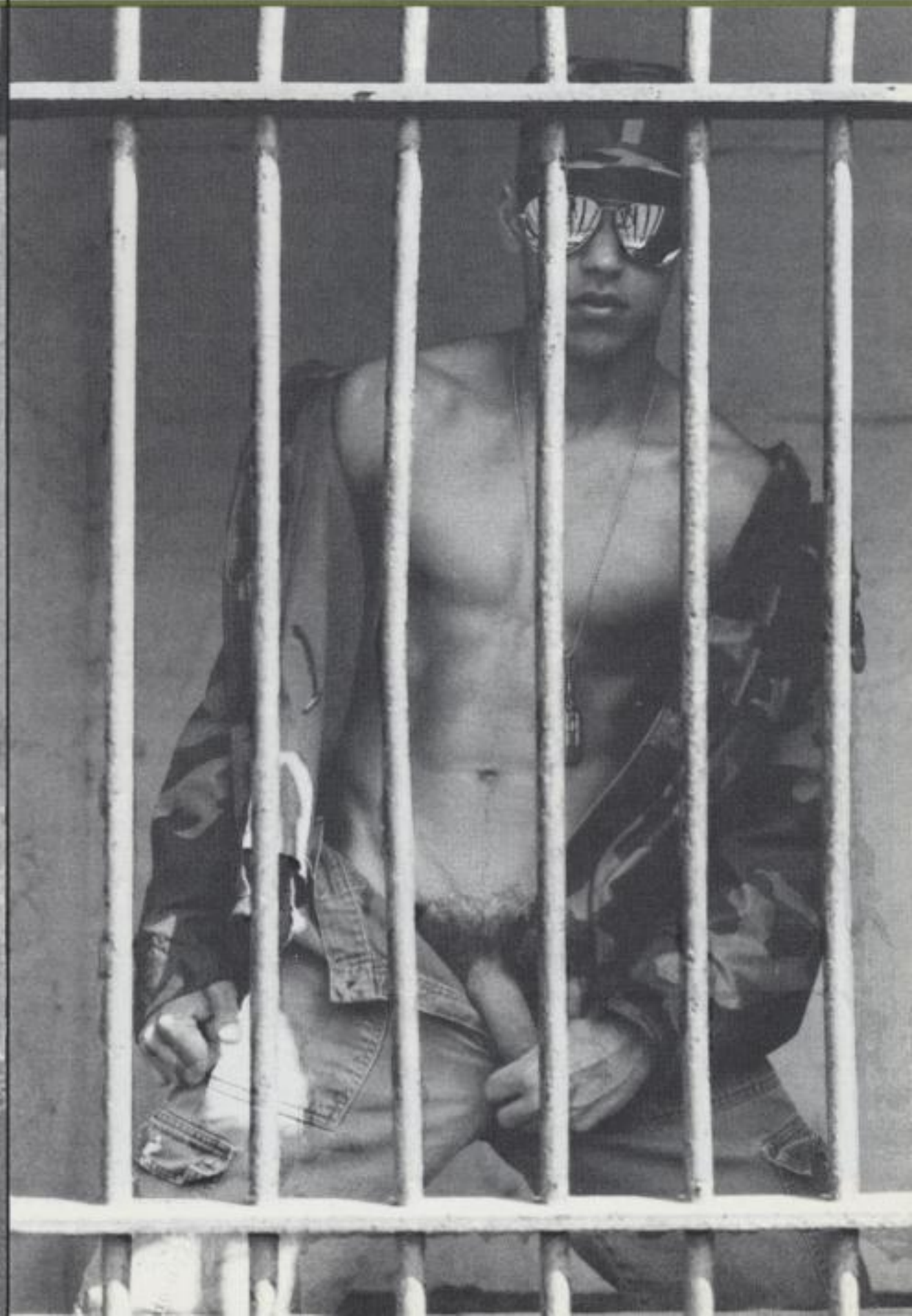
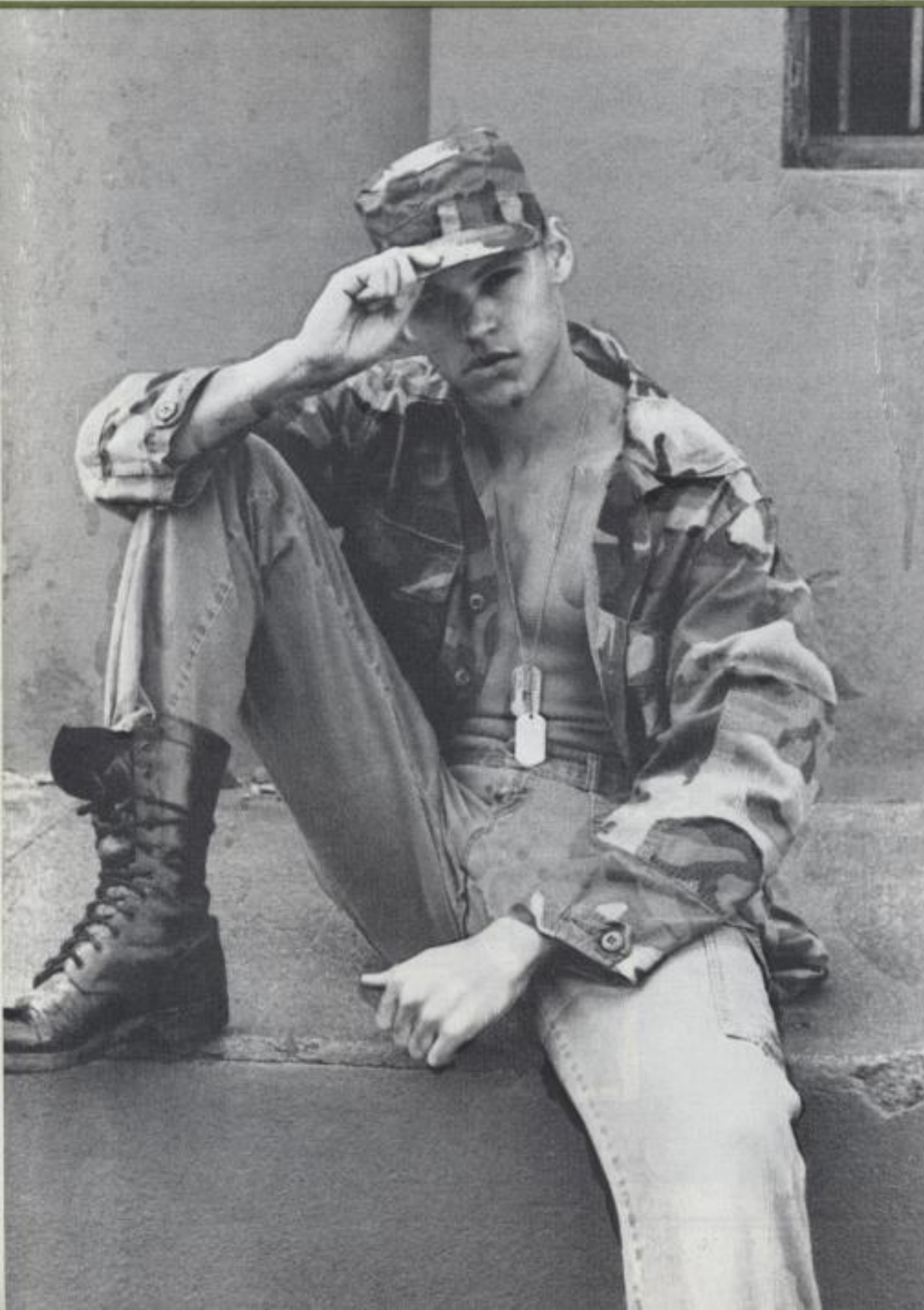
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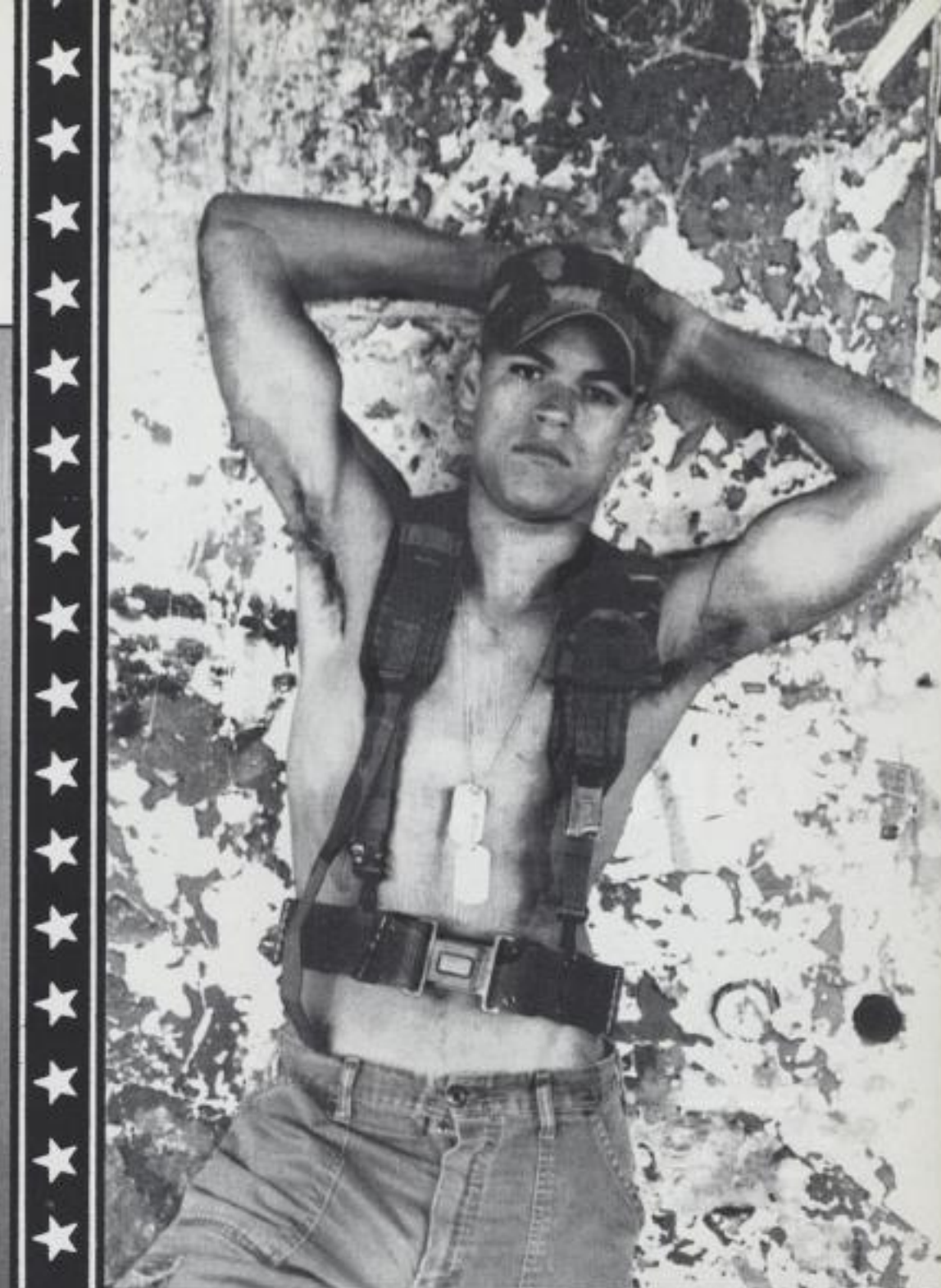
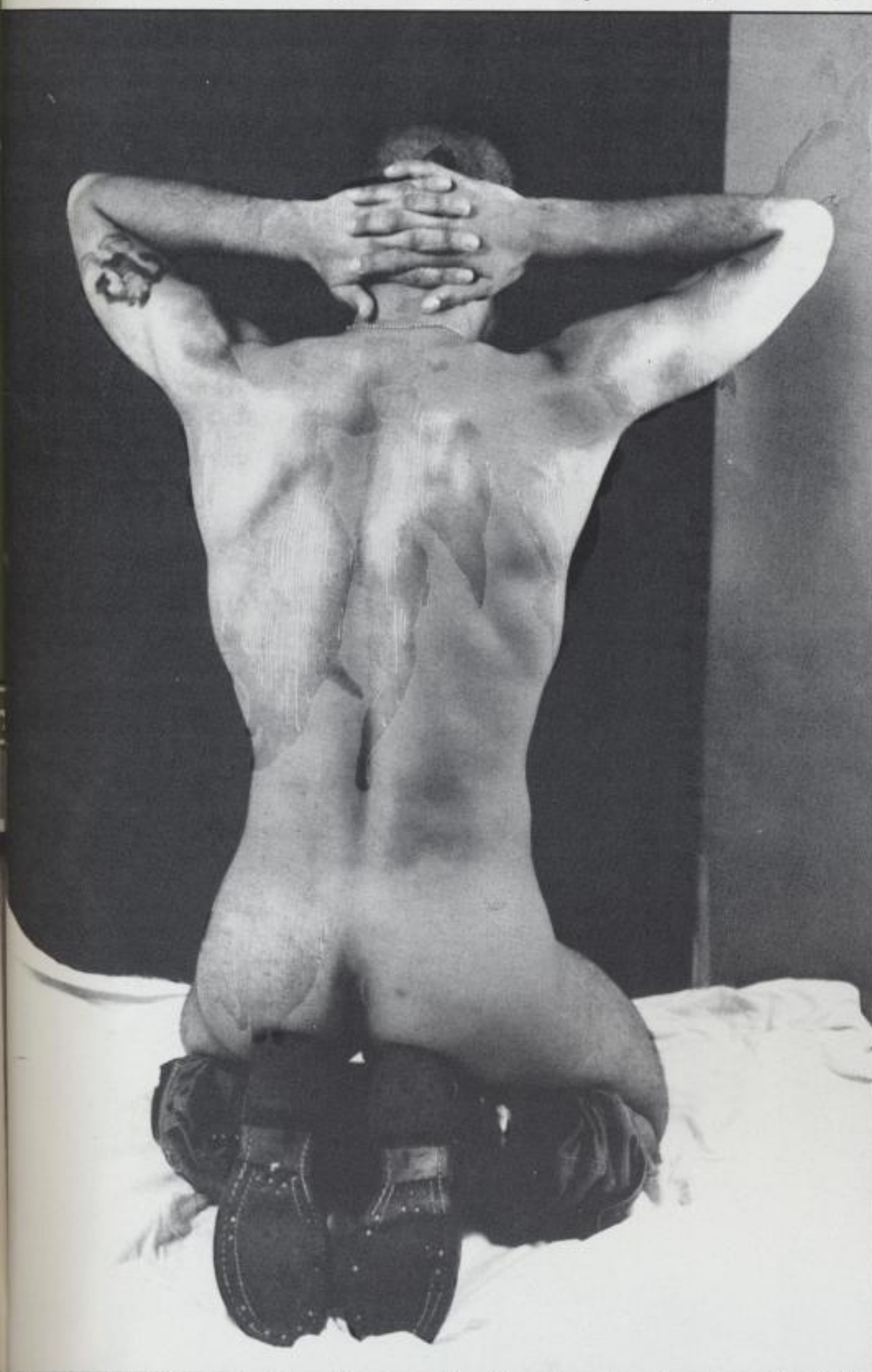




PRIVATE HARVEY

PHOTOS BY
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ACCESSORIES PROVIDED
BY WORN OUT WEST,
SAN FRANCISCO

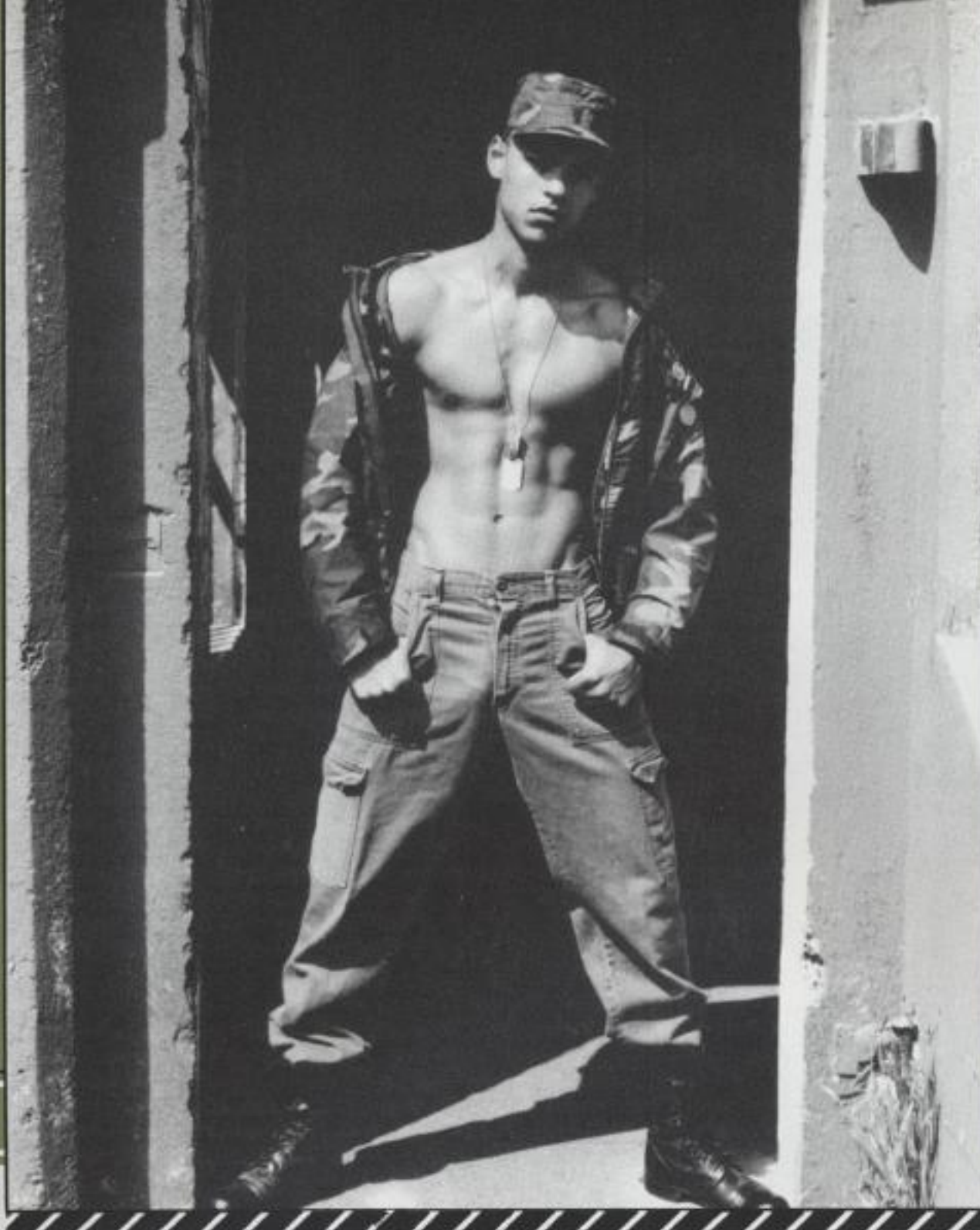




**HE'S OUT ON
PATROL AND IT
IS OBVIOUS HE'S
GEARED FOR ACTION !**

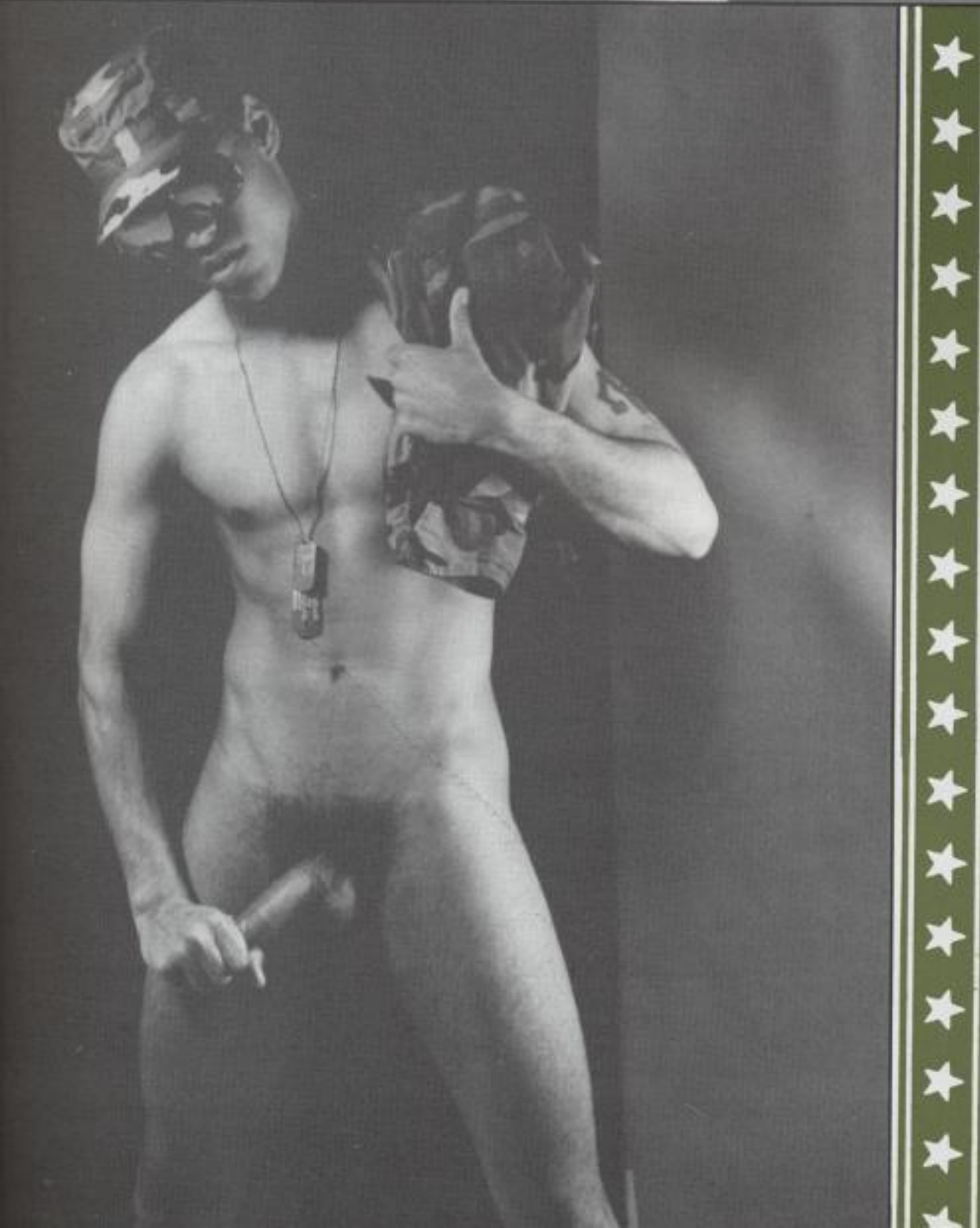
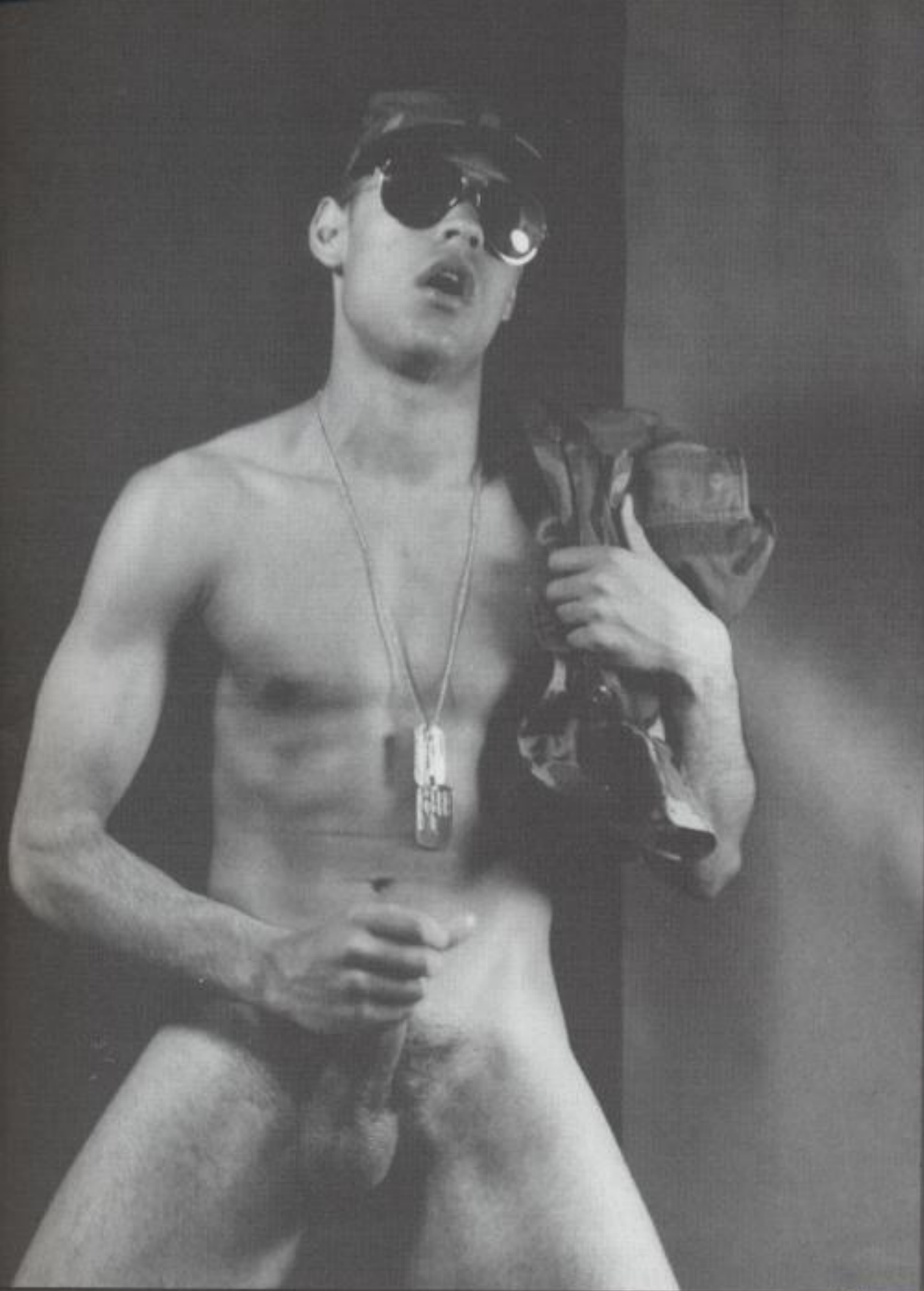


**HIS
WEAPON
IS
GREASED...**

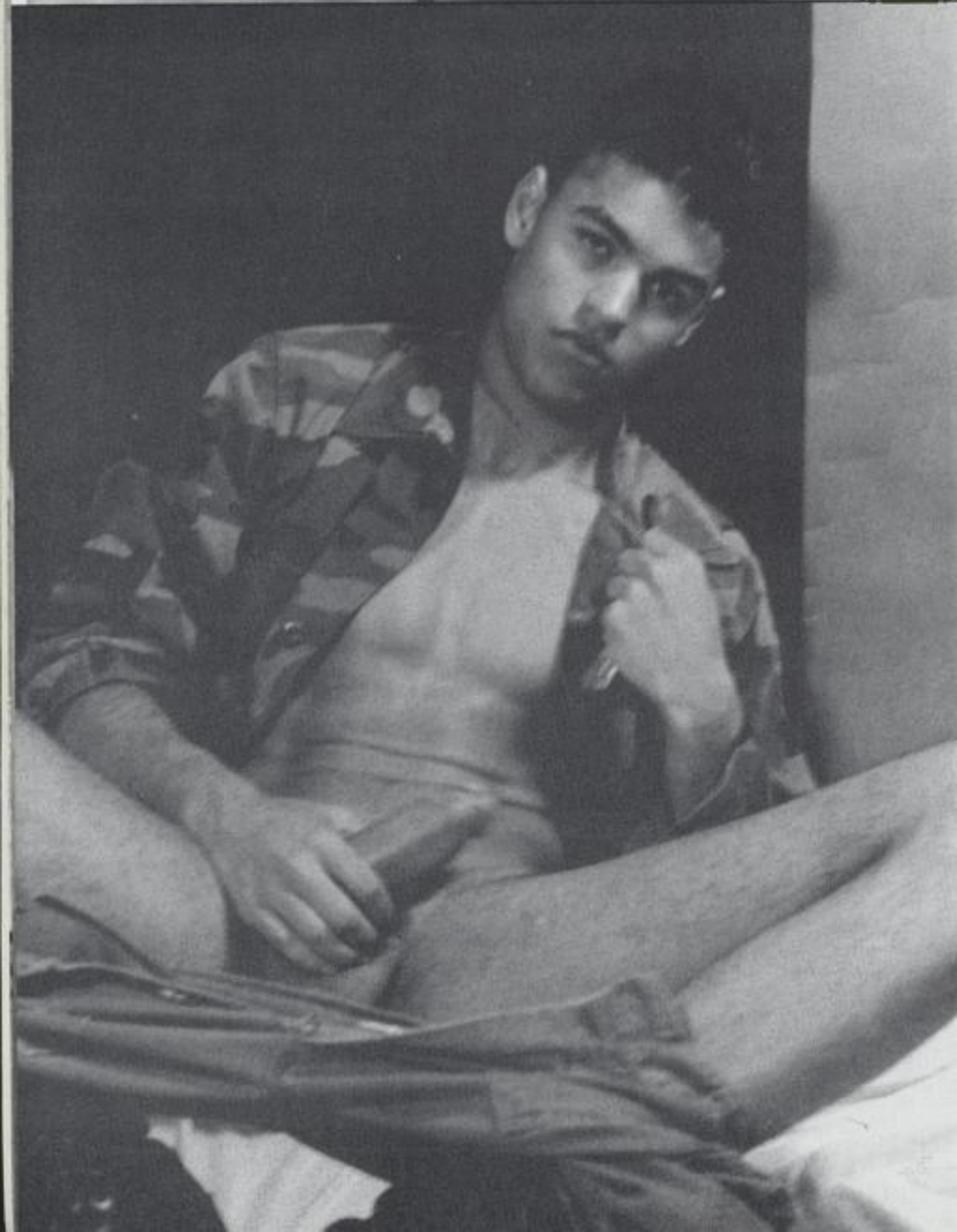
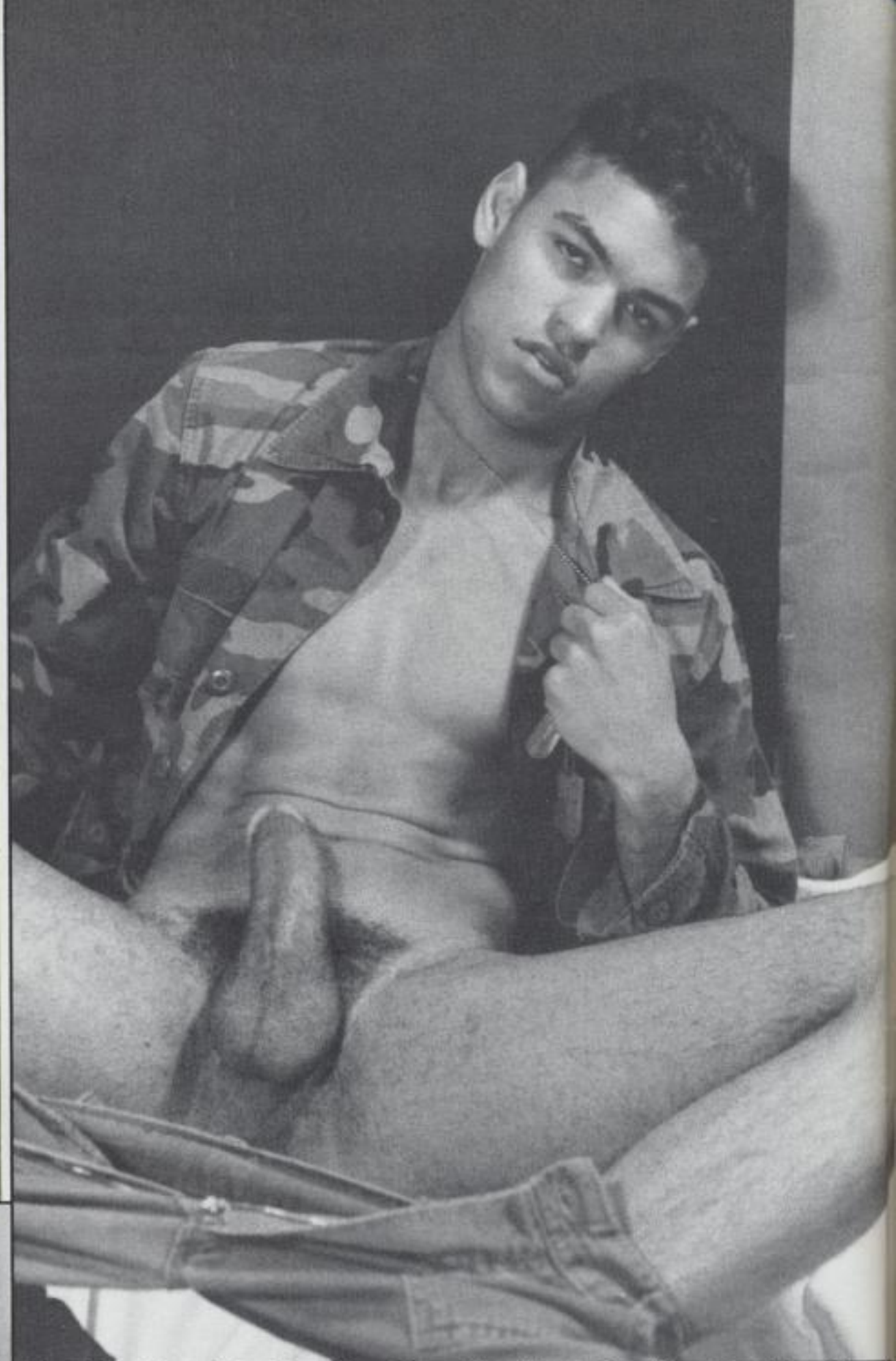
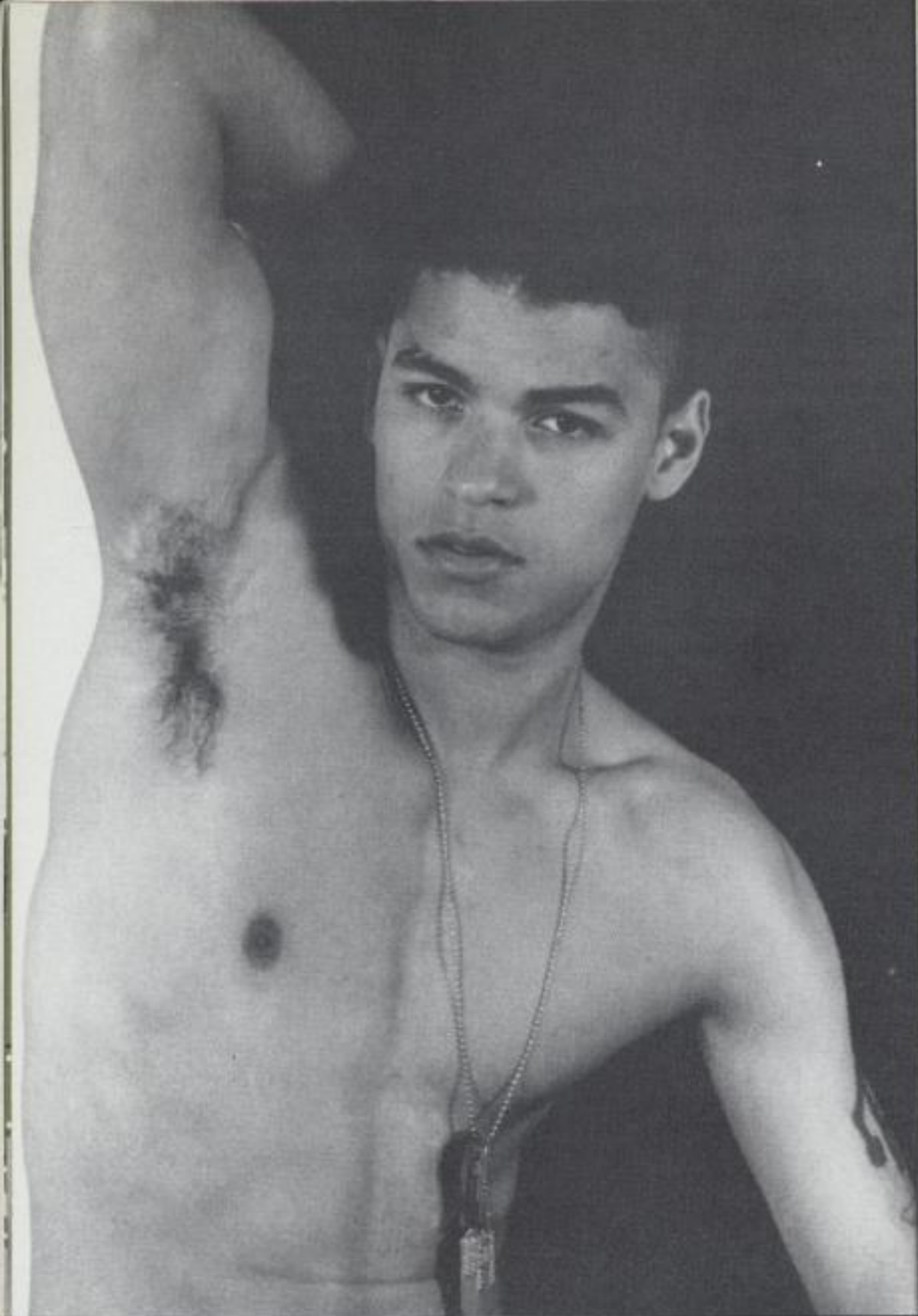


**THE
TRIGGER
IS
COCKED...**



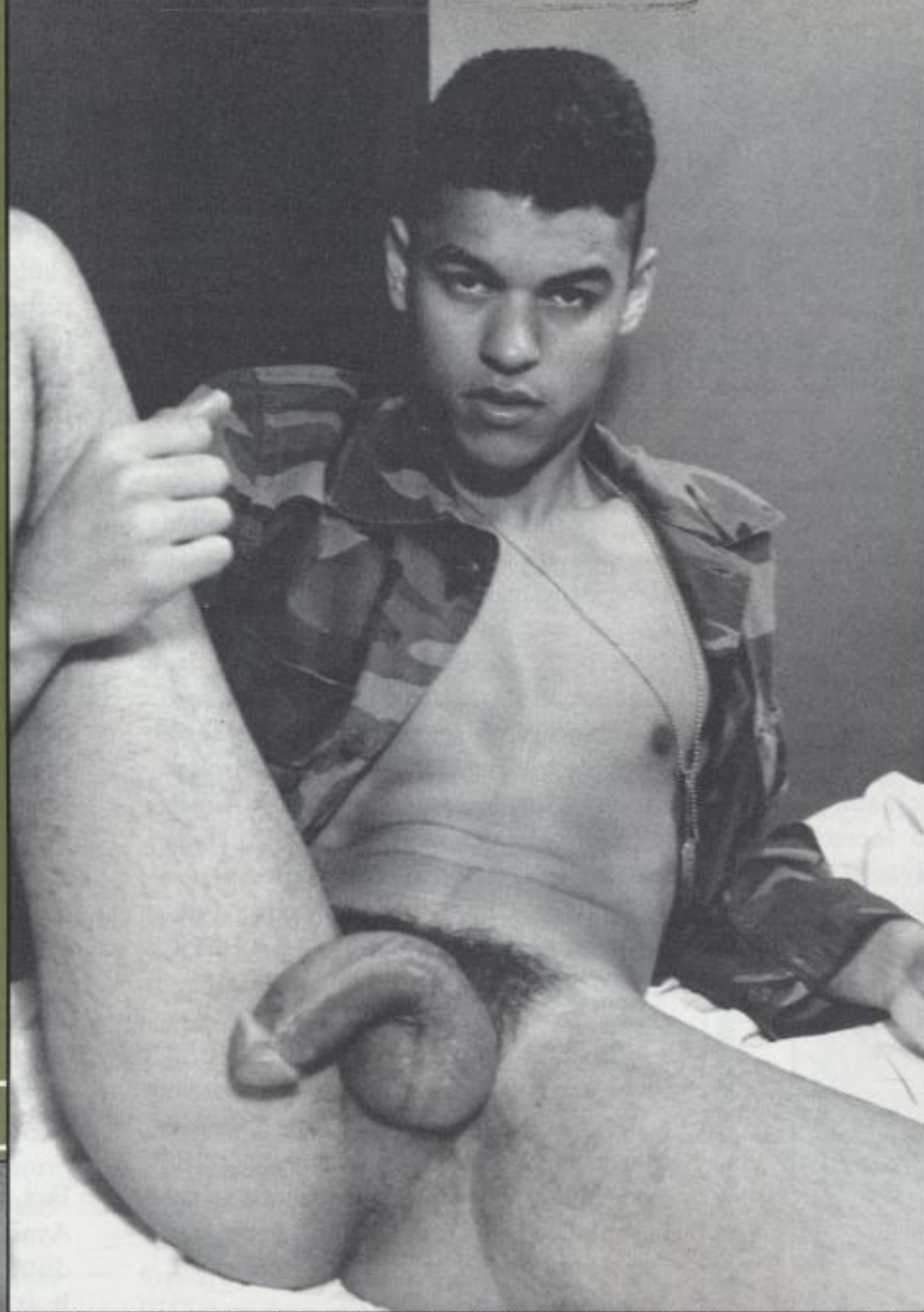


**HE'S READY
FOR BATTLE !**



**“WHAT IS
THE NEXT
MANUEVER...
SIR!”**

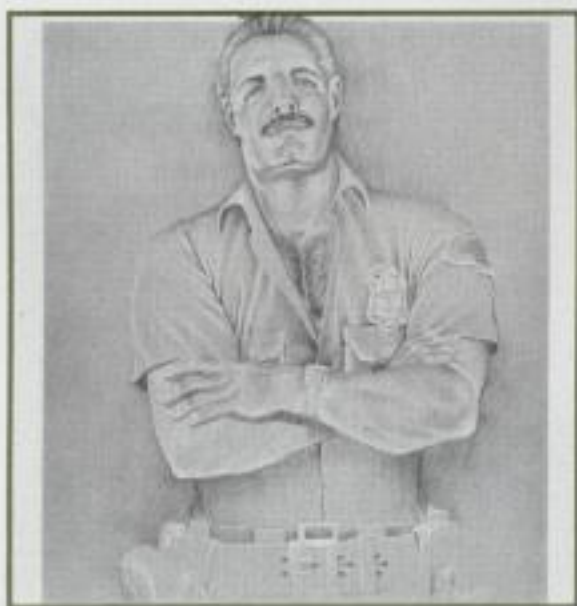




LEATHER AND UNIFORM MEDIA

by Joseph W. Bean

There's a club newsletter that all club newsletter editors ought to see. It's not that there aren't other good club communications, but there's one out there now that could be an inspiration—often a needed inspiration. A club newsletter doesn't have to be an outstanding publication to serve its purpose. If listings of club events, the names of the officers, and some scraps of news or gossip are typed more or less accurately and mailed out fairly regularly, the club secretary in charge of the newsletter is likely to be praised and re-elected. After all, newsletters aren't creative outlets, they're just the business end of a club.



Start a new chapter in club newsletter history with **BULLSHEETS**. Editor Andy Mangels has upgraded the newsletter of the American Uniform Association (AUA) to the point that it is more than a benefit of membership, it could now be reason enough for any uniform-interested gay man (or woman!) to join the organization. And, by the way, there is no other way to get **BULLSHEETS** because its circulation is limited to AUA members only.

The new version of **BULLSHEETS** is more a magazine than a newsletter, including interesting features and commentary, along with the club business and necessities. It has the look and feel of a full scale mag, and is treated as such by Mangels and publisher Emmett Ramey. The graphics are top quality, including excellent cover art on all three issues so far in the Mangels era.

Issue 63, Mangels' third, which came out in June, has an excellent article under the heading Military Feature: "Grunts Do it in the Mud" by Murray McMillan. Eight pictures of Marine grunts doing their thing in and around the mud illustrate the article

which goes as far as inviting readers to watch or even participate in an annual muddy stampede with Camp Pendleton grunts. The same issue features Sean Martin's "Doc & Raider" cartoon in a full-page, multi-panel form (as each issue does). There is a handsomely illustrated double-feature on the March on Washington, including pieces by Mangels and Jim Carlson on the March *per se* and by Kay Hallanger on the Los Angeles military and veterans contingent. There is a well-composed Bulletin Board spread, news of Brother Clubs, an impressive Police Feature on uniform detailing, AUA Chapter News, and even a thoughtful media column, called In Review.

Since you can only have **BULLSHEETS** if you are an AUA member, you'll want the address of the club's Membership Secretary: Marty Martinez, 1234 Massachusetts #1009, Washington, DC 20005. His phone is listed in the roster of officers, but I'll leave that a members-only entry.

ALSO IN UNIFORM...AND OUT

The Russians Are Coming... and you will, too, when you see this beautiful new book of photography by Andreas Fux. The brief, introductory text of *The Russians Are Coming*—by an East German named Jurgen Lemke—is printed in German, English, and Russian. It begins (connecting with our uniform theme): "A strange image had taken



root in the ten-year-old's mind: Russians were people in washed out uniforms who came in the spring and fall, marching in long columns... the exhausted (returning) Russians marched down the village main street in their dirty uniforms..." and so forth. The Soviet Union and occupied East Germany can hardly

be thought of at all without imagining the men in uniforms, and the text reflects that, but the text is not the thing. The book is photos of hot, young Russian men, over 60 pictures, and if any of the text matters, it is just the names of the guys (also printed in all three languages). The guys are variously interesting, beautiful, sad, sexy, coupled, and separate; they are seen mostly in soft, shadowy black and white prints, but a handful are in color (which is not an improvement, really).

One model—the sad-eyed, always sensuous, coverman named Klaus—appears in a uniform in the book. The environmental details around others suggest a the recently closed chapter of Moscow's history, a chapter ruled by men in uniforms. At a glance, *The Russians Are Coming* seems a slight book of no great importance. But you come back to it over and over. You look at it more and more closely. The sexy guys are more than just sexy guys. The world they live in begins to piece itself together, their feelings (at least as understood by photographer Fux) begin to touch you. In the end, this book is haunting and sexy, a little bit frighteningly foreign when you look closely, and very seductive.

The Russians Are Coming by Andreas Fux, is published by Janssen Verlag, Berlin. Available in the US through InBook, a major distributor accessible to nearly all bookstores. It is hardcover, and worth the price of \$39.95. A Different Light Bookstores, by the way, carry Janssen books, and they are willing to sell them to you mail order (by phone) if you have a credit card. Call A Different Light in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or New York if you can't find this or any gay/lesbian/fetish/sex title in a bookstore near home.

MANIFEST UNIFORMS

The most recent issue of *Manifest Reader*, #20, claims to be an "In and Out of Uniform" issue and "A Salute to America's 100% Straight Armed Forces." I can't say that this issue of MR seemed all that uniform-heavy in the reading, but it has "the touch," and could well be interesting to uniform enthusiasts. The thing seems to be that uniform stuff is so much part of the whole leather/SM way of thinking that you can read pages and pages of military-cop-SS-MP-etc. stuff and just think "Hot!" without ever going on to think "...because of the uniformed/authority figures."

Pieces of uniform interest (but not uniformly interesting) abound in the issue, even if a person as dull as myself didn't notice it at first. They include a Marine coverman on both the front and back of the magazine, a Matthew Walker story about an all gay Marine unit, a tale by the Beast about

the future military auctioning off excess personnel, three more military/uniform fictions, a photo spread of a hard-bodied/hard-dicked MP, and Dane Leathers on "Homo Military Hunger."



Dane Leathers! The man sets my teeth on edge almost every time I read him. That's not so good. But he sometimes leaves me with ideas I feel are worth thinking about. That's okay, when I can let go of my irritation, move beyond his confusion and jumbledness, and into my own thoughts. Anyway, this lengthy essay—*Homo Military Hunger*—is just about as confused and rambling as Leathers gets, about as strange a combination of vague relationships between pairs of ideas as anyone could ever have composed. And still, it has a thought trigger or two of more than passing interest. It is not my place here to take on Dane Leathers, line by line, but you may want to. And, if it comes down to the question of whether to buy *Manifest Reader* or not, the answer for issue 20 is basically also the answer to whether you want to wrangle with an essay with this sort of stuff in it: "The military has cowardly leaders, we [leathermen] have none. Military men tend to be sexually repressed. Leather men are more likely to be sexually excessed. Where the military has territory, traditions, and clear lines of command, we have only our lonely egos to masturbate." Of course, Mr. Leathers offers a comprehensive solution to what he sees as the sad state of affairs we leathermen have gotten ourselves into. You be the judge.

UNIFORMS ON TAPE

It seems impossible, but apparently no other video producers do what BIC does. They make uniform fantasy sex tapes. Lots of my friends who are really into uniforms get very serious about the right this with the correct that worn in the approved way, and they don't like BIC videos. They get so riled up about the casual way uniform elements are worn that they don't notice even when the sex gets really hot. So, if you're that kind of uniform fetishist (and maybe that is even the defining attitude for an actual fetishist?!), you may not find what you want on a BIC tape. If you've found it elsewhere, let me know. I'd like to see it too.

Meantime, we have BIC, and this month-uniform theme firmly in mind—we're looking briefly at three of their titles. Bear in mind, though, that these are typical BIC releases. If you like these, the producers have lots more like them that you'll like as well. To find out about all the tapes BIC has to offer, write them directly at BiCoastal Corporation, P.O. Box 452004, Miami, FL 33245; TEL: (407) 655-0558.

One of Three: *C. H. P.*, which stands for Cock Hungry Police, not California Highway Patrol, has something of a plot... slightly so: policeman A in a dark blue uniform is visited by policeman B in a tan uniform. There is some talk of getting C and D to come over, but one of them is not available by phone. The other will come over. Meantime B jerks off, then "forces" A to have sex with him. When C (or is it D) arrives, he joins in the sucking and bootlicking rather comfortably. Every one of the cops here leaves all elements of his uniform on (sunglasses too? yep!) all the time except that C/D takes off his helmet. The men's bodies range from nicely believable to almost too beautiful... in a stocky, bearish way that is typical of BIC.

Two of Three: *Bar Heat*, which doesn't sound like it's going to be a uniform tape at all, is actually a series of uniform fantasies related by the fact that they all take place in the same bar. The episodes are straightforward, the uniforms various, the men are BIC type (see above) except that Trenton Comeaux (Zeus superstar and RoB catalog coverman) appears in one fantasy. The scenes are these: A tan uniformed recruit(?) approaches and sucks off a Latino fireman, then is fucked by him. Two stogie puffing cops in blue get it on with each other and leatherman Comeaux. A businessman in a suit gets his rocks off with a sweet faced boy in a camo cap. Finally, a cop and a leatherman get it on, and are joined by a third cop. In this, as in most BIC productions, there's a good deal of smoking going on, mostly long, fat cigars.

And finally, Number Three: *Cop Training*, a title to warm the heart(on) of many a uniform fan, is a very simple fantasy, but in many ways the best of the three tapes. Here a leatherman is jerking off outdoors. He is caught by a cop. No problem. He overpowers the cop, strings him up, plays with him rather roughly, gags him and collars him, fucks his face, and has what you might call traditional sex (not quite vanilla), then has the cop lick his boots thoroughly. What makes this tape so deliciously hot is the genuine struggling motions of spectacularly beautiful muscles. Pretty muscles don't usually get to me, but this time is different. The outrageously pretty, wasp-waisted cop, writhing, and eventually submitting, does what porn tapes are made to do.

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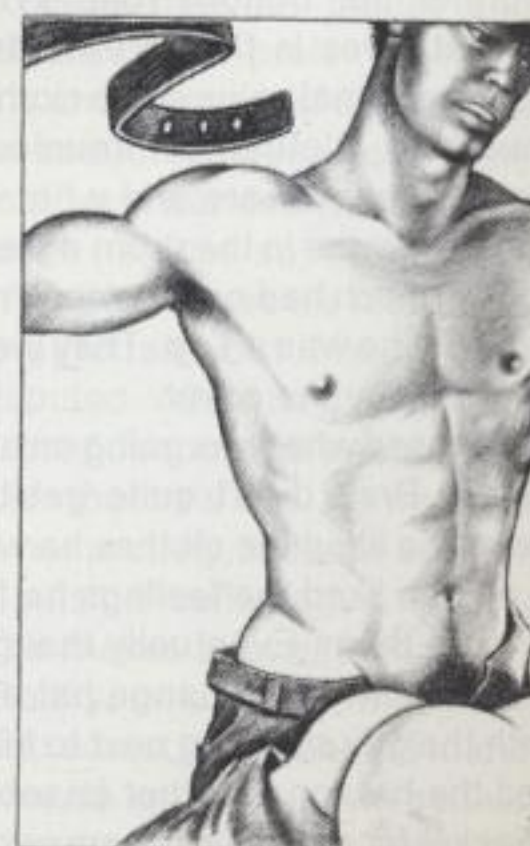

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ROUGH STUFF

Leatherman's Guide to Dressing for Success

by Jack Rinella

Clothes don't make the man. In fact, if I had my druthers, men wouldn't wear clothes! I prefer them butt naked, their skin and muscles exposed to my cruising eyes.

Unfortunately, I'm not going to get my way anytime soon. The best I can hope for is string bikinis at the beach or jockstraps at the local bar's full moon night. Of course, get 'em back to my bedroom and the clothes will come right off. But as I said, clothes are here to stay and we'd best make the best of them.

I host a monthly "Novice Night" in Chicago. It's an opportunity for the curious and the "new-to-the-scene" to ask questions. More experienced Tops and bottoms share their experiences. It was at a recent meeting that Brett, a handsome man in his mid-thirties spoke up. He's six foot two or so, beefy but not fat, clean shaven. He came dressed in a cowboy hat, leather jacket, Levis and boots. A hot looking Top for sure.

"My problem," he said, "is that everyone think's I'm a Top, when, in fact, I really prefer the bottom role. What gives?" What gives is that Brett didn't understand the signal value of the clothes he was wearing. Clothes communicate to the world where we are and what we want to be. Everyone in the room agreed with me. They each had one look at Brett and figured out he was a Top. They were telling the book by the cover.

We discussed what was going on and unfortunately Brett didn't quite get the idea. Seems he liked the clothes he was wearing and he liked the feelings he felt when he wore them. Eventually though, we convinced him to exchange hat and jacket with the guy standing next to him. He traded the hat for a leather baseball cap, the jacket for one in Levi, somewhat torn and shabby.

The visual transformation was instantaneous. Sure, he was still tall and handsome, but now he looked ready to serve, once again demonstrating the signal value of what we wear.

The Leather Community is diverse. In it you'll find a wide range of tastes, opinions, and desires. Some of its

members prefer closely drawn scenarios, to the point of being into one, and only one, fetish. Others of course are more eclectic, participating in a smorgasbord of physical and mental scenes. Some stick to a role of dominance, others to submission, a great many (if the truth be known) are versatile.

When this subculture meets, either in bars, at parties, or at club meetings, the visual signals of the sub-culture are obvious. Understanding and using the "language" is one of the ways to fulfill your own desire and to tune the desires of others.



Here we run into a unique contradiction: leather is filled with men and women who are individualistic, iconoclastic, and self-determined. Relative to general society, they are independent renegades, nonconformist par excellence. But when assembled for their "leather rites" Their common attire speaks volumes about their prevalent desire for things "masculine."

Opinions about dress and "dress codes" are not monolithic throughout the Leather Community. Personal preferences still emerge, though it is always within the context of the subculture. That is probably necessary and unescapable. As my friend Brett found out, our clothes communicate and that means someone else has to receive and understand the communication.

The extent to which we need conformity can be a heated topic. I once had a conversation about dress codes at

a local bar. It started with the question, "How are you, Sir?" The man I had addressed as "Sir" was outfitted in black leather from head to foot: cap, jacket, pants, boots. He was in his late 40's or early 50's, well put together, a handsome, Master type.

Somehow the conversation quickly moved to the subject of leather and leather bars. The bar we were in, he said, wasn't really a leather bar. "Look around you. Who's wearing leather? Just because you have to take off your shirt to get into this part of the bar doesn't make it a leather bar."

He was right that most of the guys in the bar were shirtless, as was I. But I think I had that "leather" look: Levis, black construction boots, a moderately heavy chain locked around my neck.

I had just had a brief encounter with whom Guy Baldwin would call a "member of the Old Guard."

I've known leathermen for whom the feel and smell of their garments is the center of their desire. They aren't into any of the Master/slave role playing or the pain/pleasure activities of SM. There are those on the other side of the spectrum whose attire isn't much more than Levis and Boots, but for whom the activities of "Leather", especially dominance and submission and its expression in all sorts of sexual play are most important. I can sympathize with the man who decried the lack of leather in the back bar, even though the leather I was wearing was confined to boots and a belt. Sometimes entrance into the locations of leather is too easy, but if such weren't the case many of us would never have gotten involved in the first place.

Not everyone can afford the fine costuming of the men in full leather. Not everyone wants to either.

The man above was decrying the fact that the old bars were gone. Granted, there are no longer any "Gold Coasts" and "Mine Shafts", but the fact is that there is more leather (not less) now than there ever was. Apparel such as harnesses, arm bands, and leather jock straps were rare or non-existent in those "good old days."

I've been to the Gold Coast in its hay day. I even got in without wearing leather. I asked a guy who'd been around the Gold Coast in its early days about the difference between now and then and he laughed saying there was as much skin showing then as now. He remembered a motorcycle club, one of the early "leather groups" with sixty members. Only four of them owned motorcycles.

There's always been a difference between the mystique and the reality. Fact is, leather is about sex, not clothing and when it comes right down to it, we all have similar sensations and orgasms.

I suppose I'll get myself into a lot of trouble for saying it, but leather isn't fashion, it's attitude. I trust it's not the put down, put off attitude of exclusivism and separatism, but rather the mind set that says it's acceptable to be who you are and to be so proudly.

There's more to leather than just self-accepting attitude. There is a subculture of trust with its own signs and symbols, clothing, fetishes, and activities. I've written about it before: *"Leather is a life-style, marked by individualism, hedonism, and fantasy fulfillment. We really are rebels with a cause. But the cause is our own, not necessarily some politically correct ideology, or some popular left wing/right wing statement. Instead, it is an inner curiosity, a desire drawing us to explore radical sexuality."*

Yet I have to return to the reality of "dressing for success." We've got to be able to communicate our attitude and our fantasy to others. As leatherfolk we do that within the context of "leather" itself. And so we have to know and practice the style appropriate to the roles we wish to experience and the men we wish to attract.

Even the "dress codes" though leave us a wide range of options. In fact, dress codes vary a great deal from bar to bar as well. One bar might be more relaxed, simply looking for its patrons to have a leather or Levi look, devoid of sweaters, alligators, and cologne. Another might require a "significant" piece of leather apparel, i.e. vest, pants, harness, or a uniform.

I asked three uniformed men at the bar last week what their attire meant to them. Each was meticulously dressed in a policeman's uniform. Their clothes gave them an air of authority, self-confidence. Their ties, belts, caps, boots, and insignia made them attractive. What were their fantasies, I asked?

Each of them was looking for men of strength and power. In fact the clothes they wore were their fantasies. They dreamt of being policemen, of arresting and (surprising to me) of being arrested. Their clothes also gave them a sense of belonging, of being in a brotherhood of like-minded men.

Later that night I talked with Rob who was dressed head to toe in black leather. His fantasy was one of the Black Knight. Leather was his armor. In the end I went home with him and shared making his

fantasy reality.

In his bedroom, he gave a running commentary about men on motorcycles. He reminisced about his first Gay love, an older man who took him under his wing, sharing his cycle and himself with him. He led me through a ritual of knighthood as he put a pair of his leather boots on my feet.

He doffed his pants and replaced them with chaps and leather jock, exposing his ass while retaining the feel of the leather. I placed his cap on him as a squire might attend his lord. Later he did the same to me. It was free interchange of leather power. Intrinsic was the smell and the feel of the material as we rubbed cowhide against cowhide, flesh rubbing flesh under flesh. We were buddies on the open road. Fucking became riding.

My usual bar dress is less defining; bare-chested, Levis, boots. Sometimes I wear a vest, sometimes not. But that is a signal as well. My tastes are more versatile, less closely defined. That is obvious by what I'm not wearing. I don't



carry a hanky in either pocket, since I'd have to stuff them full of every color in the book (well, almost every color). I like to keep my options wide open and get into the other guy's fantasy.

Somewhere here, then, there's a balance: we conform to be understood. We stand out to be ourselves. In any case, we end up back at finding ways to signal with our clothes what our fantasies are for that night.

The "fisters" have it down pat. Their red hankies still proudly announce their looking for fellow ass players. The men and boys into bondage announce their rules of play with handcuffs and chains. A whip hanging here or there marks those into discipline.

In each case, these men have discovered their trip and are seeking those of like mind. One of the secrets to success is knowing what you want and dressing accordingly, that is dress for

yourself and the partner you're searching for.

On the other hand, our society, reinforced by the creators of American advertising, wants to dictate what we find attractive: the Marlboro man; the thin, white, blonde; the African American in a suit and tie. Many of us, of course, buy into that hype. The result is that we label others unattractive.

Sadly, we often label ourselves unattractive. Many men find me very handsome, but I'm not exactly my own type, so I don't attract myself! Does that mean I'm unattractive? Not at all.

And neither are you. Attractive doesn't mean that you fit the Madison Avenue mold of a perfect ten. Rather it means that someone, perhaps many "someones", are attracted to you.

So I stand at the back bar and I look around. I score that one as a seven, another as a three, the one I find attractive as a nine or ten. Really though, what I am rating is myself. The real trick here is to move beyond the exteriors of leather and role-play signals, past the casual glance at a stranger across the pool table, past whatever hype has created our rating cards, and relate to the other as worthy, as human, as equal.

More important is to relate to ourselves in the same way. For self-image determines attractiveness more than anything else, including the clothes we wear.

I have a close friend who's not my type. He's heavier, busier and more dominant than I prefer. But I love him dearly and find myself attracted because of the beautiful person he is. He thinks of himself as handsome and precisely because he does so, he is.

You'll never see his face selling soap or cigarettes, but his handsome is undisputed. When he goes to the bar, it's with confidence. His casual "cowboy" look is what he's into. He wears the wide brim hat proudly, the vest easily. And so the "outside" reflects his inner self — and he makes a lot of friends.

So if your knowing what you want is the first secret, the second is to know who you are, to know your own self-worth, to embrace yourself and your fantasies wholly and lovingly. Let that self-acceptance show in what you wear and how you wear it.

Wear your leathers, your Levis, your hankies, your "whatevers" proudly, not with attitude but with recognition, aware of your own true value. The result will be success, even if in the end you're undressed!

THE DISCIPLINING OF MONROE

PART 3

by Cain Berlinger, Illustration by Burton Clarke

Max closed his eyes and let the water soak through his hair and splash against his face. He rubbed the soap gingerly across his body until the smooth, dark skin was completely lathered. He soaped up his pubic hairs before caressing his heavy balls between his hands, letting the soap glide evenly over them until his cock started gaining in length and girth. It was standing straight out before him. He pulled the skin back from his uncut cock and lathered the purple head until his shaft was swollen firm in his hand. He squeezed the swollen flesh until pressure forced the head to swell up in protest. Max cautiously looked across the shower room at his fellow inmates.

Billy rubbed his hands over his body; he ached everywhere. The hot water did what it could to relieve the tension that had built up inside of him, as he rubbed the soap up and down the crack of his ass attempting to wash away the pain and humiliation of gang rape. He wanted to wash out the cum of the guards who had so brutally raped him. He rubbed his thighs with both hands as he attempted to massage away the stiffness in his legs, left over from being forced to kneel so long before his horny captors. He stuck one soapy finger up his ass and winced at the burning sensation. Tears rolled down his eyes but no one saw them through the shower of water. He was highly self-conscious by the presence of the other men in this warm, steamy confinement.

Brett raised his arms and washed his pits thoroughly. He leaned over and rubbed the soap across his calves and over the thickness of his thighs. He glanced over at Max and saw the young buck's super hard-on. He hadn't had any real sex since the trial. So much had happened since then that he couldn't concentrate enough to give of himself. He felt bad about Billy once he had figured out what really happened earlier that day. He knew what it was like to have

your ass taken against your will.

Max continued to stroke his raging hard-on with his back to his partners. Brett saw Max's balls swaying between strong, ebony, athletic legs. The three of them showered alone; there were no guards in sight to monitor their movements. Brett walked around the carousel shower until he was standing inches away from Max. For a moment they looked at each other. The wanton passion in Max's dark eyes were all the signal Brett needed to reach out and cautiously wrap his hand around the heavily veined, dark meat.

"Let me help you with that." Max's cock felt thick and hard in his hand. He wanted to drop to his knees and take that black piece of meat past his throat. Sufficiently greased, he was sure that thick sausage of Max's would slide real nicely up his ass. His asshole tightened in anticipation of a smooth ride that could easily turn into a brutal and sexual black-white confrontation.

"Shit man, are you crazy? We shouldn't try that in here and certainly not on the first day. Eyes are everywhere, little brother. We will be here a long time so be patient. In the meantime you're gonna get us both busted!"

Max abruptly turned away from Brett, his eyes only momentarily glancing in the direction of the hidden security camera. Quickly he rinsed himself off and left the showers. Billy stood on the other side of the carousel and witnessed the entire scene. His lip curled up into something resembling a sneer.

"You're one of them, ain't ya? I should have known a 'pretty boy' like you would be a faggot. Well, I'm gonna have your ass, queer! I hate fucking punks like you and your kind. You tell your queer guard friends that they haven't heard the last of Billy Scott." Billy spat at Brett's feet and spun away from Brett as the shower rinsed the lather from his ravished and bruised body. Brett felt a shiver crawl

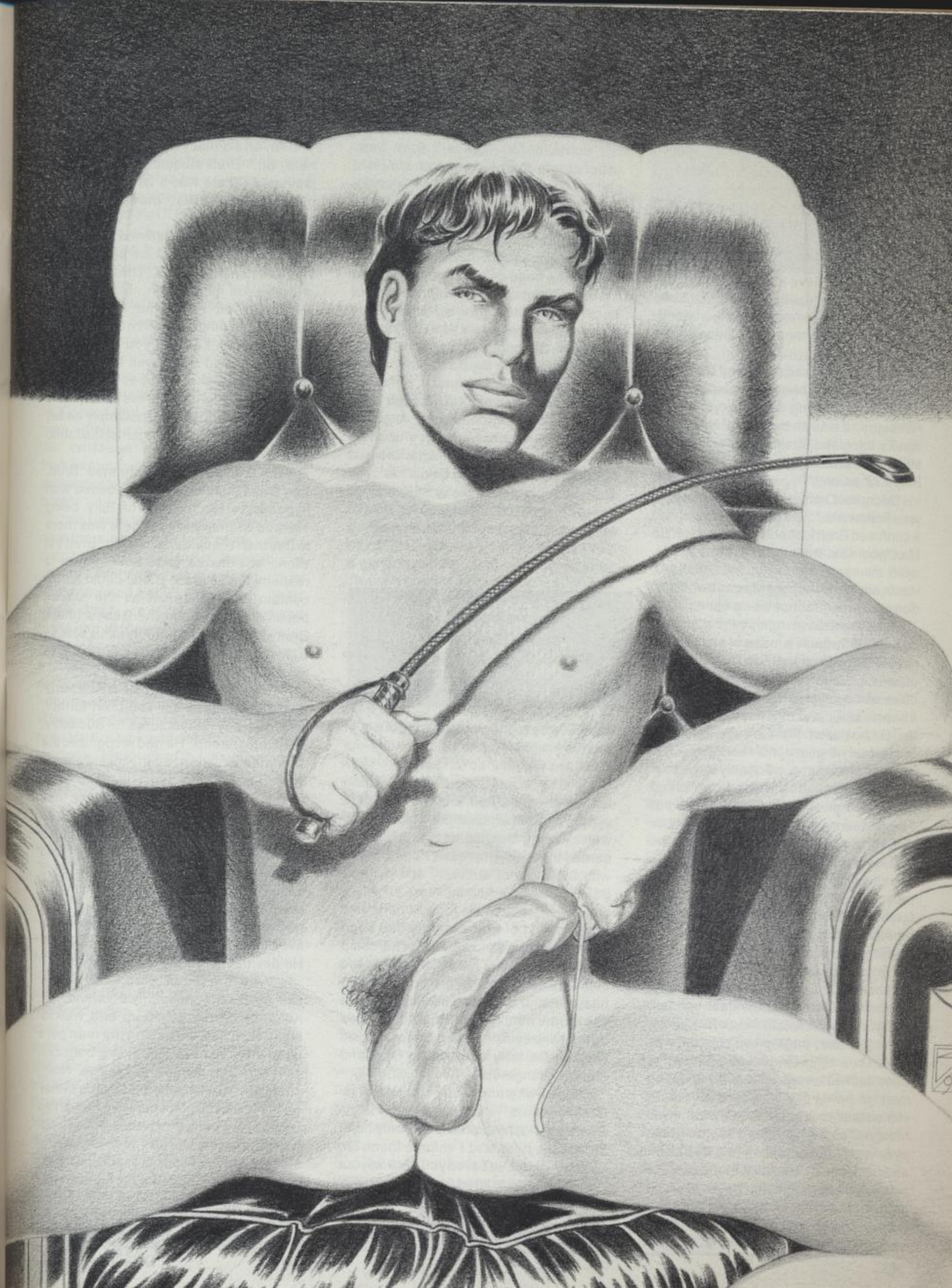
up his spine. Ignoring the feeling, he showered quickly and left to join Max.

The uniform of The Academy was white sneakers, blue jeans and gray T-shirts. Only one pair of socks and no underwear. Everyone at The Academy looked like they were sporting enormous cocks beneath their cotton jeans. Health inspection was brief and humiliating. Billy bent over, exposing his buttocks to the doctor's gaze. The doctor callously shoved his gloved finger up Billy's tender asshole, cruelly ignoring the grimace of pain and tightened tension of his patient. As long as Billy remained silent the doctor would also. He casually wrote out a salve prescription for the boy. The doctor said nothing as he viewed the torn asshole. Such cases were a regular occurrence at The Academy. He rubbed some cream over the rectal area in what he hoped would be viewed as a sympathetic gesture. He handed Billy a tube of the creme instructing the boy to apply some when necessary. The doctor was discreet and brief as he hurried Billy along to make way for the next prisoner. It didn't take long for the processing of all three medical histories.

Their toiletries in hand, the new inmates left the medical area to receive their room assignments. Brett was glad to see that he was rooming alone with Max. Suspiciously, Billy's room assignment was on the other side of the complex.

"Why do you think they separated us? Mine is the more serious crime." Brett was admittedly curious as he and Max selected beds and chest cabinets. He didn't press for an explanation as he unpacked his few articles and collapsed on the bed.

"Billy's already been picked out to be 'special'. I told you eyes and ears are everywhere. You think the guards didn't hear his little threat? Well, they did. Poor old Billy will be lucky if he has an asshole at all by the time he gets out of here."



Max slung his long legs over the side of the bed and pressed the cool pillow over his face.

"Why? Why are they picking on him? Its obvious he's not even gay." Brett felt sorry for Billy. All he wanted to do was to do his time, without problems.

"Cause he's goodlooking and he's arrogant. The guards thought he was a good fuck. Besides that, he's a punk. Don't worry about Billy. I think he's a fast learner and I believe it'll toughen him up even more, if that's possible." Max closed his eyes and wondered how long it would be before being summoned to Dean Baker Kincaid again.

The guard tossed Academy manuals through the door. It was a detailed booklet on how to get along and survive in The Academy. It was all bullshit. Billy hadn't done a thing and already he was in deep shit. The Academy booklet didn't cover Billy's situation.

"Monroe! Dean Kincaid wants to see you. Follow me." The guard waited while a confused Brett looked anxiously over at Max who said nothing but managed to avert his eyes. Damn Kincaid, he didn't waste any time, thought Max as he hid his disappointment at not being called first.

Brett scurried alongside the guard as he was led through a maze of stone-gray corridors and seemingly endless hallways of cells. When they reached the outer office of the Dean, Brett was pushed into a simple chair and told not to move until the Dean called from his inner office. There was no guard, no secretary.

Brett shifted uncomfortably in the seat and waited for what seemed hours. Behind the frosted glass door was the Dean of The Academy. The name on the door was simple and unpretentious. Only the incessant ticking of the clock marked the passage of time. Tiny beads of perspiration broke out across Brett's forehead. From behind the closed door he heard the shuffle of papers and the movement of furniture seconds before the imposing shadow appeared through the frosted glass, moving slow and steady. The handle turned and the door opened.

From the sleek Italian cut of his boots, to the jet black, three-piece suit that was cut to show off his impressive figure, the Dean looked every bit the intimidating man of power. His face was cruelly etched with character lines that showed his age of about forty-five. His blue-green eyes went from sparkling to a dull luster and back again. His thick mane of black hair streaked through with waves of silver, long and slightly curly just above his collar. The goatee and mustache were immaculately trimmed, and his full pink

lips pouted just enough to show clean, white, even teeth. His hands were thick and gnarly with patches of hair on his knuckles.

"Come in, Mr. Monroe." Brett was ushered into the office and shown to a pair of chairs directly in front of Kincaid's massive 'power' desk. Although the rest of the office was fairly simple in its dark oak rendition, the few pieces of furniture were no doubt functional and not for show. The huge portrait that dominated the office reminded Brett of someone, but he couldn't quite figure out whom. He thought the man bore a resemblance to the Dean. Although....crazy as it seems, Brett thought the figure in the frame looked quite a bit like himself.

Kincaid shifted back in his chair. The giant 'wingback' was as suitable to the Dean of The Academy as a throne is to a king. He stared at Brett for what seemed minutes before reaching below his desk and suddenly producing a stiff, leather riding crop that he lay lengthwise across the desk, it's fine appearance separating him from Brett more effectively than the large desk, yet somehow also bridging a

**"Let me help you
with that."
Max's cock felt
thick and hard
in his hand.**

gap. Brett eyed the crop suspiciously, it was very similar to the kind he and Paul had used together so long ago.

Silently scrutinizing Brett, the Dean noticed the dark hair and his light blue eyes which resembled the color of sea water when it crashed on a beach. Brett carried the same impressive build, along with that aura of authority and control. Baker had worked on this aura for years but it seemed to come to Brett naturally. It was a kind of grace that he had been born with and that no amount of hardship would take away. The challenge was too delicious to ignore. This boy was too beautiful and too much like his father to escape the want of desire that now surged through his every muscle. Baker Kincaid was immediately attracted to Brett and this was dangerous!

"Good afternoon, Mr. Monroe. I'm Baker Kincaid. I am the Dean of The Academy. As the supreme authority here, I make the rules and I enforce them. Do you know why I've called you here on your first day?" Baker lifted the crop from the desk and walked around to the front of the desk until he was face to face with Brett. He leaned against the desk and studied

Brett's face, momentarily allowing his eyes to drift over the classic form of his chest and the inviting bulge in his trousers, as he sat with his legs wide spread apart.

"I'm afraid that I don't know why I'm here, Sir." Brett studied Baker Kincaid intensely. There was a familiarity in the man's manner that made him very uncomfortable.

"You should have listened to Max. In the shower room there are cameras as well as listening devices. The school has a policy on perversion, Mr. Monroe. Especially on boys who take sexual liberties with other boys. I'm familiar with your case and I assure you that kind of crap doesn't go down well here at The Academy." Baker slapped the riding crop across the palm of his hand. The sting excited him and immediately he felt his prick begin to strain against the fabric of his trousers.

The announcement stunned Brett. The Dean's statement was loaded with hypocrisy! He thought of Billy being violated as they spoke. There was more to this than Kincaid was saying. Brett sat silent, still unsure as to how he was to respond to this man. Baker could barely contain his excitement as the silence became deafening in the Dean's office. Brett shifted uncomfortably in his seat as Baker continued to slap the crop across his palm.

"I think perhaps a sample of Academy discipline might deter you from further, shall we say, adventures." Suddenly Brett understood. He had recognized the sadomasochistic need in Kincaid almost immediately. He didn't want to think about being selected especially for 'that' special treatment as Billy had been. Brett suddenly felt an anger inside him, that a system that practiced such deceit behind closed doors would pretend to the world to teach him anything about morality and law. If he reacted to Kincaid's ploy he might make himself a permanent victim like Billy. Protest was out of the question. He decided to go along with Kincaid.

"Why am I not surprised? What exactly is The Academy's stand, Mr. Kincaid?" Brett stood up and walked away from Kincaid, letting the man get a good view of his round, plump buttocks.

"You don't get up until I say so. Now, sit down." Baker wiped away the sweat on his forehead. Desperately he wanted to see those buns uncovered. It had been a long time since he had been exposed to such a raw, sensual presence as Brett Monroe. Brett looked over his shoulder and shrugged. He walked back across the room and took his place in the chair. Shifting his ass into the seat, Brett spread

his legs wide, drawing attention to the bulge in his crotch.

There was no mistaking the sneer of contempt that he flashed at Dean Kincaid. You could drive a 'semi' into the closet that Kincaid had constructed for himself. This man's bottled-up repression had brought him to the verge of explosion. Brett decided that if he was never to be a victim again, it would have to end here. Kincaid raised the riding crop high over his head intending to strike Brett about the shoulders. As Kincaid brought the crop down, Brett's hand reached up and stopped the descent mid-flight. For a moment Kincaid met the challenge in Brett's eyes.

"Come on, Kincaid, that's not what you want." Brett released the riding crop to Kincaid and stepped away from the man. Kincaid didn't like the omission of 'Sir' or 'Mister' in front of his surname from an inmate. He would definitely make an example of this arrogant son-of-a-bitch.

"You impertinent little bastard... stand over there and drop your pants. Bend over that table! I'll show you who's in charge!" Kincaid was in such a rage that he stammered out his command. Brett eased slowly out of the chair and walked to the end of the small conference table. He stood watching the beads of sweat multiply over the Dean's forehead. He made a slow and sensuous strip tease as he turned his back to Kincaid. He stared at Baker Kincaid over his shoulder, started to rotate his hips and slowly unfastened his jeans. He lowered the jeans past his hips and let them drop past his thighs until they rested just above his ankles. The long, gray T-shirt covered his buttocks as he swung his hips from side to side in a provocative bump and grind type motion. He leaned over the table, lifting his shirt tail with one hand and firmly slapping his buttocks with the other.

As Brett leaned over, grasping his ankles, his ass spread further apart. Kincaid now had a clear view of his tiny, hair-covered asshole. Brett shook his plump derriere until his body trembled with anticipation. Baker Kincaid felt sweat dripping down his underarms as he removed his suit jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Kincaid's entire body vibrated with sexual urgency, the tension threatening to rip his cock apart at the seams. His balls virtually ached with desire as he fondled the braided leather of the riding crop. He raised the instrument over his head and brought it down hard against Brett's trembling, plump butt. Brett felt the sting as its impact spread through out his body. Images of his

father and Paul filled his head as his ass shook from the impact of the crop. Yet, he uttered no sound.

He didn't want to scream but he did want very much to acknowledge the pleasure that surged through his loins, but not to Kincaid, not at this moment. He might be able to hide his true desire but not the raging hard-on that threatened to betray him. Luckily, Kincaid's focus on Brett's ass protected him from any more personal exposure. Kincaid, gritting his teeth, felt nothing but disappointment because Brett neither whimpered, moaned or cried out. All the other boys became sobbing babies by the time he had reached the fourth blow. Brett gripped the side of the coffee table, continuing to rotate his buns against the blows while his cock dripped spider-thin threads that threatened to expose him for the masochist he was. Sweat stung Kincaid's eyes as he rained down blow after blow on Brett's body until the thin welts drew streaks of crimson blood. Kincaid's lungs were on fire and his arms were aching yet he refused to stop until he heard Brett scream out. Finally he collapsed against the desk in exhaustion, exasperation and defeat.

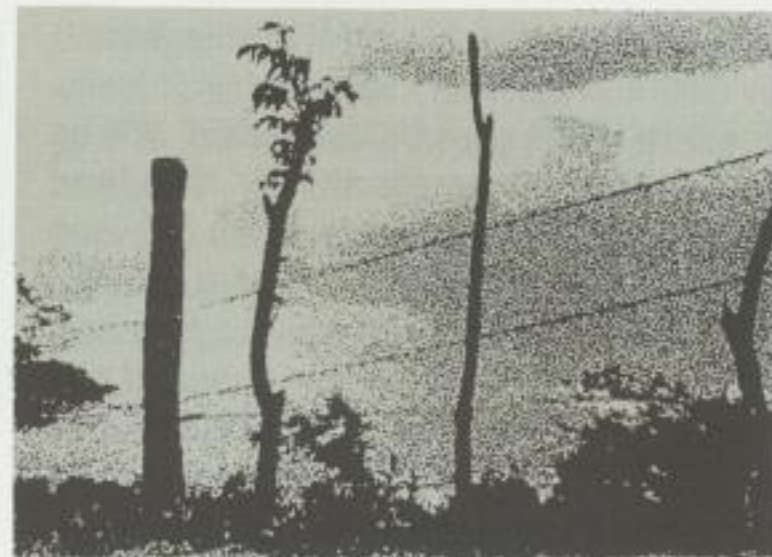
"Get out! Pull up your filthy trousers and get out!" Kincaid refused to look at Brett.

Brett recognized the anger and quickly dressed. He felt he had won this round, but what next? He didn't wait to find out. When Kincaid looked up from his desk he was alone in his office. He walked over to the table and saw the small puddle of cum dripping over the edge. He dipped his fingers into the obscenity and tasted the spunk, then rubbed the remaining drops over his cock. He knelt over the table and licked the top clean until he shot his own load into the sweaty palm of his hand.

Spent, he collapsed into his chair. He wiped his hand over his chest and thought of his father.

"Is this how you felt, Daddy, when you 'disciplined' me? Was it this same mingling of lust and anger? He's good, Dad, real good. He is you, I can see it. He's got the looks and the resolve," Baker said aloud to the portrait. He reached into his desk and placed the whiskey bottle atop the desk and poured the amber liquid into a crystal tumbler, taking a deep swallow. The 'liquid burn' matched the heat of his own fevered flesh.

"But does he have your talent, Daddy? Does he? Does he have your talent? And if he does, how can I get him to use it?" Baker pondered his question over another drink. The line between love and hate



were so fine. He had to figure out just how close he could come to that line without obscuring it. Brett was the finest talent to come to The Academy; now the decision was how best to exploit it!

For the next few weeks Brett Monroe did every shit job in The Academy. Trustees and guards avoided him, while giving him the most difficult tasks. They knew he was in bad grace with the Dean but weren't sure why. When he failed to perform to their standards, being beaten and tossed into solitary confinement was his reward.

Rumors spread quickly throughout The Academy about the treatment Billy Scott was getting from guards and inmates alike. Even though he was put into a room by himself, a steady stream of 'guests' flowed in and out. Billy tried to resist, putting on what he thought was a tough exterior but was easily overpowered by the stronger, more experienced men. After a while, Billy found the sexual assaults to be less offensive and had to admit that he rather enjoyed the feeling his dick got when he was forced to cum.

Bobby, the guard who was the first to force the redneck boy into 'man to man' sex, became his protector and pimp. Dean Baker Kincaid was well aware of Billy's situation and felt it was necessary in order to maintain his hierarchy of authority. It was obvious Billy was becoming wise to how he needed to survive. "I ain't no faggot," he told Bobby. "I would rather be 'live bait' than 'dead meat'." Maybe his stay at The Academy wouldn't be so bad.

Billy never saw or hardly thought about Brett or Max as the days went by.

Brett was filled with his own concerns. He had to get to Kincaid again and make certain of what the Dean wanted as well as determine how best to give it to him. If this heavy treatment continued, he knew he would never make it. As Brett fell into his bunk late one night, Max was waiting up for him.

"Man, what the hell did you do to piss off Kincaid like this? The whole Academy is talking about it." Max walked over to Brett and helped him remove his clothes.

Brett was too tired to do it on his own.

"It's a long story, Max. What it boils down to is if I give in to Kincaid, it'll be worse, I'll be his personal 'Billy'. If I stand my ground, he'll use the system to break me completely. You know him, you've got to talk to him, Max. Go to him and promise him anything." Brett closed his eyes and fell asleep. He didn't hear a sound when Max crept silently out of the room and headed toward Kincaid's office.

It was near midnight when Max knocked on the Dean's door. Everyone knew Baker Kincaid worked in his office until late and then he often slept there in a little bedroom off to the side.

"Who is it? Enter now and be quick, it's late you know." Kincaid shouted through the glass door wondering who would dare disturb him at this hour. When Max entered, Baker automatically dropped his pencil and his eyes lit up. He had been waiting for Max to come see him. It was the first time since his return that he had asked to see the Dean of The Academy.

"Max, I knew you'd come. I didn't send for you because I wanted you to come on your own. I missed you, boy, and wondered when I'd see you again. I'm pleased that you're here."

Baker's pleasure was obvious as he removed his jacket and dropped his shirt on the floor. The leather harness was still strapped to him and the shiny metal that held the leather together gleamed as brightly as the chrome on a new car. He crossed the room to where Max was standing. Kincaid was curious. They had exchanged no affectionate embraces. He understood that Max was here for a reason other than their mutual, sexual enjoyment. Acknowledgment, then the game. It had always been that way.

"You have not forgotten already have you, Max? Play it, it's our game and it won't work unless you do it. I won't talk to you until you do." Kincaid's chest heaved a sigh of delight as Max silently stripped down to nothing. His black skin gleamed with health and its smoothness was like velvet; each muscle moved smoothly into place like a well-oiled machine. His butt muscles clenched and tightened making them appear inaccessible to anything other than the desire of another man's tongue as it weaved snakelike through his crack and into his hole, massaging the inner muscles of his anal track. Standing naked before Kincaid, his chest quivered and his body trembled. Baker hooked his hands into his pants and slid his belt out of the loops. He stood directly in front of Max, suddenly turned without warning and sent a gob of spit into the stud's face. Max said nothing

Brett gripped the side of the coffee table, continuing to rotate his buns against the blows while his cock dripped spider-thin threads that threatened to expose him for the masochist he was.

as he wiped the spittle from his face.

"Thank you, Sir. I deserved it, Sir. May I have another, Sir?" Max's baritone reverberated off the office walls in its intensity as he looked directly into Baker's hungry eyes.

"On your knees...niggah." Kincaid's arms positioned at his side, until he raised his arms at the elbow, his fist clenched before his chest. He grasped the belt firmly in his hand. Max dropped to his knees and his lips touched the tip of Baker's booted feet. Kincaid clinched his teeth as he swung the belt against the upraised, ebony buttocks. Max pressed his face against the boots and wrapped his hands around the heel of Kincaid's boot. When the belt struck his buttocks he didn't scream, he yelled. It was the sound of a wounded animal.

"Oh yes, my Max. No one understands us like we do. Now I want you to take those black, nigger lips and clean my boots. You're my boy now, as you've always been. No one can replace you, boy."

Baker's jaw clenched tightly as his teeth audibly gnashed. He placed his boot on the back of Max's head and pressed the man's face into the carpet until Max found himself pinned beneath him. His face burning as the thick shag carpeting rubbed against his face.

"You haven't said you're glad to see me, boy." Kincaid squatted over his prisoner, his eyes flashing fury as he punched Max in the small of his back.

"Sir, I'm very glad to see you, Sir. I am your slave, Sir. Use me, Sir." Max uttered the familiar words between him and Kincaid. Kincaid was the only man who had been able to tap into this very personal vein of Max. He could never do this in the outside world. He was too afraid what would happen if it got out. Max harbored no interest in being politically correct. He wanted only to be a black slave to a white Master. He had sought and found his Master in the form of the mean and unbelievably cruel Baker Kincaid. Kincaid leaned over and grabbed a handful of Max's hair. As Max twisted his neck back to face Kincaid, he felt his hard cock press against the carpet. Kincaid stared him straight in the face.

"You call this shit hair? Why is it you

people have such funny little hairs? Is it for pot cleaning?" Kincaid slapped the man hard across the face, momentarily blinding Max with hot tears of rage and humiliation. How he hated Kincaid, for making him feel this way, making him submissive to this indignity, yet loving and dreading it all at the same time. Kincaid stood and laughed as Max struggled to regain his composure. Kincaid's hard-on was threateningly large and vicious looking.

"Got some dick for ya, boy. Come and get it." Kincaid sat on the edge of the desk and watched as Max crawled across the floor toward him. Kincaid lit his cigar and puffed aggressively while Max's slick, long tongue left a snail's trail of spit over the thin leather. Kincaid held back the sighs of pleasure as he felt the tingling sensation of the thick, black tongue through his boots travel over his instep and alongside the edge of his foot. Max pulled himself up against Kincaid's legs until his tormentor's menacing, white cock was inches from his face.

"I got an inch of cigar ash here that's gonna burn your ass if you ain't got my dick in your mouth by the time I finish this sentence." Kincaid flicked the dry ash over Max as the hapless hostage took Kincaid's cock deep into his throat. Kincaid put his hand on Max's chin and on the top of his head. He held Max's head in a firm hold while he furiously pumped his cock in and out of Max's throat. Max gagged a couple of times before the Dean of The Academy pulled his cock away from Max, turning once to slap the hot, wet sausage against his prisoner's face with a particular fantasy-filled hatred. Kincaid took his foot and pressed the sole against Max's face, pushing the lean and sinewy black man to the floor.

"Don't you dare fucking move, boy." Kincaid quickly stepped out of his pants until he was wearing just a harness and boots. He walked over to Max and spread his legs apart. He leaned over and fondled the black man's cock and balls.

"Now, what's a nigger like you doing with such a big dick, boy? I thought that was reserved only for members of the pussy-fucking tribe! However, if you place my cock right next to yours, you will see that you really have met your match with me." Kincaid dropped Max's balls and pressed his boot against the slave's cock and balls. Max groaned in a mixture of agony and ecstasy.

"Louder, boy, I can't hear you..." Kincaid laughed uproariously as he continued to press his boot harder against Max until the man screamed louder in agony. Kincaid lifted the sobbing Max to

his feet. Leading the crying man to his desk, Kincaid lifted him onto the shiny surface and dropped Max's body onto the top. Max's ebony buns trembled as he raised them high, ready for usage. Kincaid slapped the buns until his hands hurt, then he switched to the belt. Max's hole lay nestled in a forest of curly, black hair. Kincaid took a puff of his cigar and pressed the hot tip against Max's thigh. Max jumped about the desk, his hips seductively bouncing as he gripped the edge. His teeth remained severely clenched until he thought he could endure no more.

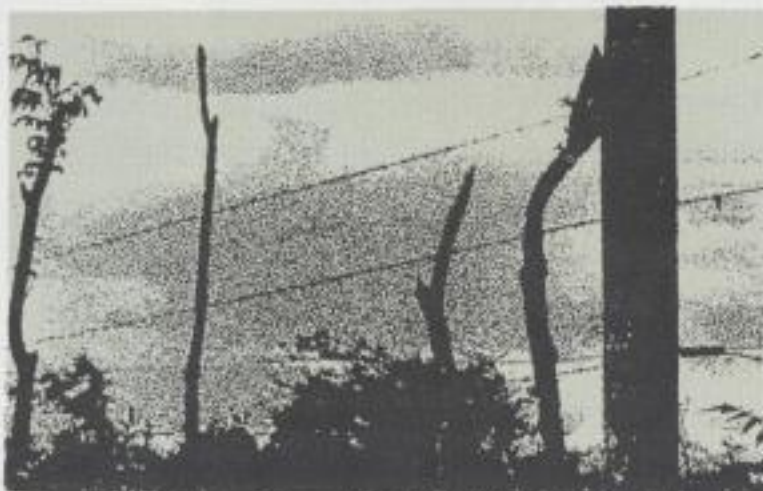
"You like being my ashtray, eh boy? You'll do it all for the white Master, won't you, boy?" Kincaid ground his teeth as he bit viciously into the black, muscled buttocks. He climbed onto the top of the desk and spit several times onto Max's raised ass making it sufficiently smooth and slick. Kincaid positioned himself at the entrance before he plunged his cock instantly up to the hilt. Max gasped for breath as his lungs struggled for air. The sudden assault caused him a pain that shot through his hips and ravaged his belly, but he offered himself readily and eagerly to Kincaid. Baker beat the belt against Max's thighs and calves, bringing all of Max's muscles into active play. The wild rotation and the excitement of the black inmate's uncontrolled movement caressed and squeezed Baker's cock, relentlessly fueling his assault. Max felt totally violated but totally convinced of his need. Kincaid cheered loudly as he straddled Max's rear. Sweat poured off of their bodies like a mountain stream, burning into Max's welts and blinding them both from the salty sting. Supporting himself on his legs, Baker pushed and pulled his cock in and out of Max until he felt himself ready to explode. He rode Max like a thoroughbred, grinding his cock into him, beating him mercilessly until the tight, black buns took on an independent rhythm of their own. The tightening and unclenching of his ass muscles drove Kincaid to madness. Yanking his cock out of Max, he stood up while his load gushed forward in tight, white streamers, then into small spurting gobs. The puddles gleamed in contrast to Max's black skin. Max turned over and quickly beat his cock back and forth as Kincaid leaned over him and began slapping Max's face with the back of his hand. Max grabbed his huge cock with both hands as it spewed forth like a geyser. Sperm showered over his bare belly. Kincaid stepped down off of the desk, knelt on the floor and leaned against the cool

wood of the desk. He was exhausted but satisfied.

For several minutes the only sound in the office was hard, raspy breathing of the two men as they struggled to get control of their pulses. It was a while before Baker spoke.

"Max...Max, how good to have you back. We need each other, you and I. However, I think you're here for another reason?" Max stood up and stretched his aching body. He reached over and pulled his shirt on over his sweaty and scummy body.

"Baker. Dean Kincaid. It's Brett Monroe. You've got to go easy on him. He'll collapse before he breaks. He's proud. He killed his own father when he thought he was being pushed too far!" Kincaid thought about Max's impassioned plea. It must be of major importance for Max to have made this request of him. Despite their relationship, Kincaid had granted no special privileges to Max. He



wanted no one to suspect anything of their special relationship. Max had never taken advantage of his personal relationship with the Dean before now. It was obvious to Baker that Max had fallen under the spell of Brett. He was in love with him. He had to realize that it was a situation that was intolerable. Baker would see to it that this man's lust would not interfere with his own plans for Brett Monroe. He had to think of a way to use this black man's influence over Brett to get him to come around to his way of thinking without giving away himself completely.

"He's a fine specimen of masculinity, that Brett Monroe. But he's stubborn, Max. He's fighting me. I've hinted at what I want but he's playing with me and you have to know how angry that makes me. You're a friend, talk to him. Convince him that doing what I want will benefit us both." The more he talked about Brett, the harder his cock got and the more he envisioned the boy in his possession. Also, the clearer the vision of his father's face came into focus.

"Send him to me, maybe we can reach some understanding. There are special things here, Max. There are

privileges that will make your stay here easier and I can get them for you. But I've got to have Brett Monroe to make it happen." Baker stood up and walked over to where Max was gathering his belongings, easing painfully into his trousers, absorbing every word that Kincaid had uttered, weighing the possibilities as well as the unspoken threats. Baker smiled as Max closed the door behind him. Swinging his chair around, Baker sat and stared out the window overlooking the grounds. He had Max in the palm of his hand. The black man would eagerly lead Brett into the trap that he would set for him. In The Academy, that's how deals were made.



It had been a long time since his father had passed on, leaving him the responsibility of The Academy. Along with his passing, Joshua Kincaid had also left a void, a kind of vast emptiness in Baker's life. Baker's mother had died when he was born. A succession of nannies and tutors had attempted to replace her. Joshua, the old-fashioned racist and gambler, spent most of his time building and gambling away his fortune and running The Academy. Joshua's only serious love and vice was the attention that he paid to his son. The energy expended on the love and care that it took loving Baker took up more time than anything he did on the outside.

Loneliness, economic woes and bad gambling debts had turned Joshua into a cautious and bitter man, who wanted greatness for himself. When he saw that it would elude him, he turned most of his societal anger toward his son. He was determined to toughen him up for the cruelties of life that lay ahead. Often, his over zealousness would lead to painful and catastrophic results for Baker. Joshua got through those spots by swearing his love for his son. The cool hand and caress on his son's face made up for all the pain. Baker Kincaid's life was of selfish indulgence so when the rules changed with his father's financial disasters, he had been slow to adapt to Joshua's increased attentions. Casual spankings became indulgent beatings. Tenderness turned into petting and that gradually became more sexual in its implications. Although Kincaid feared his father, he lived only for Joshua's approval. When Joshua began contriving elaborate bondage and the ritual wearing of leather and animal hide, Baker latched on to it as another characteristic of his father. He fondled the leather his Dad

wore, kissed the riding crop that had drawn his blood. Joshua could do no wrong, no matter how hard he abused Baker. The boy could only see love and unconditional devotion.

Several years had passed since the air tragedy that had taken Joshua away from him, leaving him lost and in emotional pain. Everywhere he looked, he saw Joshua and everywhere he thought he saw the old man, he was rudely awakened to disappointment. Emulating his father was the only way he could keep Joshua alive in his mind. He wanted to be the type of man Joshua Kincaid would have been proud of. He indulged his horrifyingly racist fantasies with Max. Max who wallowed in his own lack of self-respect, encouraged Baker in

**And the crack
of the paddle meeting
flesh sounded like a
thunder clap.**

his fantasies to exorcise his own demons. There was another aspect of Joshua that Baker missed almost daily. Every day he hoped to meet someone who could understand and share in his masculine desire and create new memories. No one had come close or had measured up, until now. Brett Monroe had shared a similar relationship with his own father. He had just been too stupid to see what was happening. He had rebelled by killing his Dad. Baker had only once in a while thought of taking retaliatory action against his own father as an out, but Joshua had assured him that what he had done to his son, he did out of love. Baker now knew that Brett would someday realize the same thing about his own father. When the guilt and realization hits him, Brett would need someone around him to understand and sympathize. Baker Kincaid, in all likelihood, could be that man of comfort. Brett just had to realize that the demons that had driven his father had also driven Baker's father. He had to realize how much fathers lived in sons, and then they could make further plans.

It was the following night, right after lights out, Brett received his summons to the Dean's office. He lay in his bunk well past the appointed time. He dressed slowly and prepared for the long walk to the office and headed through the long corridors. When he entered the office, Baker Kincaid sat in his swivel, 'wingback' chair. His back was to Brett as he glanced at his watch, suppressing his anger as he gazed out of the window.

"Please take a seat, Mr. Monroe, this

won't necessarily take too long." Brett took his usual seat in front of the desk. Baker swung his chair around. He appeared in nothing but his harness and boots. His cock hung invitingly between his thighs, his balls flattened against the chair. Brett wouldn't allow his surprise to show but his curiosity was most definitely there. Baker stood up and walked over to his office door. He fastened the door latch. As he walked toward the door Brett noticed the many welts and bruises over Baker's body.

"Before you ask, all these welts and bruises are self-inflicted. It took some difficulty in applying these, but nevertheless, my own doing." Baker walked to where Brett sat back in the leather upholstered chair. Kincaid immediately dropped to his knees before Brett. As he knelt at Brett's feet, his face suddenly became a mask of compassion and pleading. No one knew of this side of the Dean, except Baker himself and now Brett.

"We are brothers. I know what you've been through and what you're feeling. I think I can honestly say, we are feeling it together. From that one encounter where you ejaculated over my table, I knew then that I was right about you all along. I've thought of you in regards to our situation. Help me complete myself. I don't want to be in this alone. I'll share with you my strengths, as well as my desires. No one has to know. No one has to care..." Baker blurted it all out quickly while he still had the nerve. If he was wrong about Brett, he would certainly live to regret this explosive disclosure, this momentary bout of vulnerability.

Baker rose to his feet and rummaged through one of his desk draws, returning with a chrome-studded, leather paddle. Brett took one look at the paddle and his memories of Paul came back to him in a flood. Would he ever see his beloved Daddy again?

"And what do you want from me?" Brett took the paddle from Baker's hand and smacked it across his palm.

"Share with me your weaknesses...your compassion. When you have beaten my ass, allow me to beat yours. When we have completed our ritual, give us consent to make love to one another." Baker thought of how foolish this must sound to one so in control as Brett. But he couldn't back out now. Every time he opened his mouth he could hear his own desperation. In it he saw the motive for everything he had done in the last few years.

"I can make your stay here very pleasant. I'll give you everything." Baker

knelt before Brett with his ass raised and his face pressed firmly against the carpet. He thought of what a ridiculous image he was presenting, a man of his stature, kneeling before an inmate. That was what made it all the more delicious.

Brett's eyes glazed over with recognition. Yes, he had missed his Dad. He had missed the violence and, God help him, the brutality. The portrait glared back at him. The eyes, they were his own. He had recognized that special want and need that they all shared. He reached over and raised Baker's face to him. It was there, in the eyes, he had seen it and not recognized it. Now it was as clear to him as a highway billboard.

Brett now knew what he was destined to become. The paddle, however unfamiliar, started to feel comfortable in his hand. Brett raised this sadistic instrument above his head.

The first thud of the paddle cracked against Baker's hip bone. Brett's experience on this end of the paddle was limited, but experience would teach him. After all, he knew very well what it felt like on the receiving end. He tried again, and the crack of the paddle meeting flesh sounded like a thunder clap to him.

Brett spoke, "We will learn from each other. Will you share everything with me? Your lust, desire, as well as your power here? Will you share Max Jackson with me?" Brett knew nothing of the affair between Max and Baker but realized as soon as he said it, that he had guessed right. Now he would have the black man to play with as well as his apprenticeship and satisfaction with Baker. They would be father and son to each other, their roles interchangeable. An intriguing possibility, having a new father and son, thought Brett.

Baker sobbed silently into the carpet. He didn't want Brett to suspect how happy he had made him. Tomorrow he would create events and falsify reports extending Brett's stay at The Academy. They had taken too long to find each other; wasted valuable time. He would arrange Max's transfer to another facility at the same time. It was for the good of all three of them. Brett and Baker would never experience loss again. Brett would always be with him. He couldn't help his deviousness, it was who he was and what he lived for. When Brett finds out, Baker predicted he would be angry and want revenge. Baker sighed inwardly. He would wait and welcome the man's anger and punishment.

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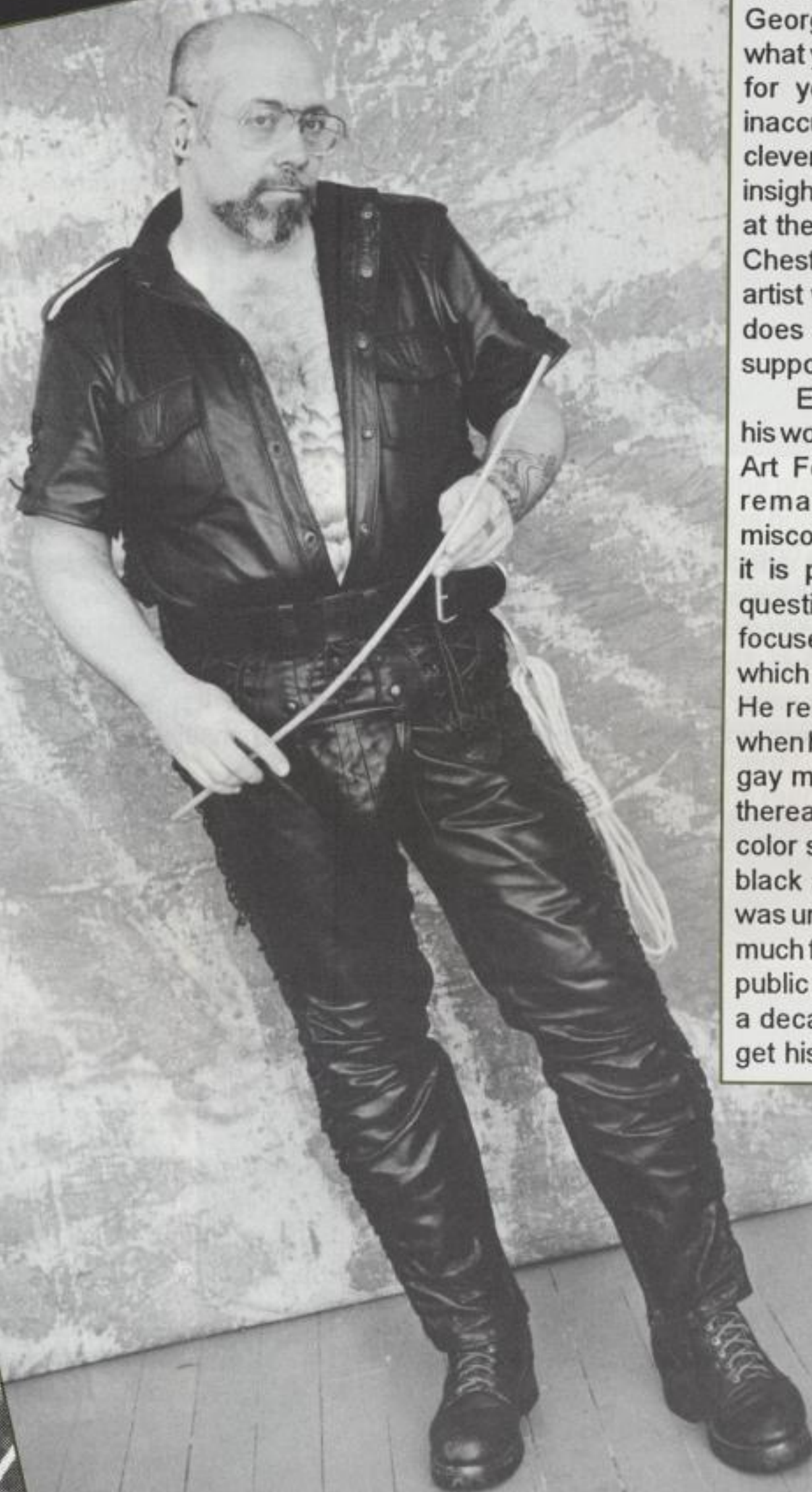


# THE POWER AND THE BEAUTY

## MARK I. CHESTER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

**S**tephen Sondheim has a character—a servant—in *Sunday in the Park* where George says to his wife that “work is what you do for others, art is what you do for yourself.” The shallowness and inaccuracy of this statement, despite the clever way it turns a phrase and “sounds” insightful, is very obvious when you look at the art-work of someone like Mark I. Chester. With him, and very likely any artist worthy of the name, art is what he does for others...and work is how he supports his art.

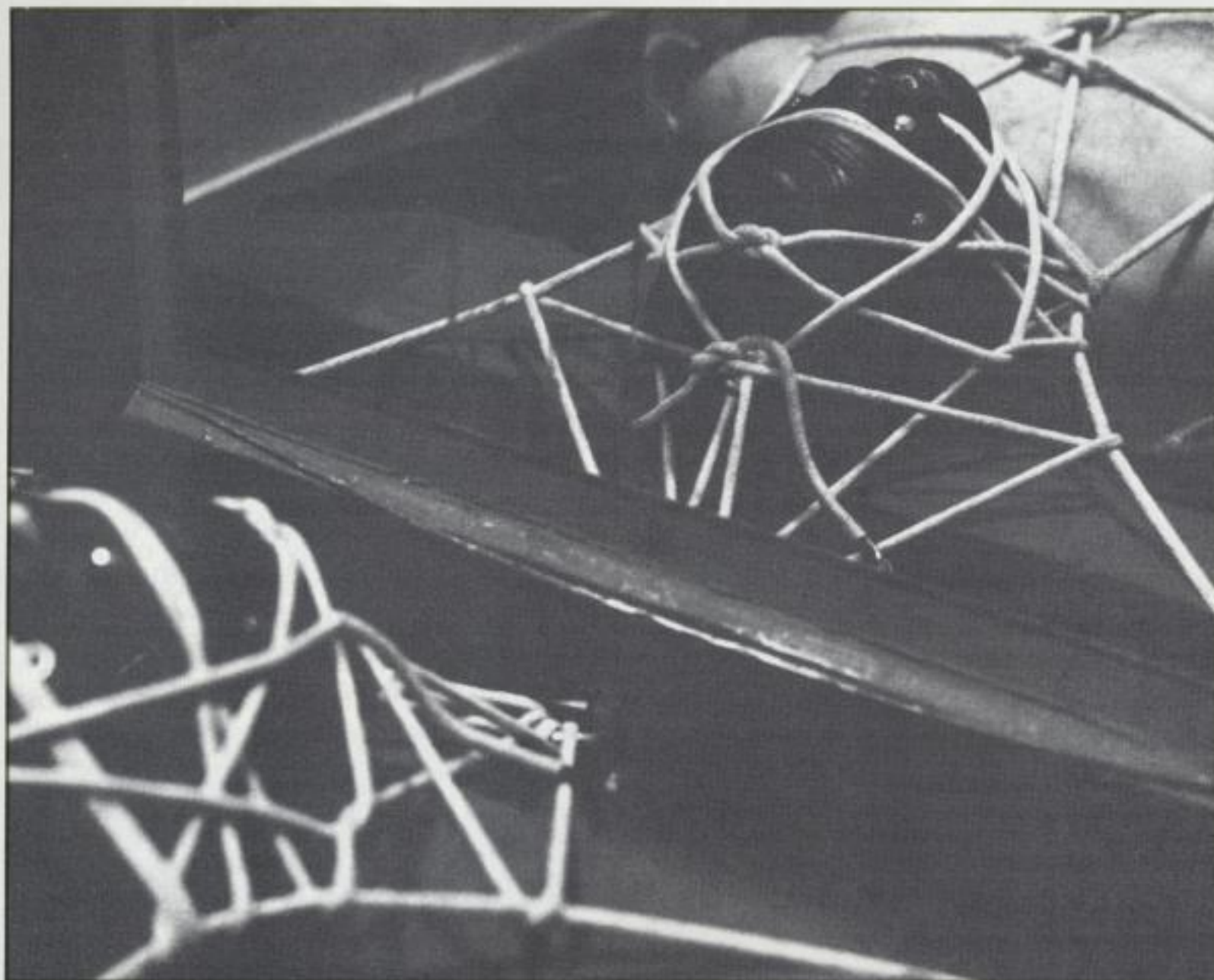
Even while preparing a collection of his work for exhibit at Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation in New York, Chester remains aware that his art is not misconstrued (or ignored) only because it is photography. There is also the question of content, the subjects he focuses on and the point of view from which he sees and shows those subjects. He remembers that in the late 1970's, when he first began to take pictures of the gay men who caught his eye, and soon thereafter, when he shifted from candid color shots on the street to art-intended black and whites in the studio, his work was unacceptable. It was too sexual, too much for galleries and the art appreciative public to deal with. Now, after more than a decade of battling the erotophobes to get his work seen, he knows it is again



Mark I. Chester

Photo: Michael Rosen





*Through The Looking Glass, from the series Feeling Good On The Edge Of Madness 1980*

biography here to explain this. Let it suffice that as he began to take his art photographs, he intended to mirror back to himself what he was seeing, then to provide the same mirror to his community. But he remained separate, not really finding a larger community of people who thought and felt as he did. "What I was seeing remained very different," he says, "when I tried to talk about what was really possible and what made my dick hard, people didn't get it."

"Over a period of time," Chester says, "the work began to have other purposes. It provided me a way to heal myself... and in that healing, some kind of documentation began happening." What he found himself documenting was a culture of radically

sexual men and women, one which—in the specifics of its energies and impulses—he says "has essentially died."

This realization that he was documenting a culture which belonged to a limited span of time awakened in Chester the understanding of a purpose for his art which reaches back to its beginnings. When he started taking photographs, no one else was taking real pictures of radical sex. Even if some artists were dealing with the idea of radical sexuality, they were not taking it on in his way. So, the full range of Mark I. Chester art became a document, a testament to future generations that once there was a culture in which certain kinds of risks were taken, and certain territories of the human spirit were explored through erotic energies, a culture where men and women lived gladly and boldly with a sexuality from which others turned away.

Some important questions beg to be asked: How is/was Chester seeing the world? What part of the world was he looking at? Are we, each of us separately, or any group of us, part of that world? Do



*Telephone Specialist, from the series Between A Rock & A Hard Place 1980*



we have anything to learn by knowing about the culture Chester documents? In effect, does Mark I. Chester's art have meaning for us, and if so, what meaning?

If we dare to know the answers to those questions, we might do well to look first at a few words from a lecture Chester delivered in conjunction with a slide showing of his work at San Francisco Camerawork (4/93): "What can I do? Somewhere in my karmic past I was forced to write on the metaphysical blackboard of life, one million times, I believe in the beauty and power of sex, sexuality and eroticism. It is constant, like the tide washing against the shore. I am suspended in its powerful undertow, and I just can't get away. What can I do? I can't help it. I am obsessed by hard dicks."

There, in an all too tight nutshell, is the answer to our first question. Chester looks at the world from his own spontaneous and inevitable point of view, from the vantage point of a man forced from within himself to see and appreciate "hard dicks."

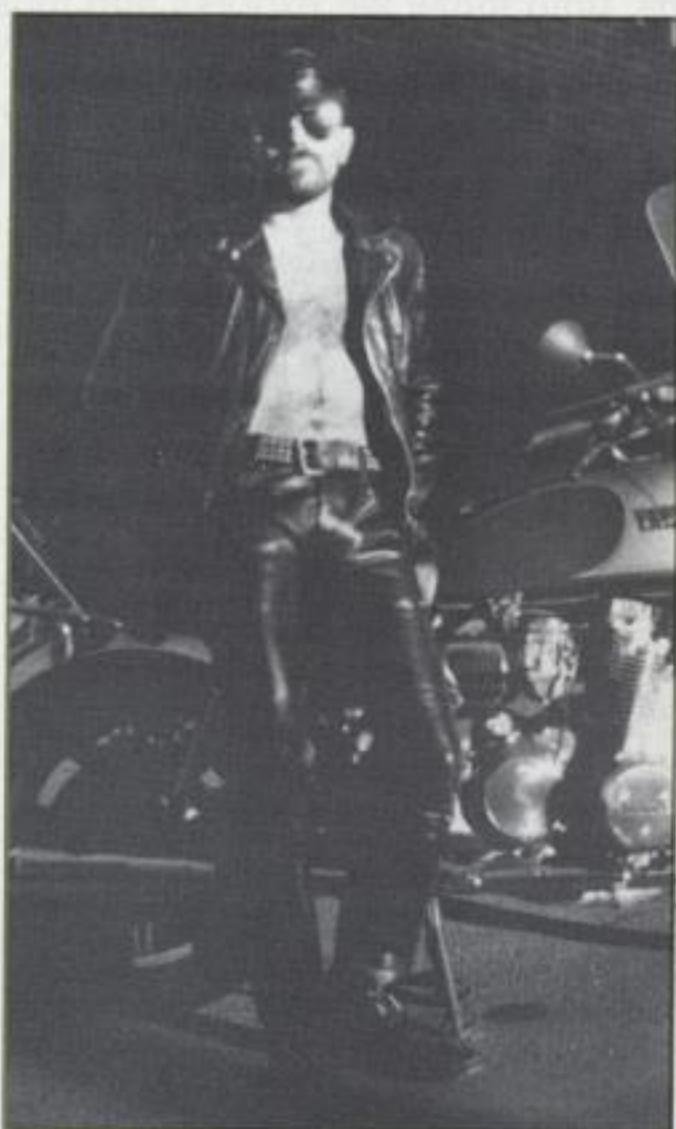
Still, the work is proof enough that the hardness of the dick as an object is not the point. One thing that fascinates in his art is the presence of the hard dick, even when it cannot be seen in the photograph. No, it's not the dick, not the engorged penis, but the human energy by which we recognize consent and desire and passion and joy in sexual experience.

Surely, one of the great disappointments of Chester's life as an artist must be the way publishers of his work pick and choose the subjects. A magazine like *Drummer* wants to see the hard dicks, and certainly doesn't want the female models. Other magazines, closer to the mainstream in either fact or pretension, hope to avoid even the implication of "dirty" stuff like hard dick energy. Either bias distorts the truth of Chester's vision, and changes the reader-viewer's impression of what the artist sees and what is his point of view.

To some extent, Chester could offset the ill effects of editorial use of his work by supplying words that explain his intent and re-install some of



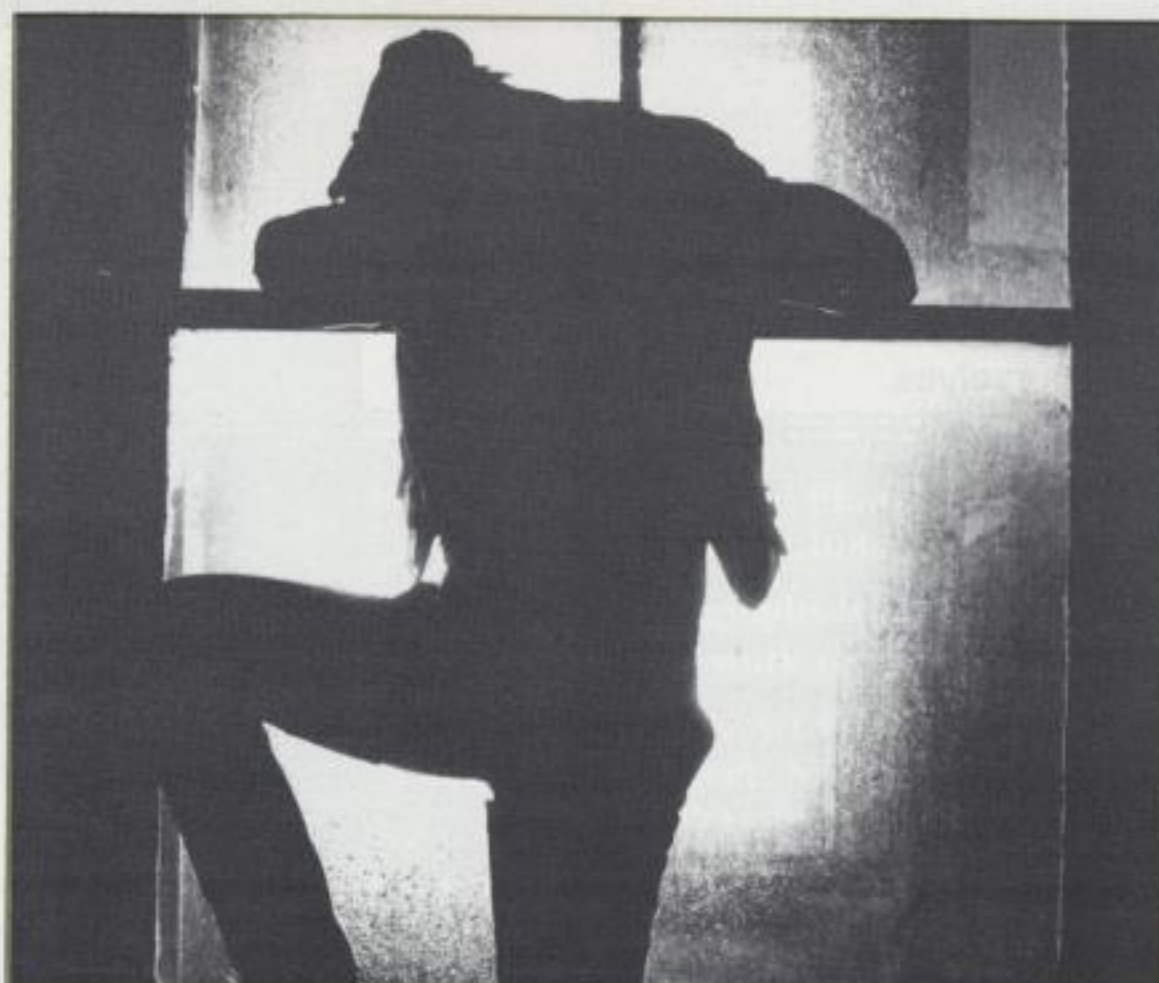
*City Of Wounded Boys & Sexual Warriors, from the series City Of Wounded Boys & Sexual Warriors 1983*



*Bo, from the series City Of Wounded Boys & Sexual Warriors 1983*

the lost sense. But, like any artist, he wants his images to stand on their own. "Everything that needs to be said, needs to be in the image." Words, in fact, however carefully chosen can sometimes increase distortion while attempting to set things right.

There is also a side of Chester's artistic method which could easily be undermined (even lost entirely) if



*Five In The Fast Lane, from the series City Of Wounded Boys & Sexual Warriors 1983*



he took it upon himself to expose the meaning of his work in words, or to try to express in spoken or written verbiage what was not seen for whatever reason. As a matter of personal and technical fact, the images Chester records would not exist if he invented everything himself. Instead, he works with models who, as he puts it, "come out of my life... we have a bond to begin with... then [what is in the photograph] is definitely a combination of my energy and the energy of the model...."

There, in a rather oblique way, is an answer to our second question: The part of the world Chester sees and deals with as an artist is the part he naturally touches. Models come out of his life; and, they appear in photographs where their energy is trusted with the artistic process along with his own. Does this mean that others—potential viewers of the art—are merely voyeurs, not in any way part of the world Chester creates, inhabits, and records? Not at all. We are part of it, as we are also sexual beings working out for ourselves the meanings and limits of our desires and sex acts. We are touched by Chester's world when we feel as he and his models must, when we do



*Kaye's Statement, from the series Lost On A Sea Of Desire 1983*



*Rubber Garden, from the series Lost On A Sea Of Desire 1983*

things that almost every other element in our lives calls pointless or dangerous or wrong. Chester's art, just as he intended it to be for himself, is a mirror for us. Like any mirror, it becomes impossible to look into this one and claim in a calm voice that we see nothing of ourselves.

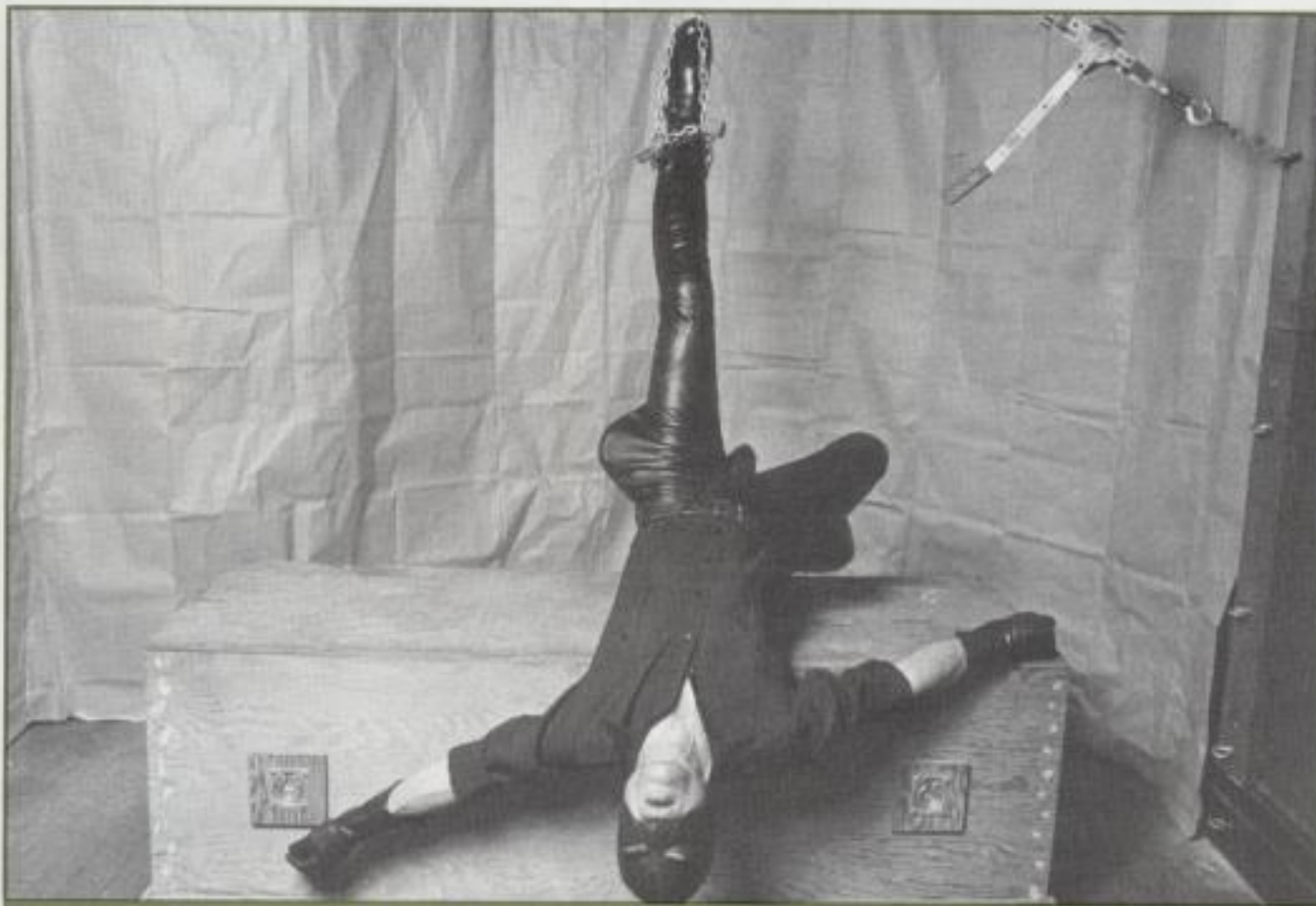
#### A PERSONAL IMPRESSION AMOUNTING TO AN OPINION

What moves me most about Mark's photography is that he sees with a penetrating vision that captures something real, something significant about radical sexuality which—without his insight—I might never know, despite my own sexual explorations. He sees and selects micro-seconds of actual experience which become ciphers or hieroglyphs capable of "saying" something about the whole experience, about the broader implications of the lives that are passing so briefly in front of the camera.

what they are doing, and no less so when we encounter those feelings or consider those acts, but reject them.

Again, our questions link through their answers with one another: What do we have to learn from Chester's art? Much about ourselves and our responses to desire; much about our passions, both those we express and those we repress; and much about our possibilities, even when the potential we are helped to recognize lies far afield from the hard-dick energy in the imagery.

There, also, is the very heart of the meaning of Chester's art: It confronts us with things we may or may not know about ourselves, but they are always things we could know. It forces us to consider where we stand in relation to the deeply experienced pleasures depicted and suggested. It encourages us to believe that it is possible to be and do a great many



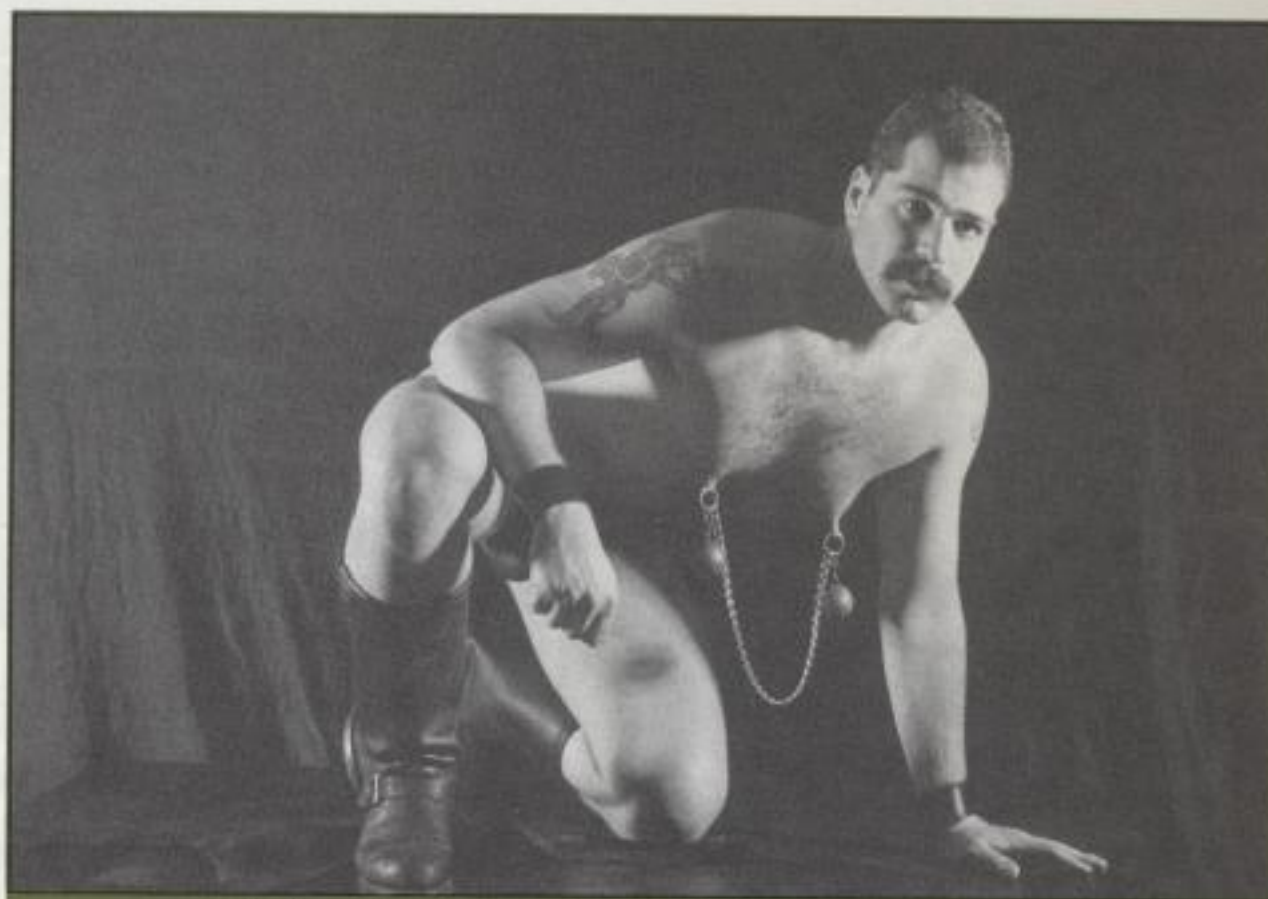
*The Hanged Man, from the series Sexual Portraits & Private Acts From The War Zone 1986-1989*



Chester doesn't choose, or usually doesn't choose, the split second of orgasmic agony-ecstasy as his target. That is implied (if it is relevant), but if he narrowed his vision to that, he would be "talking" about ends and stopping points. He chooses instead to be specific about the event or the person or the energy, incorporating or suggesting the beginnings and aims and ends rather than delineating them. This approach opens his art to much broader understanding, and gives us a more perfect record of the lives he elects to touch with his camera.

Perhaps another factor is even more important than any analytical remark I could possibly make: Mark's photographs are beautiful. That probably is not a word many people would come to in describing these images. Maybe Mark wouldn't even like it—but it is true. One side of what lures me into close relationships with individual photographs and keeps me interested in seeing every Chester image I have not previously seen is the enigmatic beauty. The masterful use of darkness and brightly lighted areas is something, but it is not the source of the compelling attraction. The bodies are often beautiful too, but they do not make the pictures beautiful. The explanation of the beauty in Mark's work comes down to the mysterious "something" that distinguishes the work of an artist from the best snapshots you and I might take. Call it "an eye," an attitude, an aptitude. Call it what you will, but the fact is that this "something" is what makes it possible for an artist—Mark I. Chester more than many—to tell us the truth about all sorts of things, including ourselves, and make us glad to know it.

There is nothing more important to Mark today than to see that his art survives to be seen by future generations. He believes in his work that much, and I do too. I think it is tragic that other artists, less willing to explore far from the funding salons and gallery doorsteps, are so much celebrated, while Mark is so nearly ignored. And I am convinced that one way or another Mark I. Chester photographic art will survive, and eventually be appreciated both as art in the aesthetic sense and as artful documentation.



*Jeff, from the series Diary Of A Thought Criminal 1990*



*Ken & Bill, from the series  
Diary Of A Thought Criminal 1990*



*The Kiss, from the series Diary Of A Thought Criminal 1990*

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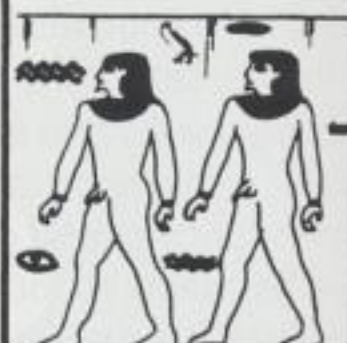
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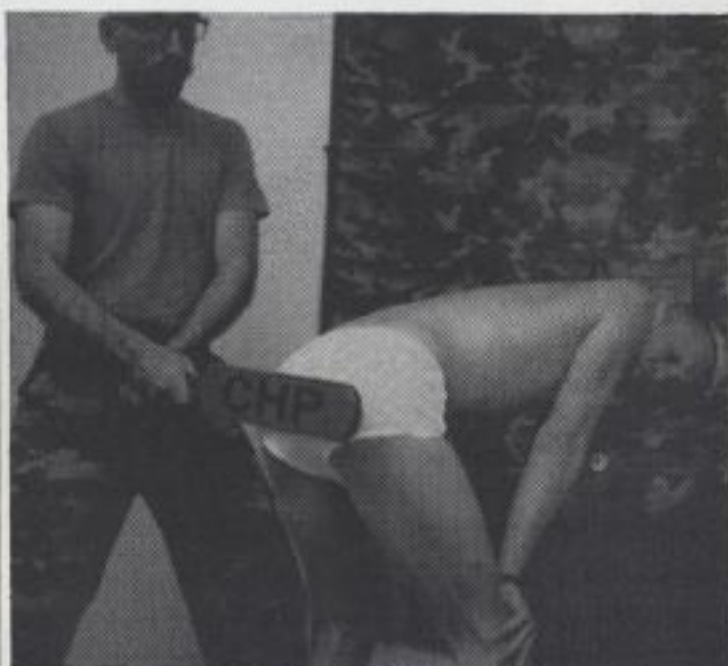
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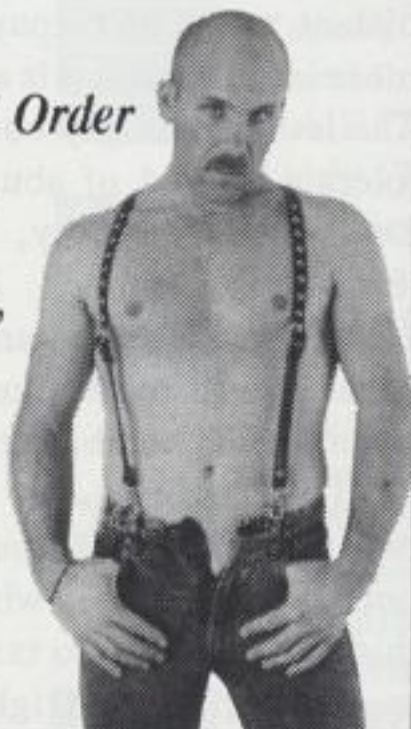
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## PHILADELPHIANS MC HOSTS NEW YEARS RUN



For the inauguration of the Philadelphians MC's twentieth anniversary, a weekend of holiday madness will take place in the land of freedom. TRI-CEN X: "Roaring into our Twentieth Year" happens December 30 through January 2 in Philadelphia. According to Run Chairman, Clint Robison, a weekend full of fun and brotherhood has been planned. A New Years party, cocktail parties, a banquet with a parade of colors have been arranged. On January 1, the annual "Mummer's Parade" may be attended from the run location. All activities will be occurring at the Ramada Suites Hotel, which is part of Center City Philadelphia. The cost for "TRI-CEN X" is very reasonable depending on the number of men in your group. The run is limited to 125 participants and the deadline to register is December 1, 1993. For info or an application, contact the club at: ATTN: TRI-CEN X, Philadelphians MC, P.O. Box 3733, Philadelphia, PA 19125.

## SEXART 3

A salon-style group show of fine art explorations in photography, sculpture and paintings on sex, sexuality and eroticism will take place September 10TH through October 3RD, at Mark I. Chester's Folsom Gallery, 1229 Folsom Street in San Francisco. This 7TH annual show will draw approximately 1500 viewers which also happens during the Folsom Street Fair on September 26, 1993.

Other well-known artists who will be showing their erotic works are Michael Rosen, Rick Castro, Mariette Pathy Allen, Eric Kroll, Stanley Stellar, Vivienne Maricevic, Efrain Gonzales, Wayne Killinger and Tomas Gaspar.



The exhibit will be open Saturdays and Sundays through September 26TH, 1 PM to 6 PM. Then, the exhibit will be open by appointment through October 3, 1993. If you would like more details, call (415) 544-1136.

## LOS ANGELES CITIZENS OUTRAGED!

### Coalition For Justice...

A group of citizens have formed the Coalition For Justice to respond to an incident that occurred on Sunday, April 4, 1993 in LA. On that day, the LAPD raided a dance club called the Dragonfly. At that time, Sunday evenings at the club catered to the men and women of what has come to be called the Leather Community.

Approximately 20 men and women were arrested and charged with lewd conduct. As of this writing, more than 40 witnesses who were customers at the club have testified through signed testimony that no lewd conduct whatsoever was taking place at the club. The police claimed to have been responding to a community complaint, however, no one operating the club was approached with such a complaint. Even with witness testimony, these individuals are still being prosecuted!

This is an outrage because it is a blatant waste of taxpayer's money and, more importantly, it is a civil rights issue. The lesbian and gay community does not tolerate is kind of abuse, so, we of the Leather Community, should also not tolerate this either. It is obvious the LAPD saw this as an opportunity for harassment, most likely prompted by homophobia and bigotry.

The Coalition For Justice is asking two things of concerned citizens in and outside the LA area who won't stand for this kind of abuse to taxpayers as well as seeing people's civil rights infringed upon. First, for those living outside LA, to refrain from doing business with LA or buying products originating from there. (The Coalition is not advocating the avoidance of the Leather Community and community-friendly businesses. They support the community, so we support them.) Second, to write letters to the people below expressing your concern.

The Coalition regrets having to take this extreme action, but every conceivable way of resolving this situation quietly and fairly has been undertaken, but has been ignored by the city leaders. Call the Coalition For Justice at (310) 440-3313 for informational updates. Please write now to:

Jimmy Hahn, City Attorney  
1800 City Hall East  
200 North Main Street  
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Council Woman  
Jackie Goldberg  
200 North Spring Street  
Room 240  
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Mayor Richard Riordan  
200 North Spring Street  
Room 305  
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Chief of Police Willie Williams  
150 North Los Angeles Street,  
Room 615  
Los Angeles, CA 90012



# LEATHER CALENDAR

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

1993

## OCTOBER

- 1 - 3** 7TH Annual Weekend Run "Escape" / Golden Gate Guards / SF, CA
- 2** Fire Keepers of Indiana Club Nite / Truman's / Mishawaka, IN
- Mr. Moon Contest / Outpost / St. Louis, MO
- Omikron Club Nite / Our Place / Indianapolis, IN
- 3** CASTRO STREET FAIR / SF, CA
- 6** Wayne's Leather Rack Class / Griff's / LA, CA
- 7** Shanti Project Awards Dinner & Ceremony / Grand Hyatt-Union Square / SF, CA
- 8** M.A.F.I.A. Club Nite / Deeks / Chicago, IL
- Windy City Bondage Club Nite / AA Meat Market / Chicago, IL
- 8 - 10** 15TH Anniversary / Reading Railmen / Reading, PA
- Living In Leather VIII / National Leather Association / Houston, TX
- 8 - 11** Hot Air Ten / Motorcyclen of New Mexico / Albuquerque, NM
- 9** AUA LA Function / TBA / LA, CA
- Chicagoland Discussion Club Nite / AA Meat Market / Chicago, IL
- Oberons Club Nite / The Wreak Room / Milwaukee, WI
- 9 - 10** VASM's Anniversary XI / Dufferin Hotel & other locales / Vancouver, BC
- 10** AUA Beer Bust / Griff's & Gauntlet II / LA, CA
- Mr. Upstate NY Leather Contest / Utica Tri's & That Place Saloon / Utica, NY
- U-S-A Meeting / Ann Arbor, MI
- 11** City Biker's Beer Bust / Triangle / Denver, CO
- 13** MAST's Master-slave Meets / Griff's / LA, CA
- 15** Beer Town Badgers Club Nite / Boot Camp Saloon / Milwaukee, WI
- TantraMan Club Nite / Chicago Eagle / Chicago, IL
- 15 - 17** 24TH Octoberfest / Vanguard MC / Philadelphia, PA
- 25TH Anniversary / Rocky Mountaineers MC / Denver, CO
- 16** Leather Shed / Motorcyclen of New Mexico / Albuquerque, NM
- 17** Leather United-Chicago Club Nite / AA Meat Market / Chicago, IL
- 19** NLA-Chicago Meeting / Ann Sathers / Chicago, IL
- Orange Co. Leather Assembly / Orange Co. Center / Garden Grove, CA
- 20** NLA-LA Outreach Nite / Griff's / LA, CA
- 22 - 25** "Show Me 20" Run / Gateway MC / St. Louis, MO
- 22 - 24** P-Town Pilgrimage / Entre Nous / Boston, MA
- 22** Water Boys Beer Bust / Pec's / San Diego, CA
- 24** U-S-A Meeting / Ann Arbor, MI
- 27** Avatar / LASFAS / LA, CA
- 29** Windy City Bondage Club Party / CHC Clubhouse / Chicago, IL
- 29 - 31** Tampa Bay Bondage Club / 2nd Annual Run "RAMPAGE '93" / Tampa Bay, FL
- 31** HALLOWEEN
- New Artist Contest Deadline / Tom of Finland Foundation / LA, CA

## NOVEMBER

- 3** Wayne's Leather Rack Class / Griff's / LA, CA
- 5 - 7** 11TH Anniversary Run "Sail Away 93" / Harbor Masters of Maine / Portland, ME
- 5TH Anniversary / C.O.M.M.A.N.D. / Baltimore, MD
- Prowl 5 / Panther L/L / Atlanta, GA
- 7** Rocky Mountaineers MC Charity Beer Bust / Triangle / Denver, CO
- 10** MAST's Master-slave Meets / Griff's / LA, CA
- 11 - 12** Kinky Couples Veteran's Day Parties / Seattle, WA
- 16** Orange Co. Leather Assembly / Orange Co. Center / Garden Grove, CA
- 17** NLA-LA Outreach Nite / Griff's / LA, CA
- 19** TantraMan Club Nite / Chicago Eagle / Chicago, IL
- 19 - 21** Parthenon I / Gryphons / Dayton, OH
- 20** Leather Shed / Motorcyclen of New Mexico / Albuquerque, NM
- 24** Avatar / LASFAS / LA, CA
- 27** Santa Saturday / Bucks MC / Langhorne, PA



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Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer:  
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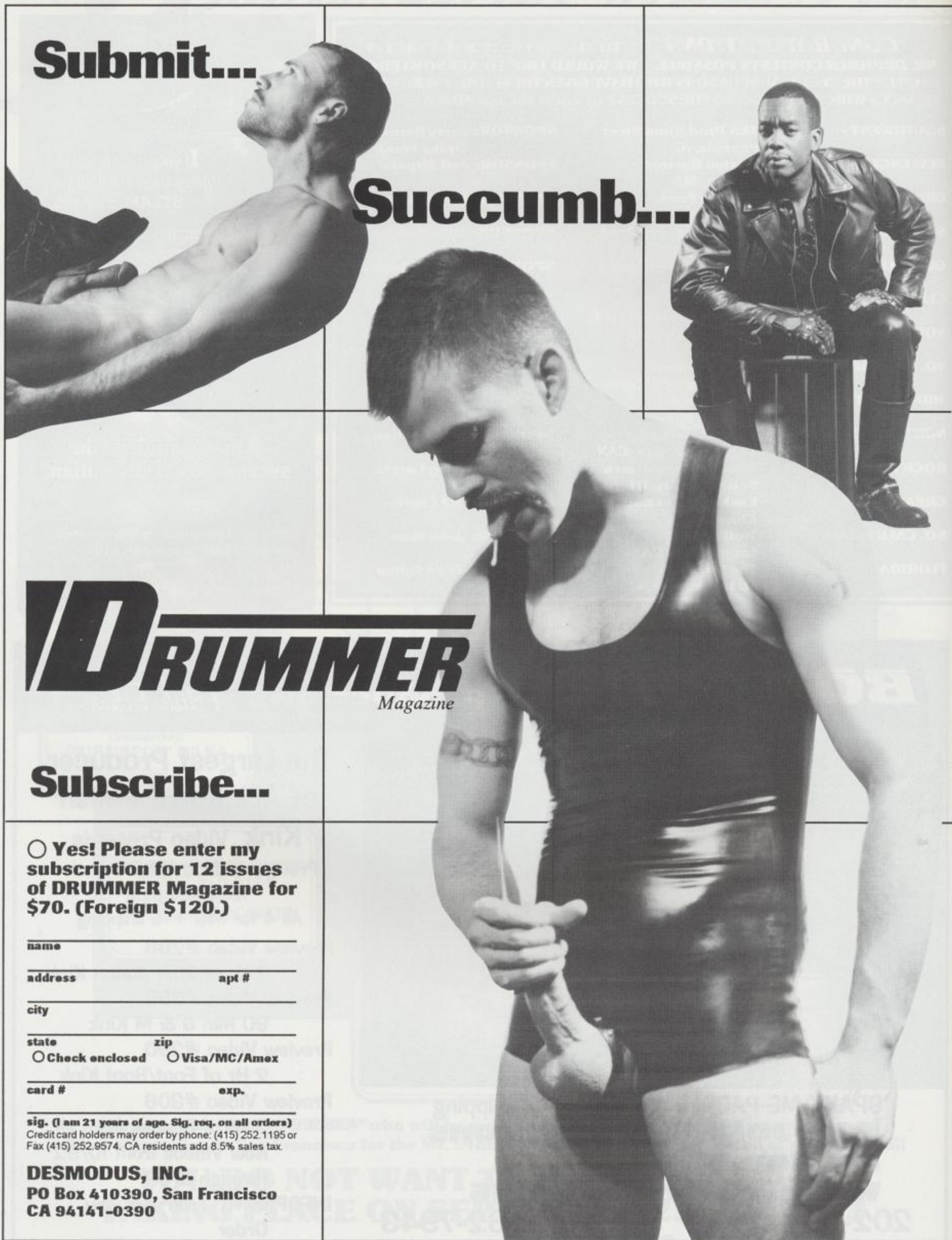
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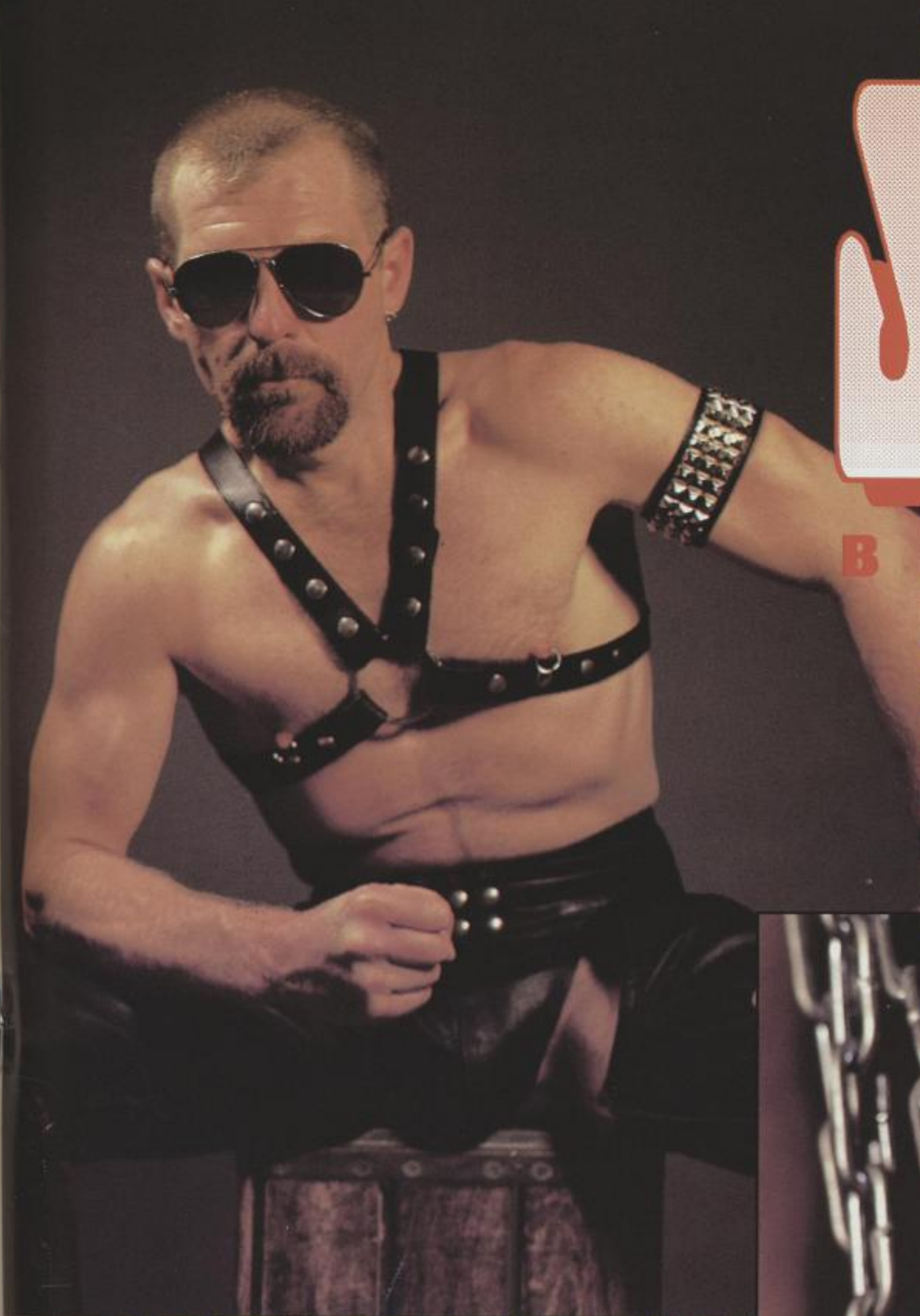
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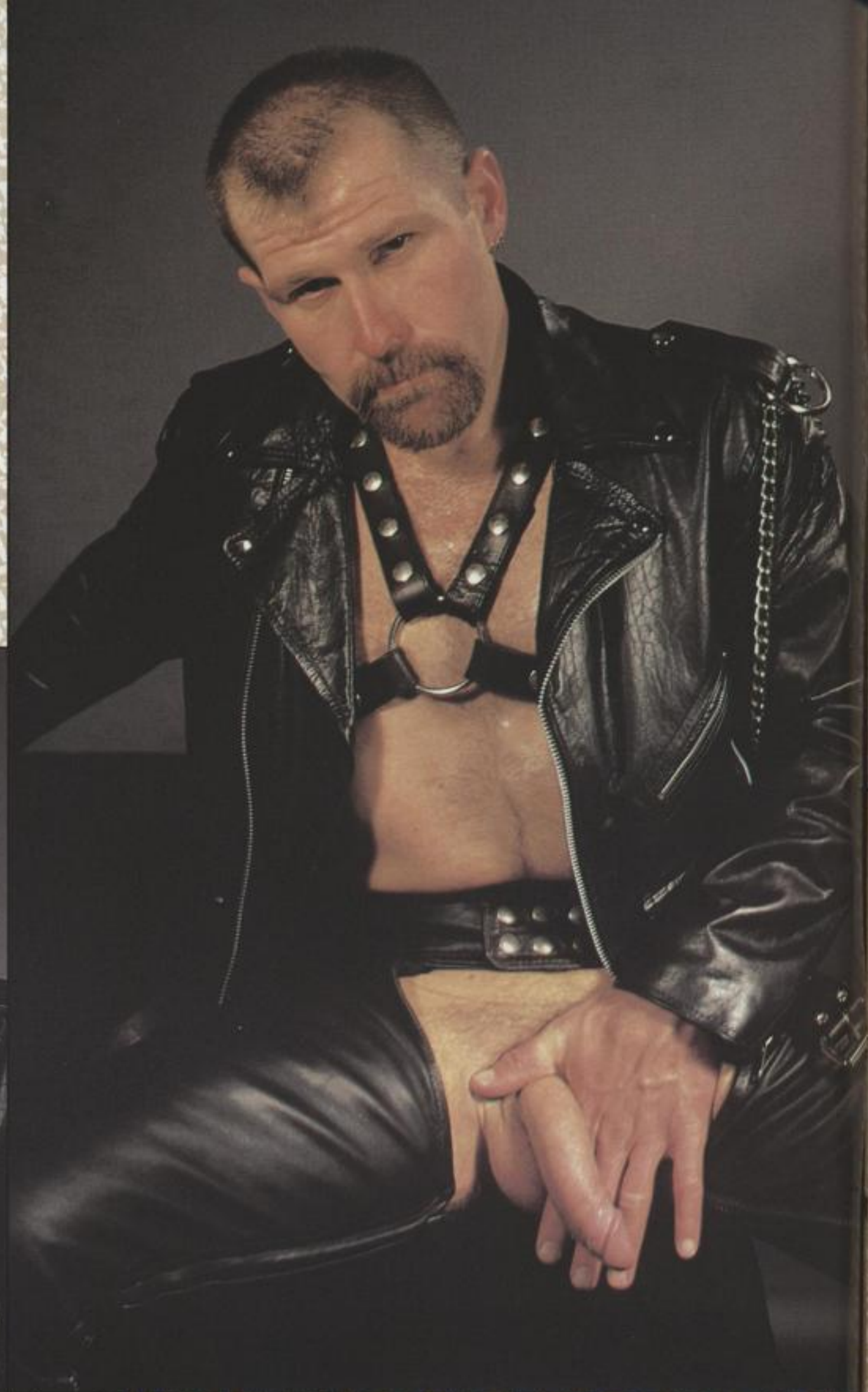
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**"YES SIR!"**

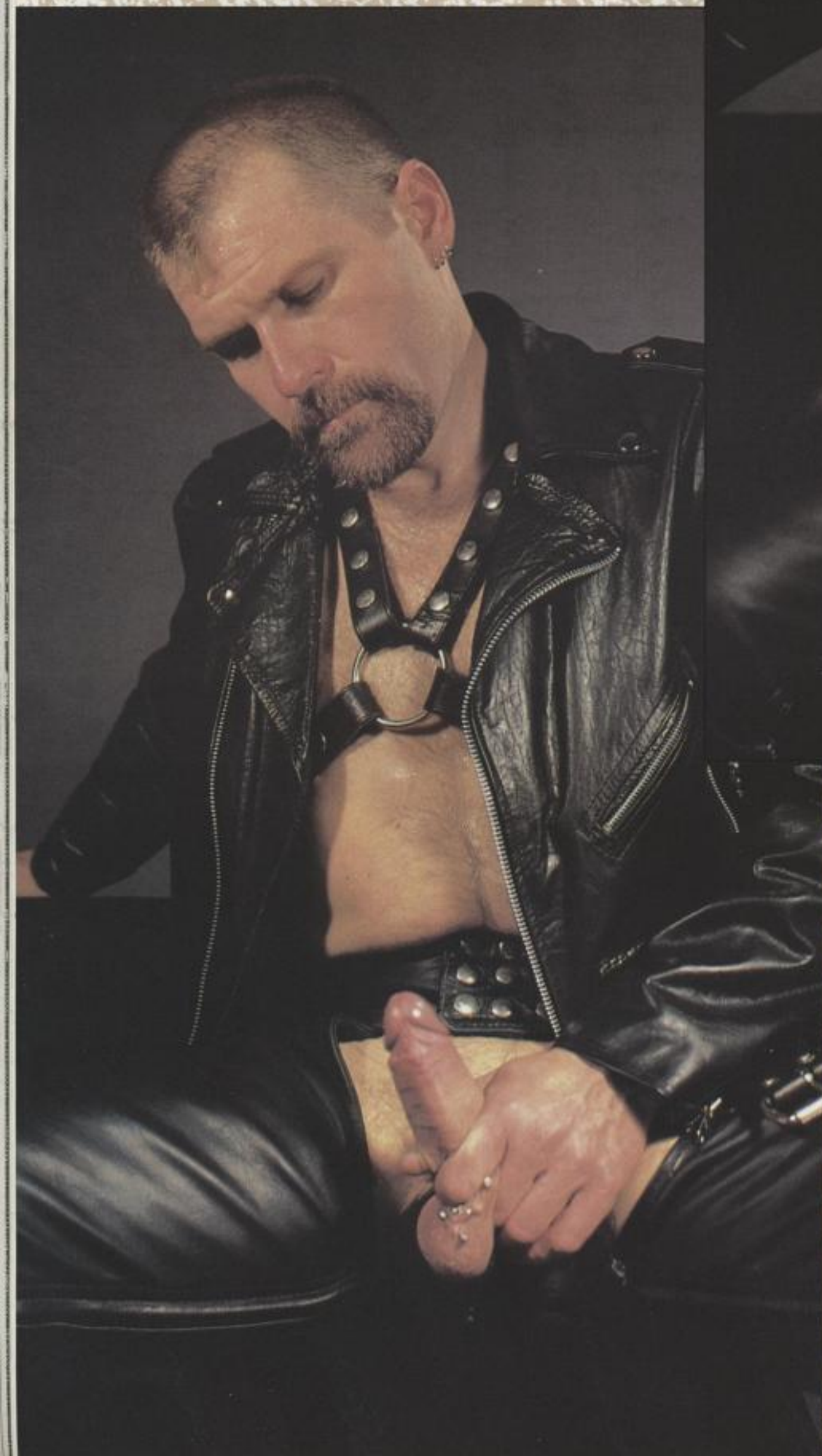




**"BOY...**



**...STAND  
AT  
ATTENTION!"**













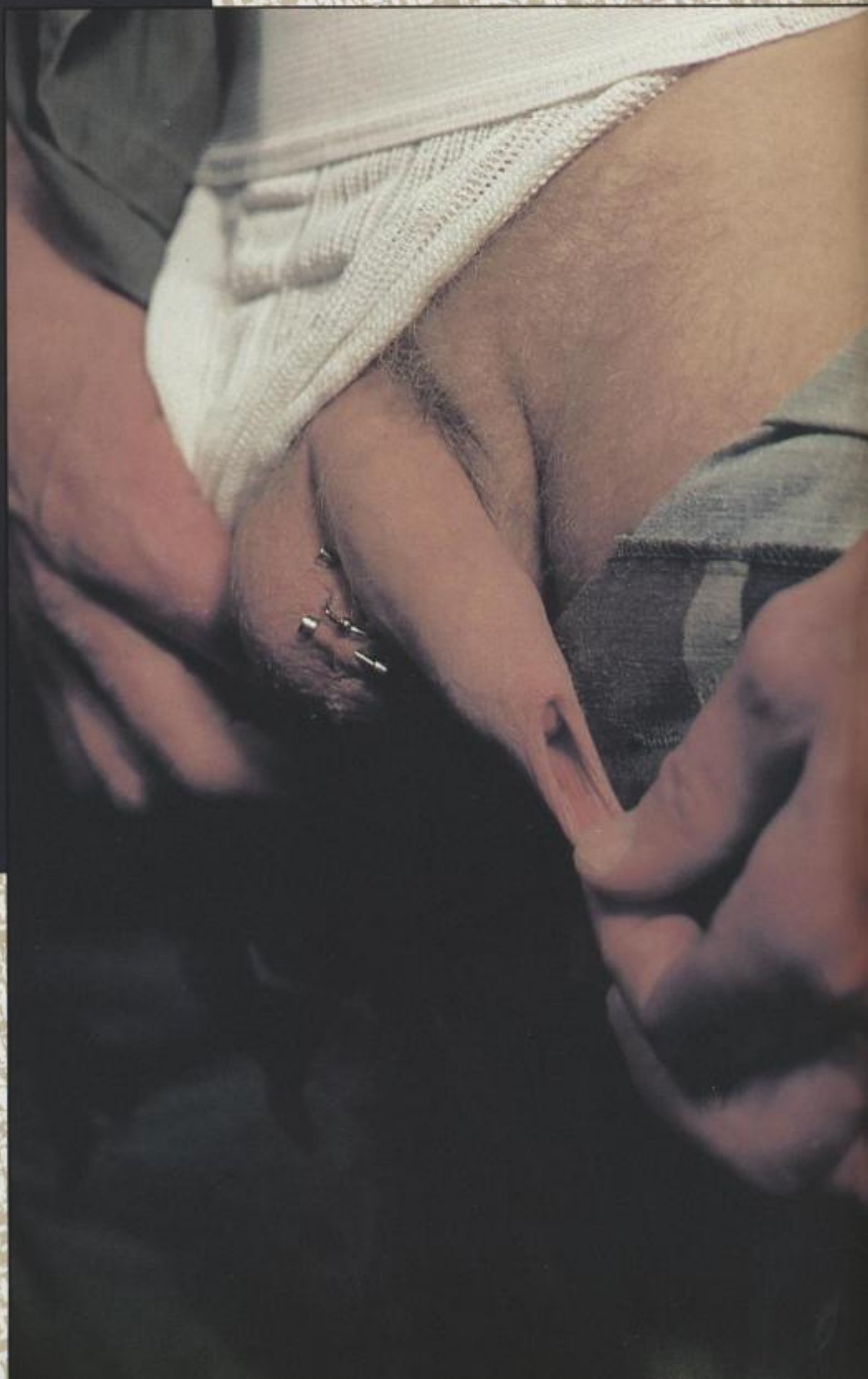
**WHAT  
YOUR  
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WEARS...**



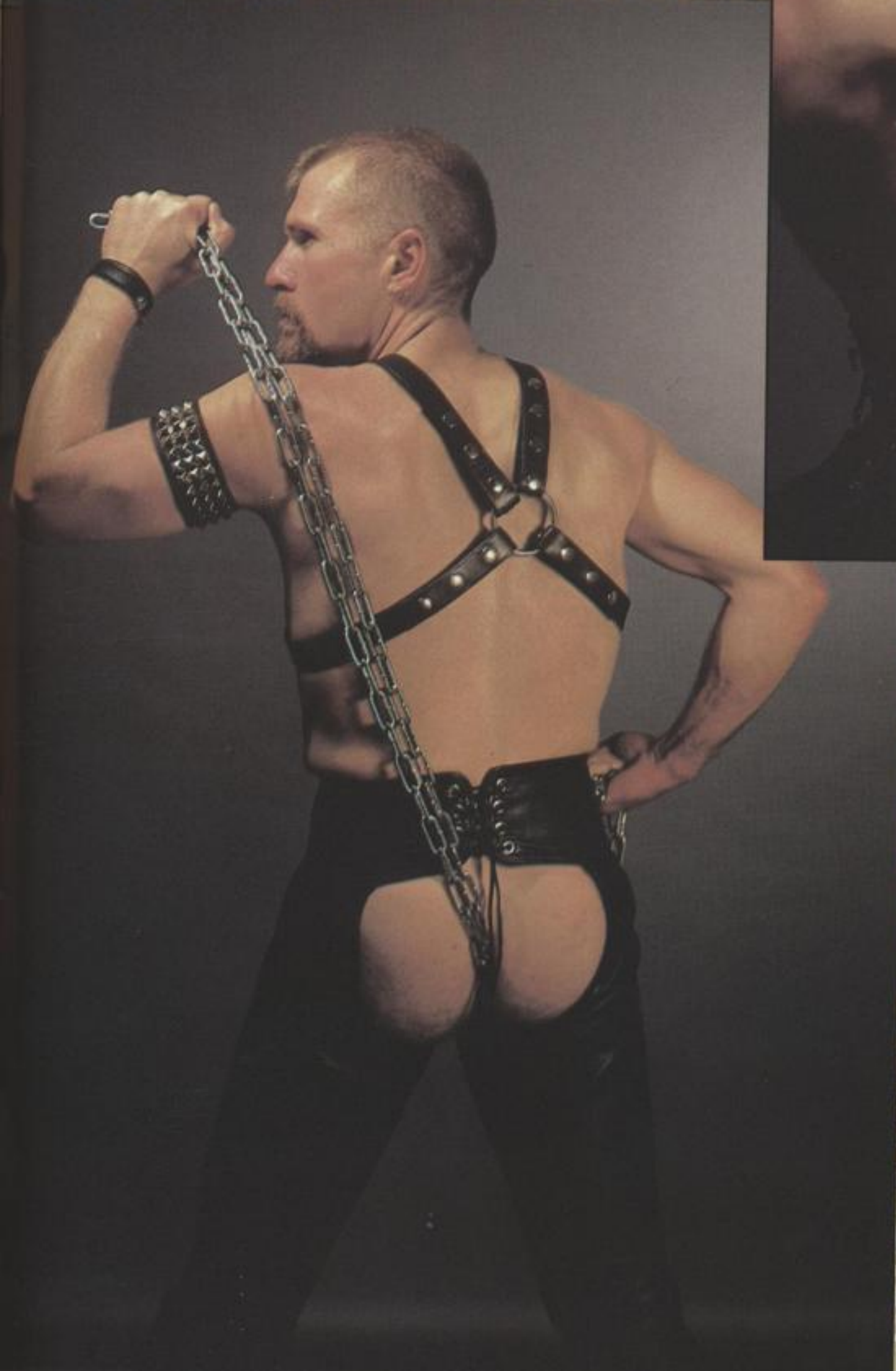
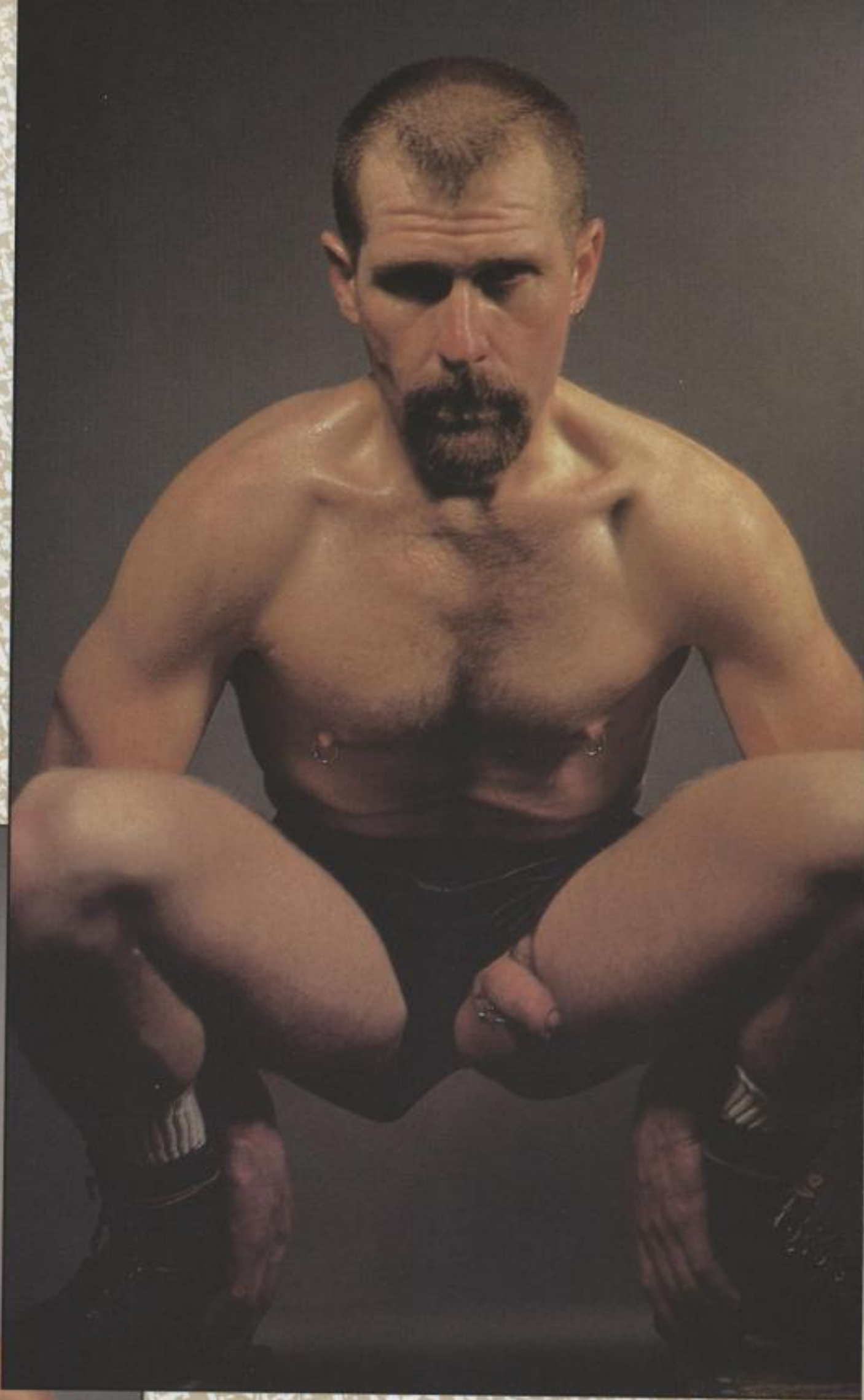
**...IS ONLY  
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**DOES THE  
UNIFORM  
MAKE  
THE MAN...**







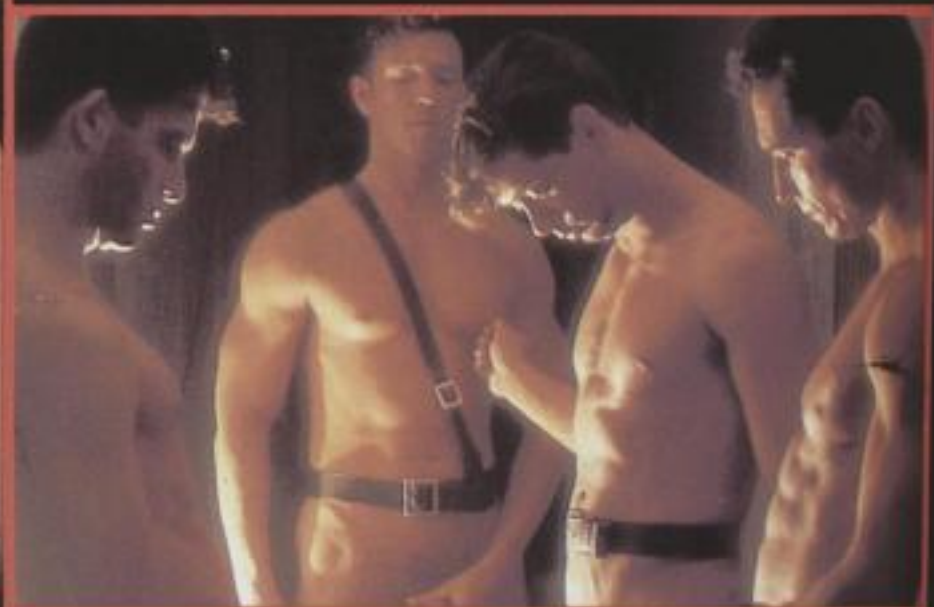
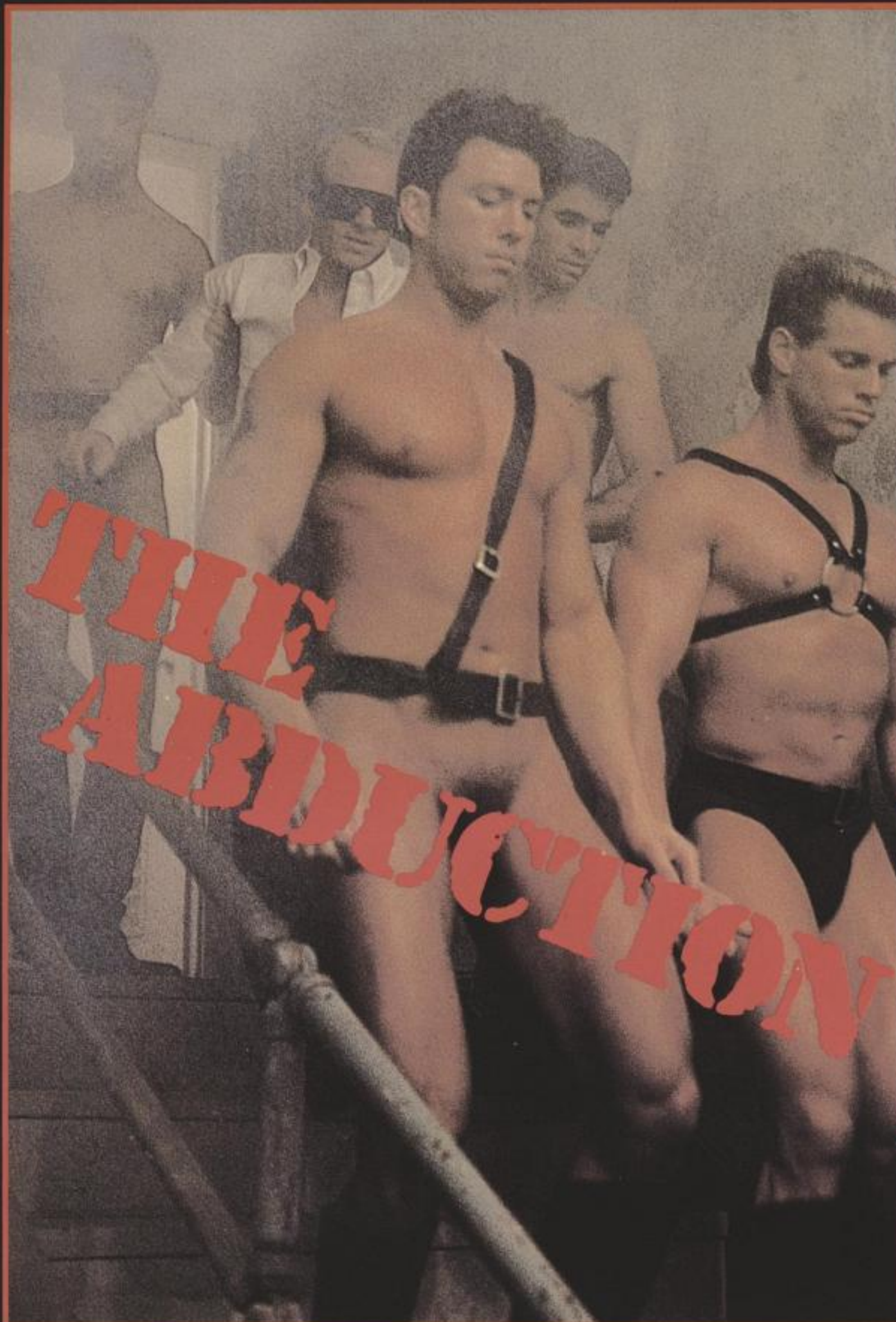
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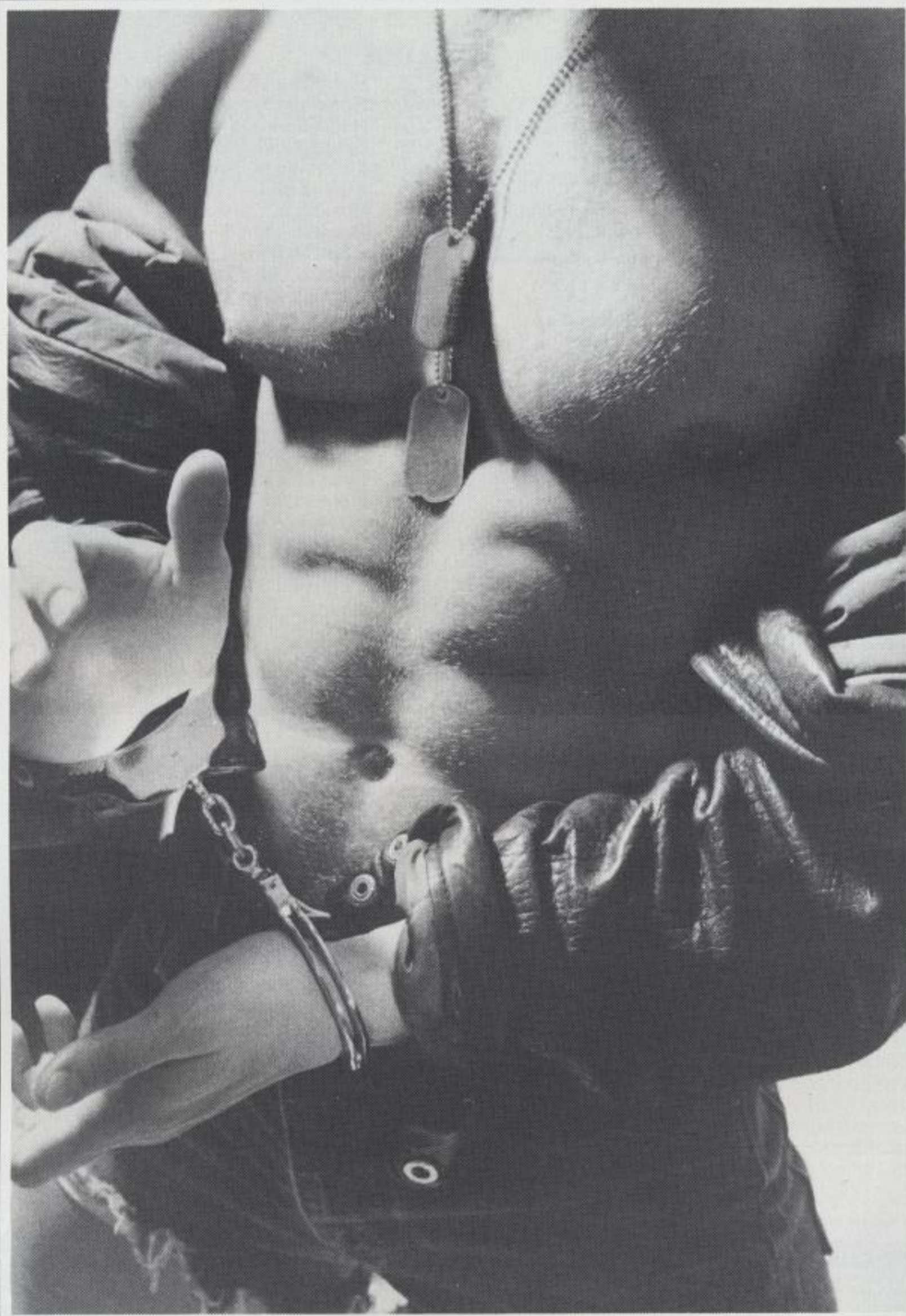
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# STAND AT

# A T T E N T I O N

By Richard A. White  
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RAPE. It was the one word used often by our class of Officer's candidates. Even worn-out words like 'Sir' and 'faggot' couldn't come close to how often I heard the phrase, 'Someone should rape that bastard'. The man they referred to is, naturally, our Drill Instructor, Sergeant Drover. He was also referred to as 'Rover' due to his pug-like face. He wasn't really ugly, at least to me, just mean. I never saw him smile, although his wisecracks to goof-offs were wildly quoted. His armor-plated body, covered with sandy-brown-red hair, caused him to be called 'Red Rover'. Those were his polite names.

'Chop-buster', 'fag-basher', 'mothuh-fukuh', and 'diesel-dyke' were other favorites. However, since Sinclair, our resident Polish-Blond-God-Athlete-Stud, had begun calling Drover 'rape bait', that was the name that was most heard. John Sinclair was in all our minds, the man most likely to become an officer. We kidded him that the main reason the Marines would make him an officer was that he'd be the handsomest walking advertisement for recruitment. At six foot three, two hundred-twenty pounds, on a power-packed, hard-cut body, Sinclair, was the archetypal Man's Man. How right that phrase was ... but no one knew, as of yet.

We had ended up in the shit-kicking, southern military camp, both fresh from New York. We didn't know each other there. Manhattan is huge for twenty year old guys. And neither of us, since we lived with our families, dared venture to gay bars. Our sex was with neighborhood guys, or 'straights' that needed hot action. Arriving at the base, we both made eye-contact within a week. Much later, when other bruisers were off to strip joints, beer bars, and pinball parlors, Sinclair and I parted ways outside an out-of-the-way bar one night. It was the 'catch all' watering hole for the surrounding area weirdo's and whacko's...and gays.

It was not so bad as one might think inside. The reigning dowager, Mamie-Mike, had style. The big TV and VCR at one end of the bar constantly played videos. Some porno flicks (only the best parts), some homemade videos (drag-balls, parties, body-building contests...etc.) and edited portions of Sci-Fi movies. Occasionally we saw an amateur video of one of the local hunks stripping and even beating off. Some of these videos were made without the hunk's knowledge or consent. Periodically, local hookers would rent an upstairs room from Mamie-Mike, bring in a trick and pay someone to run a camera from behind the big, two-way mirror at the end of the bed.

Mamie-Mike was generous to these hookers. She'd give them the money back for the room if the video gave her a hard-on. She'd also pay them ten bucks anytime the video showed at the bar. Needless to say, a few of our officers' candidates ended up 'stars' from time to time. Mamie-Mike's ties with the base were discreet and profitable, so they never bothered her as long as she 'paid her dues'. Her hotel and bar was a local institution. No straights ever wandered in.

The doorman saw to that. All you needed was a membership card and five bucks to get in...but getting the card was tricky.

I found out about the place from word of mouth. It was known as the place to be avoided, except to take a hooker upstairs. Another gay man got me in one night, and Mamie-Mike ran her fingers through my black, brush-cut and said, "OOH, La-La, a Frenchman. Give him two-cards; one for a friend. Frenchmen always have friends." She bought me my first drink and sat with me for a while, sipping White Russians...a drink made from Vodka, cream, and Kahlua. Lethal and fattening, which could also describe Mamie-Mike! He wore a giant diamond bracelet, the only clue to his Madame status, otherwise he could have been any other overweight, beer-chugging, hairy-chested Southerner.

It was this card that helped me land John Sinclair. One Friday, after Parade Dress, I had showered and was laying on my cot, reading some science fiction novel. He walked over to me and sat, dripping wet in his towel at the end of my bunk. "C'mon, Sinclair," I complained, "Drip on some one else's bed, for Chrissake!" He grinned and sat on the bunk across from mine, sitting close to my face, his legs widening to give me a shot of his crotch. Dark brown fur, still wet surrounded his fat cock and plump, pink balls. He wiped his head and chest hair with another towel. I went back to my book. He wasn't going to sweep me off my feet that easily. "Where do you go on Friday's, Jerry? I never see you around," Sinclair asked, staring at me.

"Around." I said, never looking up from my book. I'd only been here two months, as had he, but being a 'regular' at Mamie-Mike's gave me an assured sense of "family", having a place to go and feeling comfortable. My aloofness to him was typical of my attitude toward most of the lugs on this base. "Funny! Funny man you are. There's gotta be something better to do than play pinball around these parts. C'mon, you don't fool me...who's the guy you're going off to fuck every Friday?" He grinned, hoping to shock me.

I never looked up from Isaac Asimov, "What makes you think it's just one, stud?" I hissed out the side of my mouth. He laughed and threw his towel at my book and looked around the empty barracks.

"Look, them other jerks is at the joints. Where you going? Take me with you, huh?" He stood, hands on hips and I finally faced him.

"No, it's a private club. They don't like your type in there; you could be trouble, besides, you'd need a card."

I went back to my book. He dropped his towel, pulled my book away from me and sat his wet, hairy moose-butt on my chest. "Listen, I'm gonna be more trouble if you don't take me. Is it a gay place?" He grinned, holding me down.

"Sorta," I said, trying to seem not perturbed by the hulk of his body on my chest. I stared at his eyes, not giving him the compliment of eyeing his cock. "All sorts of



guys go there. There's a bar, dee-jay and dance-floor; not Manhattan, but it's fun and people know you and they also leave you alone. Anyway, you're not going with me."

I waited for his reaction. He scooted his furry port up to my face, holding my arms down on the pillow. He grinned at me, "Why not? Who's your date? Red Rover?"

I laughed, "That wouldn't be such a bad idea, with that tank-like body of his; I wouldn't say no! He's mean, but he's a hunk!"

Sinclair looked really angry. "He's a scum-bag! How can you think he's hot? He's a pig, a shit eater," growled Sinclair, still dripping water off his head and his heavily veined torso.

"So far, you haven't said anything that has turned me off," I chuckled. Then Sinclair bent over and shoved his tongue into my mouth, a hard, angry thrust that was more to shut me up than to turn me on. It did both. I wanted him.

He sat up again, reaching behind him for my crotch. As he bent back, the rippling and vascularity of his tummy was astonishing. His hair, light gold on his torso, only ornamented an already flawless form. He grabbed my thickening cock and grinned, flashing white, perfect teeth, his bright, blue eyes blazing.

"Gotcha, huh! You're almost hard already. I knew you had a good piece down there, fucking, cocky, arrogant bastard that you are." He squeezed my cock into full eight-inch hardness. I tried sitting up, but his other arm pinned me, his fat sausage starting to swell.

"So, we got a date, Babe? Whaddya say?" he hissed, squeezing harder on my cockhead. I had no choice so I gave in to what I already wanted. I raised my head just enough to lick the underside of the pink piss-hole in his hog. He wasn't that large but it was a fat beauty of a hard-on. He scrunched his soapy smelling balls into my face and let me suck the length of his hambone into my throat. He rose off my chest and I could breathe better. I could also see the bristling bush behind his balls that fringed his ass cheeks. His football-player thighs swayed over me as he slid his dong down my gullet. He stroked my cock under my pants, squeezing hard when he got to the fat helmet at the end. Once his cock was soaked with spit, he unzipped me, taking out my throbber. I let his cock plop out of my mouth and hissed, "Hey, we're in the barracks, remember? We can fuck later. Upstairs at this bar they have rooms."

"Mamie-Mike's?" Sinclair asked, "I heard that's supposed to be a real sleaze pit!"

"Then don't come," I said quickly, reaching to put my cock back in my pants.

He said, "Oh no, you ain't going without me, buddy. We got something to finish, ya know?"

I smiled as he peeled himself off me. He towed dry and quickly dressed. I took him to the 'sleaze pit'.

Not only was he not trouble...he was fun! We drank, danced, cruised, watched videos and laughed...and laughed...and laughed. He was non-stop chatter and jokes,

as if he'd never been on a date with a man before. He told me later he hadn't. He admitted he had done guys in cars, alleys, gotten sucked off in johns, but never had he been out with someone. I actually was charmed by this hulking buffalo's innocence.

The videos got him horny as hell, especially when it was a homemade version with an officer in it. One flick had a big bruiser being fucked by a hooker with a dildo strapped to her garter-belt. He went wild for it, rocking about with laughter and a hard-on. "Yeah, give it to him, Bitch! Fuck that pig!" Sinclair hooted, much to the amusement of the other patrons at the bar, including Mamie-Mike. She gave me a knowing nod from her appointed throne at the bar. She looked at the muscle-bound Sinclair and raised her drink in a toast to us. We were bought the next two rounds by her. She even replayed the dildo video for John. When John felt he'd had enough, I asked Mamie how much a room would be. She waved her hand and grinned drunkenly at me. "It's on the house, honey. Sort of a welcoming party for your friend, OK?"

I thanked her, and John and I discreetly took a side door and the back stairs to a room. We wouldn't want to be seen by straight M.P.'s and their hookers.

The room had a typical mirrored wall, small sink, big clean bed and a bright-colored ball in the center of the ceiling that made 'mood' lighting. Towels were placed on a side table, as were glasses and an ice bucket. A brief phone call brought scotch to our room.

John stripped down fast and grabbed me around the waist, tackling me onto the bed. His roughness was fun as the bar, but in bed, it was gonna be my way or not at all. "Hey, easy! I'm no joker in an alley, y'know. Take it slow and easy, John, and you can have anything you want," I smiled up at him, still held firmly in his bear paws.

"OK, pal, we'll do it your way...this time." He bent to kiss me, his full wet lips still reeking of scotch. His tongue slid into my mouth real slow. His big, furry arms cradled me to his chest-forest of fur. His nipples were hard buttons of well-worked skin. He tortured them when he beat off, he told me.

His big legs were so heavy, they stopped the circulation in my thighs. I thought the pins and needles I was feeling was lust, until I tried to move them. He rolled over on his side and slid down my body, licking as he went. This boy was good at what he put his mind to...like athletics...like survival maneuvers...like sucking cock. He gobbled me in long, lobbing, wet gulps of spit. He kneaded my butt as he pulled my body close to him with each swallow. He nuzzled his moaning mouth onto my balls when he'd reach the base of my sex-engorged prick. His thumb was working its way into my shithole.

Oh no, I thought, not tonight you don't and I squeezed my ass shut.

Watching his reaction to that dildo film, I knew what he really wanted and I was gonna give him a deep plowing in that manhole of his! I rolled John's logger legs

over, getting him onto his belly, telling him I was going to rub his back. What I didn't tell him was I wanted to do it from the inside-out! He sighed and moaned and raised those muscle-plated mounds up and down, real slow and easy. Every time they'd rise, the dark, ripe fur inside his mancleft would beckon to me. Blond wool covered John's hard, round ass. His balls squashed under his thighs as he ground into the sheets responding to my soothing hands. "Oh, Baby, that's really good; make your man happy. Baby, lick my ass," he whispered.

I lowered my face into that beckoning pit with my saliva-soaked tongue curled into drill formation. His shimmering, wet pucker opened to my churning tongue. Steamy musk filled my nose with the smell of this giant beauty.

He raised his ass and threw a pillow under it quickly, so he'd be poised higher and wider. This stud knew what he wanted! I sucked hard at his hole, chewing the pelt of down around his ramhole. His thick, hairy legs spread wide to let me in. "More...more...Jesus! That's fucking good! Eat me! Eat me! Get the fuck in there and suck my hole." His words got me even hotter and I rubbed my chin over his hole, grinding it in and widening that already pouting gap.

His rippling back muscles bucked around the deeper I got into him, his head bobbed back and forth on the pillow. I watched myself in the mirror above us. I was pleased at the body my military training had given me. Tight, hard pecs and a washboard stomach from months of training. But there was one thing they didn't give me...that big, fat cock. I rubbed his angry, red hole with my battering ram. He moaned and didn't even notice it was my cock, not my tongue, invading his shitter!

"Mmmmmmm...more! Eat me; lick the shit out'a me, buddy."

I slowly slid into him. He was suddenly aware of what I was doing and raised his head to protest. Then he saw us in the mirror and paused, watching me slide into his boiling bowels. "Yeah, look at us, we're fucking nasty! Go ahead, babe, slam that monster up my ass; fill me up with your cum." He smiled, dazzled by his own reflection, then watched my cock go up his ass. "Uhhh...yeahhh...look at you! Big, fucking cock o' yours! Shove it up there; get it in me. Yeah, look at that pretty, fucking ass of mine!" I plowed deep inside his heaving inner walls.

I held tight to his butt and rammed all the way down into his buttery depths.

"Aaahhh...Jesus...fucking...big...fat...stud dick! Jesus, give it to me. I love watching you fuck the living shit out'a my hole!"

He yelled and thrust his butt up to meet my strokes, a spasming tunnel of hair and sweat and muscle. I pulled him up onto his knees and rode him like a stallion. What a big, fucking man I was screwing! I shot a huge load into him, but I wasn't about to stop. He'd give out before I would! He sensed my cumming and rubbed my balls between his legs, feeling my shaft throb as my cum-douche flooded his shithole.



"Yeah, pal, gimme that load. Keep fucking me and squirt that juice down my butt. Ram it up there! Yeah!" I bucked and lifted him off the bed with my first load of the evening.

I kept riding him, slapping his hairy mounds and reaching under him for his cock. He bent upwards, still on his knees and leaned back into my arms. He watched us in the mirror and spread his legs wide. He watched my balls slap against his ass, my donkey dong deluged his guts with cum and piss. I ripped at his thick, furry tits and he furiously whipped at his meat. His fat cock was bloated and ready to fire, so I stepped up the thrusting. I rammed like a pile-driver into his sweat-soaked cheeks, the hairs heating my cock to another orgasm. "Oh, buddy, I'm gonna shoot all over the mirror! Fuck me, fuck that man's pussy! Gimme your big cock and fuck my hole 'til I bleed!" His words shocked me, but he was so drunk, so hot, so carried away. I don't think even he knew what he was saying.

**YYAAAAHHH!**

John screamed while ripe, runny ropes of spurting spunk

into the mirror and licked it clean, as I watched his cummy conduit expel long rivers of my piss and cum. The backs of his thighs ran with dribbles of sex-syrup, sweat, and ass juice.

As I shook the last drops of cum and piss from my cock, I heard a faint thud behind the mirrored wall. So! I had paid for the room after all! John seemed not to notice, lost in the reverie of licking man juice off the mirror. That must make some pretty picture, I thought. I must get that video tape back, somehow. Even if I was to watch it and turn myself on!

We both passed out, spent, drunk, and exhausted. Our leave was not over until tomorrow so we would be able to sleep late.

By the time we got back to the barracks, it was noon. Drover had given word that our class was to be in Parade Dress by one o'clock. John was furious! He was still walking bow-legged from last night and was in no mood for marching. We dressed and were on the field but  
J o h n

blasted out of his hog and spattered against the bottom of the mirrored wall. I shot again, deep into the pit of this writhing moose of a man! My second load was so violent that I knocked John forward, almost banging his head on the mirrored wall. I came in gobs and gobs of spunk, pulling out of him for the last spurts, letting them fly onto the mirror along with his. Jamming my drooling dick back into his hot hole, I immediately had the urge to piss. Concentrating for a second, my cock relaxed enough to release a slow but steady stream of golden liquid, mixing with my cum deep inside his guts.

"Eat it!" I growled, "Eat us off the fucking mirror, mistuh!"

"Yes Sir," he whispered. "I want it! I want all that fucking, ripe cum out'a my man's cock." Pulling off my semi-stiff prick, he squatted

was too sore to maintain the pace.

"Hey! Sinclair, what's with you dragging your pussy, huh?" bellowed Drover. His baton in hand, wide brimmed D.I. hat low to his brow, he was the embodiment of menace! "You get a cock up your ass last night? Is that why you can't walk

straight? What is it, faggot?! Keep pace!"

John was enraged, mortified. His stud image was the one thing that was inviolate on this base. He'd kill Drover for this...or worse!

Next night. Saturday. John claimed to be ill. Still sore from the fucking, he told me. So I went to the bar alone. It was really hopping. Hours sped by while I danced, drank and wondered if the missing Mamie-Mike was still viewing John's and my video from the night





before. It thinned out earlier than usual. So, I left, rather than be the last joker to stagger out. I walked back to the base by a dirt road that served as an alternate truck route back to the base. It was also a short cut from town for those trying to speed back before reveille. As I got near the base, my bladder couldn't hold anymore, so I went into the woods. As luck would have it, I had stored up quite a load of piss and needed to get rid of all of it. I dropped my drawers and stood behind a tree for some privacy. As I hosed down the tree trunk, I heard footsteps shuffling along the road.

I poked my head out from behind the well-hidden tree and saw Drover walking back to the base. Or rather, staggering back to the base. He was loaded. I smiled to myself realizing that this was the first time I'd seen him in any condition resembling human behavior. He whistled lightly to himself, fanning his brow with his wide D.I. hat brim. I started to turn back to my duty, when I heard shuffling. Two dark bodies flew out of the woods on the other side of the road, throwing Drover to the ground. I stood there feeling like an idiot with my pants around my ankles and still more piss on the way. I couldn't help him. I could only watch.

To my amazement, I realized that one of the men was John! They were ripping Drover's pants off and I heard John growl, "Now you're gonna get it pig, faggot, right up your ass! You won't do Parade tomorrow, you scum-bag!"

The other man I recognized as the guy everyone called the 'Mule', for obvious genital reference. Drover fought them, but his fatigue, the booze and the huge, ferocious power of Sinclair's arms pinning Drover's arms behind his back was too much for Drover. His feet were secured by Mule tying his pants in a knot around both ankles. One hard blow from Mule and Drover was semi-conscious.

With merciless fury, Mule flipped Drover over while John pinned his arms down. Mule spit on his cock and slammed into the unknowing hole of Drover's ass. Suddenly, he was awake! His mouth muffled by John's hand while his pitiful, silent bucking attested to the pain he was experiencing. I was almost ashamed that I got hard watching this scene. Mule's big cock and Drover's magnificent, marble buns were an exciting visual. He slammed in and out with long, hard strokes and Drover cringing at each thrust. John laughed and, even in the dark, I could see his hard-on poking from the fly of his pants. "Yeah, give it to him; rip his cunt wide open. Make that fucker bleed," John growled.

John's voice was both a turn-on and dismay to me. I was split between wanting him and wanting to kill him. He certainly wasn't this dominant in bed with me! Nothing could be worse than a cocky bottom who's been given a little power, I thought. I was disgusted at my thoughts and the scene I was witnessing. Before I could even finish pulling up my pants, the two rapists were off, running back to the base. They left Drover with his pants tied around his ankles and lying unconscious by the side of the road. I

finally buttoned up and ran over to him. His face was bruised, but not badly. His ass was bleeding, but not profusely. I untied his pants and Drover began to wake. He grabbed at me, mistaking me for one of his attackers. "Hey, stop! I didn't do this; hold on!"

He looked at me, dazed. "Williams. What the fuck happened?"

I couldn't turn John in, why, I'll never know. "I dunno, Sir. I was walking back to base and found you here. Are you ok?" He winced as he tried to move.

"I'm not sure. Christ," he said as he felt his ass, "I've been gang-fucked! Those bastards!" I helped him get his pants back up, noticing that he had a semi-erection. Drover sported a long, uncut cock waving between his thick carpeted thighs.

I dressed him but he was a mess. "Look," I said. "I know a place nearby. We can get you cleaned up and let you lie down. Someone will clean your pants but just don't tell anyone we were there, OK?"

"Mamie's." Drover whispered, "Okay, let's do it." I guess he'd have to know of this sleaze pit, being stationed here for three years. But it still surprised me.

Mamie-Mike was horrified at Drover's condition and whisked him to her own suite. A doctor was brought to examine him but only a minor tear in the lining of his anus had occurred. Painkillers, antiseptics and codeine salve were applied, then the injured D.I. was left to me to bathe and put to bed.

Mamie-Mike patted Drover's forehead as she left. "You're in good hands, dahling," she huskily whispered in her Southern Belle drawl. "This man'll take good care of you, won't you, dahling?" I nodded as she and the doctor left us. I bathed him in the old-fashioned tub in Mamie's room. He smiled at me as I stole glimpses of his powerful body, while my hand gently cleaned him.

"Come here often, sailor?" He chuckled. I stopped what I was doing, then stared into his icy-grey eyes. I'd never seen him smile before! How handsome he suddenly became. How warm, how vulnerable, as I cared for his wounds. "I...well, Sir..." I was stunned and incapable of explaining.

"Forget it," he said, "I come here too, but not downstairs. Wouldn't look good, would it?"

I was still stunned, washing blood and cum off his hairy legs. He stood up in front of me, gave me that certain knowing look and turned his muscular ass towards my face. "Easy now, Williams, don't wipe away the medication." His butt was less hairy than John's but rounder, harder, and still rather crusty. I firmly wiped away all traces, feeling my head reeling with all I'd seen and touched tonight.

"Mamie's an old friend," he continued, "She takes good care of my boys' bodies and egos...just the things I try to separate them from. I guess you gotta accept some rebellion when you're educating someone's willful nature, right?"

His acceptance of what had happened was a new shock to me. Had it happened before, I wondered? "Yes, Sir," I numbly replied.

"It's my job to create resistance," he went on, "To break your backs until all you have left is the will to BE!"

I listened and carefully rinsed the soap off his alabaster-smooth back. The hard muscles relaxing to my gentle touch. He turned towards me again and I noticed that his foreskin was slipping back on his thick, long cock. He stared at me, then smiled slightly. "And speaking of resistance," he said, "I'm supposed to resist you as an officer. But as a man, especially in my weakened, drugged condition, I'm afraid I can't." His eyes were slightly lidded from the painkiller, but his stare drilled right through me. He held out his hand to me. I shuddered with lust for him, yet feared him as my commanding officer.

"You realize," he said, "That if you say yes to me now, that I'll have to work your ass extra hard on the field, Williams?" I took his hand, my lungs swelling with passion for him, staring at his eyes. These eyes that had seared into mine during survival tests were now asking me to give in to him. What a remarkable being I was with! Here was a truly SUPERIOR officer! A man trained to train men and yet capable of intimate feelings...or was it the drug talking? I wasn't waiting. I went into his arms.

During the hours we fucked, I was able to teach him something in return. I taught him that male sex was rugged and also included tender affection. He began our lovemaking by hugging me close and kissing me roughly, but I resisted. I'd seen enough of coarse, uncaring sex tonight. He was going to get the firm, caring caresses he deserved. I stroked him, running my fingers over his face, lightly grazing his bruises with my tongue. He sighed and began to ease into my masculine form of affection. He closed his eyes and let himself be taken, slowly, vulnerably. Considering his recent humiliation, I was astonished that he could be vulnerable at all! But, then again, he was heavily medicated and very horny.

I sucked and licked his iron-plated chest, light silken hairs between the rounded mounds. I slowly licked and fondled my way to his deep-set navel and found the bristly, tiny hairs circling it, then running into his cock-fur. His hard-on stood straight up in the air, bobbing with every throb of blood through its thick veins. He sighed and moaned as I took him down my throat. I ran my thick fingers roughly over his hairy, oxen-legs. His low-hanging balls smelled of sweet soap and sex-sweat. His rigging was so much bigger than John's. It looked like a mature man's meat.

I slid slowly up to his face again, sucking at his swollen lips. He held my head in his hands, forcing his tongue into my mouth, even though I knew it must sting his cut lip. His eyes still watched me as he grabbed me, a slight smile creeping into his expression. I was feeling such lust for him...such respect...such awe. He could be in pain, yet he let me kiss him and return the affection. He could be passionate, succumbing to my touch even when he'd just been brutally torn open. Suddenly, John seemed like such a



cowardly little boy. But in my arms, I held a true embodiment of MAN.

I asked him what he would like from me? How was it that I could please him? He smiled and bear-hugged me again. "So far, I'm quite satisfied...but...well...you do have some butt on you Williams. Maybe I could...I could give you something big and fat!" he whispered.

"Yes Sir! I do want that, Sir!" I said, still seeing him as my D.I.

"Stop that 'Sir' shit," he chuckled, "We're equals here, Williams."

"OK," I said, "But what do I call you?"

He grinned again, "Call me by my first name, Jesse. But not 'Sir'."

"OK, Jesse. It feels funny calling you that," I said smiling at his handsome, bruised face.

I kneeled over his cock, spitting into my hand, then bending to soak his bloated cock. I took all of him down my throat again, burying my nose in his dense bush. He held my head by my hair, sighing in approval.

I got him rock-hard then poised my ass over his cock, his eyes riveting me with their transparent gray color. He ran wide, strong hands over me, roughing my skin as he slowly forced me down on his waving column of flesh. It went into me slowly, burning me with its thickness, until it finally hit the base of my spine and I rested at the base of his cock. My hole opened a bit more and the burning subsided. "Beautiful, man. You are really amazing!" Jesse whispered to me, gazing with admiration at my hairless, hard torso.

Wrapping his hands around my waist, he drew me slowly down to him, squeezing me and stroking my head. "Does it hurt? Are you OK?" he asked.

"Yeah...I'm ok. You're so fucking big, it just takes getting used to," I said returning his gaze.

A picture of Mule's huge cock flashed in front of me and I realized what Jesse must have endured. It's good he doesn't remember. Mule had to be eleven inches compared to Jesse's thick nine. If I hurt this much being filled with Jesse's cock, I can imagine what Jesse went through with Mule. No lubricant and certainly no desire to open him up slowly.

Jessie pushed me onto my side and slid into me, wrapping my legs around his waist. I'd been fucked before, by bigger than him, by prettier than him, by better-built than him...but I never had anyone fuck me that I cared so deeply for, that I admired to the depths of my being. I wanted him as I'd never wanted anyone. He fucked me for hours. I came with deep, hot loads which felt like they came from the bottoms of my toes. He'd stroke my cock while riding his plunging pole into my waiting furnace.

He must have cum two or three times, after that I lost count! All the while, heaving and gasping and grappling me while his log spewed out gallons of juice into me. I didn't want him to ever stop.

My moaning, grappling and writhing would reignite him after every eruption. He never pulled out of me. We'd just change

positions to suit his aching muscles. I sensed that his incessantly filling me up with his cum was not only a turn-on for him, but a kind of healing. It was like the boy who falls off the diving board who must immediately get back into the water. On the heels of his rape, he was back in the tide of passion, doing remarkably well, for certain.

I'd never cum so many times with one person. My youth was on my side, but this older, hot man was incessant and incandescent. This would be a night I would never forget.

Sunday morning, I woke and Jesse was still in a slightly drugged state, sleepy, but still hard. We made love one last time before getting him back to base. Our story was that he'd gotten mugged in town and I found him, brought him to a motel to clean him up. No penalties followed.

As we left to return to our duties, I saluted Jesse and said, "Permission to carry on, Sir."

He turned, that familiar stone face was back. "Permission granted, Williams. And my gratitude." No grin or warmth exuded from his face...but his eyes...there I could see it.

This wouldn't be our only night together; there were many, many more.

My contempt for John Sinclair was all consuming. I now worked harder than ever under the firm hand of Jesse...Sergeant Drover. But John's smugness over what he'd done made him sloppy. One early morning, we had a rigging to be strung over a river for survival tactics. John was in charge of one side, Mule the other. Neither one of them paid much attention to what they were doing. The first person over the river found that the rigging was faulty, but it was too late. The soldier slammed into the opposite cliff and broke both legs. John blamed Mule and Mule blamed John. Both were put out of OCS and put on KP for a month, not to mention having to practice rigging one hour a day for weeks. John cursed and threatened more violence on Drover, not realizing I could hear him and Mule in their spots in the kitchen yard. I walked outside from the kitchen porch and turned towards John, my stomach churning with loathing for this huge coward. "What are you going to do, gang up on him again?" I asked.

Both their faces went white. I looked at John, who was raging with anger and I laughed at him, "Poor John," I hooted, "I suppose if you do hurt him again, I'll have to have a public screening of a certain video. I think it was shot in an ice cream parlor. There is this big blond and he is begging to have his pussy fucked while he licks vanilla pudding off the mirrored wall."

John's face froze in horror, glancing at the thick-headed Mule, who understood none of it.

"Back to work, John. I guess this means the end of Officer's Training for both of you, doesn't it? I gloated. "What a pity, you just might be under my command soon. Won't that be fun?"

I never told Jesse who had raped him. It wasn't necessary. They both had been

disposed of by the weakness in their own character. It was Jesse's strength of character that made me love and respect him. John believed he was defending his honor by beating and raping his D.I. What he really did was surrender his dignity. I had grown. Drover had done what the Marines had promised; he'd built a man and made him a man.

He kept his word to me, too. He was harder on me than on anyone else in O.C.S. He was also harder IN me! I was living testimony to the heights one reaches when he succumbs to the wisdom of another. With my body and ego mastered, I found my will was strengthened. All problems became challenges and all challenges became opportunities to excel.

Then came the day we were made officers and after the ceremonies, I walked straight up to Sergeant Drover to be congratulated. There my lover stood, stone-faced to the rest of the world, gray gleaming eyes shining on me. He shook my hand officiously. There was one emotion neither of us had mastered, our immense love for one another. A small crystalline tear appeared in each corner of his eyes, which he quickly blinked away. I saluted him, smiling, as I walked away. Waiting until out of eyesight, I wiped away my own tears.

In his arms, that night, I kissed the beaming face of the man who'd helped me create my soul. I was assigned to the base with him. We would be carrying on a tradition together. I would be giving back what I had gotten.

"Quite a day for you, Jerry. I'm very proud of you." He ran his wide palm over my naked, smooth butt. I nestled into his thickly corded neck and said, "Quite a day for us, Sir." I had decided that 'Sir' was my term of endearment for him. Whether he admitted to liking it or not, in his heart, he did.

He stroked my hard ass and sucked on my neck. "I can only take credit for pointing you in the right direction, you did all the driving," he whispered into my ear.

I ran my hand over my sore ass that still held his seed, "Oh, I dunno about that, Sir."

He smiled into my eyes, giving me a firm swat on my butt. "Nobody likes a smart-ass," he grinned.

"Yes, Sir," I whispered, "...I love you Sir."

That's better," Jesse purred as he drove his wet tongue into my mouth.





# DRUMMER CLASSIFIED S

DRUMMER/167



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## HOW TO PLACE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD:

- Fill in order form and grid.
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40's "boy stud" - 6'4", 218# - "new to scene" seeks tough "Daddy" and/or "Master" into all aspects of graduated sensual SM. Recently discovered "true self"; it is time to expand with "experienced hands". Travels wide geographic area. Phone (515) 532-3707 before 11pm CST, or write Box 8923LF

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Exhibitionistic, smooth, tight and hard wanted for wild, hot, bound, dungeon sex; then bound cuddling or at my feet. Live in leather, spandex and rubber, shackles and collar, in public and private. Me 20's, 150#, smooth and tight. I may look like an innocent boy, but I ride my boys hard. Photo/phone to Box 8852LF

### 15 INCHES OF COCK

on 2, well built, Topmen. Looking for hot, 3-way, cocksucking bottom/slave who can take on 2 men. Someone who knows how to obey, serve & please his Masters. Looking for bottoms nationwide, midwest & visiting Ft Lauderdale. Photo to PO Box 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522

### 2 HUNGRY BERLIN FF BUTTS

Hot, German, leather studs, 44, 183#, 6-3 and 32, 136#, 5-10. Moustache, big nips, pierced, seek for their hungry & deep holes. Tops/bottom with moustache for long & hot sessions in our playroom. Stay with us in our apartment possibly. Hans Abrahams, Stephanstr. 17, W-1000 Berlin 21, GERMANY.

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Dominant, mature hardbody offers strength, support, security to recruit with mind/body potential for milstyle discipline, real growth, hard love. Trial at first poss commitment later. Young/little/inexp boy ok; some times they try harder. Be yourself. 8940LF

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45 year old Daddy/Master seeks boy under 30 to complete household. You will be loved, used, abused & permanently cared for. You must be ready to relocate to Southern California now. Write w/photo to Daddy Robert, Box 1780, El Cajon, CA 92022

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Sadistic. No limits. Jocks, cops, guards, military type for heavy bondage, suspension, whipping, flogging, medical & electric trips. No mercy. Heavy pain. Total control to an ultimate execution. All answered. Photo/phone optional. Can travel extensively. MRC, Box 340529, Tampa, FL 33694 9278LF

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Handsome WM, advertising Exec. available to serve you, your agency or business. A good whipping releases my creativity. I accept punishment for unacceptable work. Brainstorm in bondage. Box 9026LF

### AMPUTATION/MODIFICATION

Handsome, athletic, yuppie seeks others into amputation, modification, etc. for sexual pleasure. Doctors welcome. Let's take the trip together. Call (215) 977-8466 or write Box 8976LF

### ANGONY AND HEAVY PAIN

Your terror, my turn on. Absolutely no limits except SS/perm. damage. Min 12hr contract. If it's painful, brutal and extreme, it happens. Sadist: 6', 170#, blond. You: 100% maso, -45, Gd bld. Novice ok; no allowances made. Body photo required w/begging letter. 9093LF

### ASIAN MASTER

44, handsome, 5'7", 150#, muscular, tan, hung, prof., likes finer things in life. But also hot leather sex. Would like to meet my raunchy equal or hung, muscular slaves. Photo and letter to POB 37901, Honolulu, Hawaii 96837. I travel to Calif. often. 3562LF ☐

### ASSTIGHT SLAVE WANNABE

Seeks right introductions into best Top society. 8" cut, beard, 5'10", 165#, goodlooking, late 40s, Neg., always traveling US/Can. Will submit totally to trim, endowed mentors likewise hungering for their meaning in sex. Ass worr., dogslave, worship. Photo to 9203LF

### AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR

NW FLA, on the beach, no bull bottom, 37, 6, 170#, 8 1/2", good shape, sound mind, desires to serve a dedicated full leather or uniformed top: A man who knows who he is, what he wants, and how to get it. Sir, allow me to serve and expand my abilities for your pleasure. No pain for the sake of pain, but please write box 9130LF

### BB/CHEST CENTERED MEN

I know the pain that you put into your body - now drain that pain from your muscles to my nipples. Let me worship your 'roided pecs & feel the burn. I'm masculine, muscular, 40, 6'1", 8", pierced tits, stache, huge dick, tattoo & intelligent. Chest Men of America Member. All photo & detailed responses answered immed. Rick, POB 4833, Balto, MD 21211-4833 9015LF

### BD LEATHER MASTER SEEKS

boy-type slave, submissive, houseboy, helper, lover for safe, sane sex, limitations respected, but desire to reach new plateau. Into 3-way service, TT, CBT, spanking, worship, BD, light SM. Then you beg for trial period! I'm GWM, 48, 5-10, br/br, 8" cut, very horny Daddy-type. You relocate for job, I help with expenses & provide your daily needs. Indianapolis. Box 8962LF

### BIG THICK MANCOCK WANTED

Daddy and boy, 41 & 28, goodlooking, pierced, looking for one or more well built, hung Topmen to abuse our holes with fists, big toys and thick cocks. Facial hair a must. No smokers. Your picture gets ours. Write R.E.M., PO Box 774, Buffalo, NY 14213

### BIG MILWAUKEE DADDY BEAR

Needs cub. Me: 45, 6-2, 260#, HIV-. Into BD, L/L, TT, Fr/P, Gr/A. You: compatible, in-shape to husky. Must be obedient, submissive, drug/alcohol and smoke free. Cub will become jr. partner in life. Relocation required. Write to: Box 8687LF

### BIKER

Heavy into boots, leather, tats, tits, piercing, cigars, w/s, mansmells, safe kink, HIV-. 9166LF



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### BLACK SUCK/PISS PIG WANTED

Handsome, white Cockmaster, 43, moustache, dark hair, 5'8", tall, lean, muscular body seeks ultimate, black, cocksucking, deep-throated, piss-drinking, submissive, boot-licking, raunchy, black-pig-slave. You will service Master's 8" rod in his dungeon, in piss-soaked jock. Photo/letter/phone to: PO Box 76293, Washington DC 20013. Serious, masochistic, black pigs only!!

### BLACK ARM-REST

Have I got a place for you to rest your arm - up my hot black asshole. This is for studs who are into assholes, not dicks, balls, - my asshole - B.E.C., POB 240, Jamaica, NYC, NY 11431 9236

### BLACK MEN OVER 35

Where are you? This beefy, muscled, weight lifter, broad shoulders, big pecs, hung, 5-10, 180#, 40, WM, has a fetish for mature black men, stocky, overweight or muscled. Whether you're Top or bottom, let's meet for safe sex, vanilla to rough. Let me service you the way you need it. Live in Dallas but travel. Box 9000

### BOOTED HARLEY RIDIN BIKER

BiM, 35, 5-10, 150#, tight greasy Levis, black leather jacket, gloves, chaps, pants & tall, dirty, biker-engineer-police-climber boots. Looking for bro who digs hot, dirty, worn, leather against leather sessions, boot action. Smell & taste of hot, sweaty leather. Photo gets mine. Box 9016LF

### BOXER/CHAMP WANTED

Boxer bottom, 5'8", 170#, WM looking for champ. Lets put the gloves and gear on and swap some real leather. Looking for man/boxer to give me serious pounding. Send a photo and letter to: Jake, 6201 Sunset Blvd, Box 202, Hollywood, CA 90028 9225LF

### BOY SLAVE WANTED

full/pt by Dominant, very goodlooking, GWM, 34, 6', 160#, good body, hairy chest. I train boys hard & expect orders followed w/o question. Discipline w/appreciation. VA, BD, CBT + ? You: total submissive slave, under 28, w/ boyish looks & body. Letters/photos to: DS, PO Box 1683, NYC, NY 10011

### BOY/SLAVE 1-416-603-9830

Hot boy/slave, 36, 5'6", 130#, long hair, beard, moustache, seeks handsome, masculine, experienced hung Master/Daddy with 9" plus, uncut and hairy a plus. WS, VA, all bodily fluids. Stretch my limits, wreck my holes. Travel/relocation, 1-416-603-9830 3500LF ☎

### BOYTOY(S) WANTED

by leather Dads, 47, 5-11, 185#, bearded and 53, 5-10, 190#, shaved head w/beard. Seek eager bottom(s) for BD, TT, CBT, spanking, shaving, suspension, etc. Have equipped playroom near NYC & Philadelphia. Photo/application a must. Box 8965LF

### CHAIN GANG/PRISON FARM

Big Bear convict needs 24-hour restraint, heavy irons, SERIOUS whipping, flogging, hard labor. Sex not important, intensity is. Can assist Master, prefer bottom. Heavy pain OK, but safe only. I'm HIV-, 44, 6-1, 300#. Will travel. Box 8941LF

### COCKSLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

WM, 24, 5-10, 180#, br/bl, will service all. Into verbal abuse, BD, humiliation, bootlicking, cigars, rimming and WS. Satisfaction guaranteed! Call Brian (918) 835-6482. Box 9020LF

### CORRECTION NEEDED

by officers. Goodlooking Italian services white, black, hispanics in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, gut punch, enemas, cock & ball, HIV-, can be Top for Master. (718) SM-80-408. Michael P., POB 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215-9997. No JO. 7823LF

### DAD SEEKS LOYAL SON

Dad (48, 5'10", 175#) seeks affectionate, cuddly, playful son 18+, needing his ass paddled. In bed, son should be passionate, adventurous, butch, kinky Topman. Permanent relationship for caring, loyal son. Photo and letter to PO Box 2071, Jamestown, ND 58402 LF

### DAD SEEKS SON TO ADOPT

Prof GWM, 43, 5-11, 215#, goodlooking, masc, G/a, HIV-, dependable, patient, monogamous, strict, caring, Dominant; wants 1 to 1 son; possible legal adoption. My life includes humor, astronomy, photography, camping, biking, computers, travel, woodworking, music, animals and space for a son. You: 18-35, enthusiastically Gr/p, HIV-, inquisitive, shy, share some of my interests. You are submissive, dedicated, monogamous, obedient, eager, honest. You need and want a Dad & friend who provides safety, direction, encouragement, security, control, discipline, affection. You will relocate to me and we will live near mountains, develop Father/son lifestyle with good times and love as earned, discipline & training as you need it. No bars, drugs, BS. Send 2 recent pix, full life bio w/description of your needs & phone # to: PO Box 52662, Knoxville, TN 37950-2662 8995LF

### DAD SEEKS CARETAKER SON

GM, 25 to 50, in shape, serious boy to maintain gardens & buildings of small estate & share the place with Dad, 6-3, 190#, 50's and enjoy safe, sane SM, BD, CBT, TT & leather sex in general. Call (206) 956-0650 or write with qualifications, photo & phone to Box 9001LF

### DAD SEEKS SON TO ADOPT

Prof., 43, GWM, strict, masc., Gr/a, HIV-. You: 18-35, Gr/p, HIV-, monogamous, shy, crave a Dad's control, discipline, decisions, care, security. Relocate for permanent relationship. No bars, dope. Send 2 pix, full bio, phone to: Box 7461, Elgin, IL 60121 9114LF

### DEPRAVED TOUGH STUDS

Evil, cigar smoking, raunch Master with good body, rounded butt and attitude needed by 6', 160#, scumbag slave in 40's into tats, shaving, fists, BD, ball sac infusions, WS, piercing and anything sleazy. Box 28556, Washington DC 20038 or write Box 9227LF

### DEVANT

WM, 27, 5'11", 175#, into abrasion, executions, suicides, torture, war atrocities, animals, VA, wax, infusion, wire. Detailed letters, fotos, videos sought. Kevin, Box 568702, Dallas, TX 75356

### DOG DAD SEEKS MASTER SON

who will inhumanely abuse, torture, humiliate, train, keep in servitude & fear, no pride, dignity or choice. To exist, Dad must behave as son's mutt who must obey, satisfy & worship a demanding son/Master from hell. Begging for adoption. Write: Al, Box 1356 Madison Sq Sta, New York, NY 10159

### DOMINANT ITALIAN TOP

seeks butch/masculine bottom. Big, brawny, rugged a plus. Leather/Levi as routine as a suit. Intense total relationship, but our own rules. Phone/photo to Occ, PO Box, 91181 Henderson, NV 89009 7466LF

### DUMP DOWN MY THROAT

Need to suck shit, cum, piss from clean, hairy, HIV-, GWM. Prefer bearded, stocky. I'm GWM, 34, 5'9", 180#, attractive. Like to feed straight from your asshole. Photo/phone gets response. 3567LF ☎

### E. COAST HARLEY BIKER SEEKS TOP

for live-in biker lifestyle, must be straight looking/acting to fit into straight bike clubs. Long haired, bearded, tattooed types preferred. Dad heavy into FF, dildoes, piercing, burning, cigars, whipping, C&B torture, electricity. Long, all night scenes preferred. Please Sir, no call after 10pm eastern time. HIV+ OK. (703) 802-0404. 8466LF

### ENEMA WS, CBT MEDICAL

Shaved, uncut, tattoo, pierced, outdoor, nudist, photo trade. Young men/women. Like all races, rubber and to hear your first experiences with any of above. Prefer Audio Tapes to letters. (714) 272-5274. Mark, 1640 Via Pacifica, F-105, Corona, CA 91720 9207LF

### ENGLISH MASTER TRAVELS US

Goodlooking, 31, fair hair, blue eyes, beard, in US often seeks goodlooking men who can take it from this strong-minded guy. Into bondage, SM, FF, WS, shaving, etc. Military & cops real welcome. Write M. Beattie, 64 Romilly Rd, London, N4 2QX, U.K. Send photo & phone, see you soon, boy.

### EUNUCH

Me: Castrated, hairless, athletic body. You: Castrated or genital modification/amputation. Photo gets mine. 3529LF ☎

### FART-FACE SOUTHERN BOY

Handsome, masculine, boyish, BLND/BL, 34, 5-7, 140#, needs masculine, athletic, muscular, creative Daddy, 25-55, for long, verbal, toilet raunch scenes, stinking feet, farts, cigarettes, snot, spit, tit-play. Boy needs to smell Daddy's long, slow dump. No FEMS, W/S. Phone # preferred. 9085 LF

### FAT MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

49, 300#, hot, fat Master, strong of mind, will & body wants slave w/ good body to respect, honor & serve this fatman. BD, WS, TT, CBT, shaving. Slave will have but one focus, to serve me. You will be treated as you deserve. Write w/phone & nude photo to Mr. Ross, Box 10107, Columbia, MO 65205. Box 8960LF

### FF AND WS TOP WANTED

GWM, 30, 6'2", 210#, w/7", wants your dick, 8+ and your arm, big and hairy, to fill my body's needs. You: 30-50, hairy, stash a must - beard a + - Tattoos a big + I am F/A/p, G/p, FF, WS, tattooed. Contact Wolf, 112 Woodward #3, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. No Bullshitters! 9191LF

### FF AND WS TOP WANTED

GWM, 30, 6'2", 210#, w/7" wants your dick, 8+ and your arm, big and hairy to fill my body's needs. You: 30-50, hairy, stache a must, beard a plus, tattoos a big +. I am F/A/p, G/p, FF, WS, man, tattooed. Contact Wolf, 112 Woodward #3, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. No bullshitters! 9191LF

### FORMER MARINE

30's, experienced Top, seeks young to 22, slender, smooth, cut and versatile male to explore & expand limits. Must be good looking. Send photo/phone. Long or short term considered. Box 9036LF

### GET WHAT YOU WANT!

WM, 45, 5-9, 150#, brown hair, beard, 40"ch, 31"wt, big ringed nips, heavy PA, cut, low hangers. Into anything kinky & bizarre. Top, bottom or mutual. Heavy tit work, hole stretching, whippings, raunch, tattoos, sweat, cigars, uncuts, modifications, enlargements, shaving, animals. Heavy metal fan. Those seeking intense torture/whippings - a plus. Those into sex for Satan - a real plus. Age, race, looks unimportant but no fats. Will go as far as you want to go. Toilets welcome. Call mornings or anytime Fri, Sat, Sun. Beer/smoke OK. No phone JO. Compatible roommate wanted. Karl, 836 Wheeler St, Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137.

### GOLDEN SHOWER BOY WANTED

You be cut, WM, 19-32. With full bladders, let's get so fuckin' perverted. I'm dirty Dad. Be my perverted son. Anything goes as long as it gives us pleasure. Why? OK, I'll teach. I'm WM, 38, 5'10", 176#. Vernon, 919 Race St, W Dells, WI 53965. Beg for it!! 9247LF



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## GUN TOP

WM, 61, looking for gun bottom for shooting encounters and boot service in uniform. Also masks, hoods, gags & restraints. Specifics of service are negotiable. Top will be armed. Wide variety of gun action possible. Box 9013LF

## GUT PUNCHING IN NYC

GWM, 29, 6', 200#, BB, handsome, seeks other hot, muscular men into gut punch/kicks, stomach scissors & other ab feats of strength. Boxers, wrestlers, Karate buffs, esp. welcome. I'm tough enuf, are U? Photo/phone to TOM, 150-30 Village RD, Jamaica, NY 11432 or (718) 591-2691. 8581LF

## GWM/6-2/BL-BL/BEARD WANTS

Top in bed, equal out. Fr/a, Gr/p, TT, FF. Want to experiment & expand limits. Wax, cath., pierced nips, ball & foreskin, all holes stretched. Biker, constuction, trucker. Like short hair, facial hair on blondes/redheads. Dk men OK with hvy body hair. Tattoos a+. Aroma OK. HIV. Send photo & letter. Box 8967LF

## HAIRCUTS & SPITSHINES

GWM, 6'11", 165#, free sharp USMC haircut: regulation whitewalls, high 'n' tight, bootcamp, clipper-cuts. Also boot-duty: training for inspection spitshines on military/police boots & low quarters. Learn to serve. PO Box 2144, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303-2144 3607LF ☐

## HAIRY LITTLE LEATHER CUB

SM novice M/Future SI Can you grow? Cop, USMC and Dad fantasies? Of course you do! Increase my training - TT, CBT, restraints, WTS. I'm young, 40, smart, HIV-, love hairy studs & travel often. Letter/pic to Cub, Box 9070LF

## HARD ROCKIN' TOP

Into leather, levis, mild bondage, rock, blues, camping, canoeing, sports cars. 37, 5-8, 145#, very fit & down to earth. Seek masculine, clean man in excellent shape (no fats) with similar intersts, solid mind and body. PO Box 654, Putnam, CT 06260

## HEAVY PAINSEX

Serious, tough, sadistic Master, 45, 185#, b/b, seeks young, slim, healthy masochist/slave willing to totally surrender body & mind. Long, heavy, creative painsex scenes to take you to new highs. No limits other than safe/sane. Novice OK. Permanent or weekend scenes. Serious only. Apply/reply with experiences, fantasies, photo, phone. Box 345, 70-A Greenwich Ave, New York, NY 10011

## HOT DADDY

GWM, 6'2", 180#, 47, HIV-, Dominant, loving, masculine, successful and professional seeks younger, in-shape, healthy and stable, submissive boy willing to relocate. SM & romance, compassion and caring, can you handle it all? PO Box 3838, Arlington, Va 22203 8333LF

## HOT LEATHER STUD

GWM, HIV-, dark hair, and a sexual fanatic Top seeking submissive slave(s) for vigorous rough play. Write Steven, PO Box 43141, Fayetteville, NC 28309. Master loves TT, serious fucking, long sessions, CBT, and much, MUCH, MORE! "Tough Customer #2" - Page 29.

## HOT LEATHER BOY

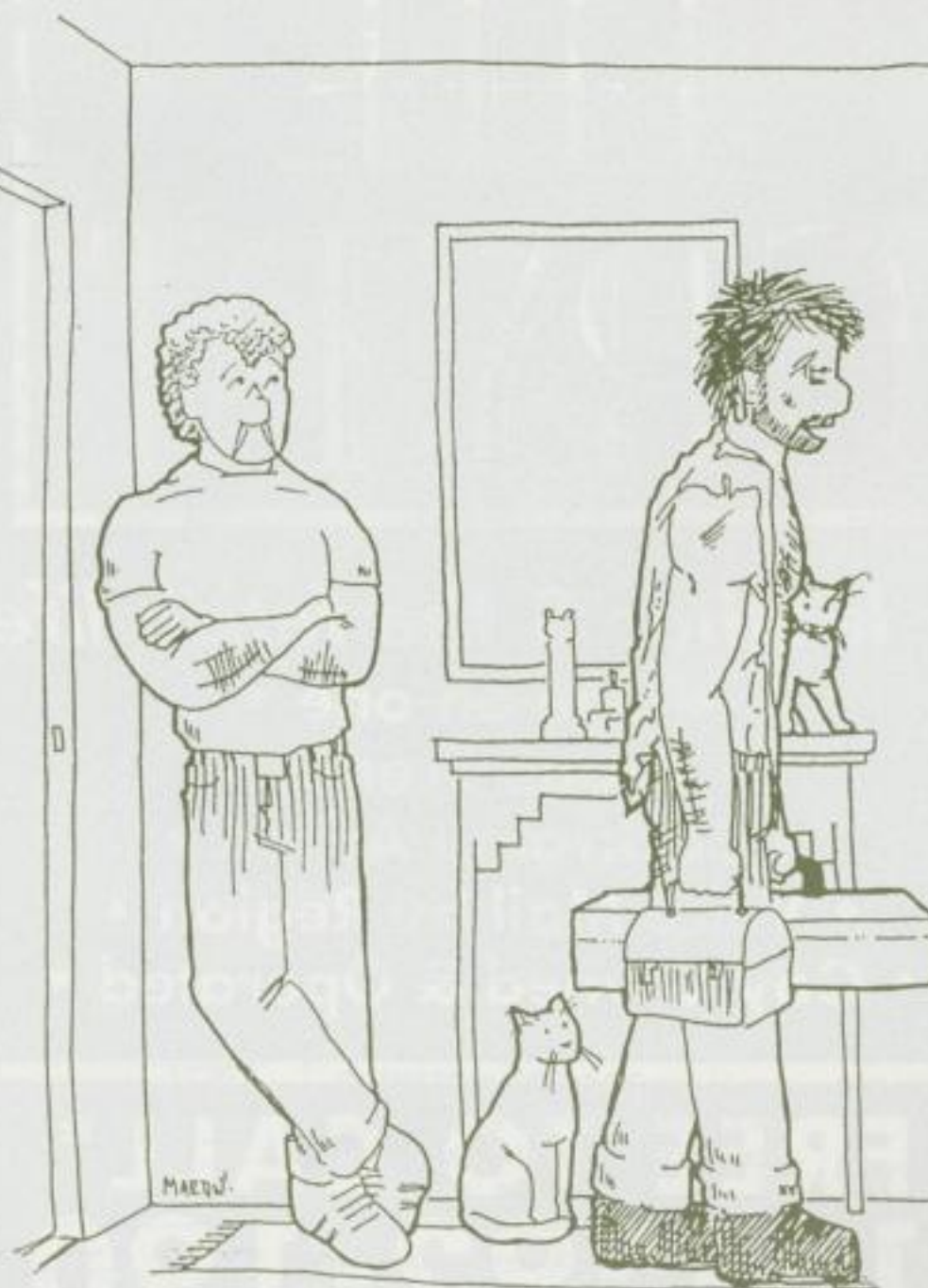
42, 5-7, 140# into wearing leather all the time, seeks hot, sadistic, jack-booted, leather Master to train me for duty as his obedient sexdog, torture boy, piss slave. Travel OK. Booze, smoke, etc ok. For info & phone write to ED, POB 106, Dunedin, FL 34697 3582LF ☐

## HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM, 6-2, 175# working man into hot, intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, heavy ass-beating, ass-play and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities. Serious minded.



RAIDER & DOC AMICABLY DISCUSS WHETHER OR NOT WHITNEY HOUSTON IS INDEED BETTER A SINGER THAN GEORGE MICHAEL.



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING A GUY'S FIST ONLY SECONDS BEFORE IT SMASHES INTO YOUR EYE THAT HAS AN ALMOST EXISTENTIAL BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN...

Let's explore. Detailed letter with photo/phone to PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402 8491LF

## HOT FF TOP

Butthole specialist with 15 years experience. I'm 44, 5'11", 155#, muscular, medium erotic hands, trim beard. Novices OK. Visitors welcome. Safe only. Cord, (617) 276-5829. Boston. Box 3614LF ☐

## HOUSEBOY or SLAVEBOY

Ready to commit, under 36, honest, with domestic skills, keen interest in leather, outdoors, & discipline. Permanent position offered by 13 yr. lovers, both 46, self employed, with secluded acreage in N NY. One is Red hair, 5-7, smooth body, average endowment. Other: Daddy-type, 5-6, healthy "HIV+", hairy, bearded, brown/grey thinning hair, well endowed. We offer security, health insurance, education for the right boy. Write an honest letter today with phone number & current photo. Box 9023LF

## HOUSEBOY/SON WANTED

(18-26) for permanent, live-in position with Dad, 34, 5'9", 190#, brn/blu, clnshvn, small endow. Boy should be smooth, submissive, HIV- and into pleasing Dad and his leathers. Photo/ltr to Boxholder, POB 9126, Newport Beach, CA 92658 9195LF

## INDECENT PUBLIC EXPOSURE

Seek men who like to flash, streak, parade nude and JO in very public, risky scenes. Daylight, street scenes A+. Also want videos, photos of same. I can also do it. David, 110-64 Queens Blvd. #239, Forest Hills, NY 11375. Serious, very public enthusiasts only. 9267LF

## INSATIABLE FF TOP

Hot, Italian, leather stud, 42, 6', 164#, stache, hairy, big dick & talented hands seeks kinky bottoms with loose, hungry holes for (gloved) marathon fisting. Into depth & width. Also TT, CBT, VA, WS. Cigar smokin', pierced, tattooed leathermen real turn ons. Can host & travel (often in US). No pix, no response. Nindo Brugioni, Via Gino Capponi 20, 50121 Florence, ITALY.

## INTERACIAL BONDAGE, SM

partner sought by hot, 33, WM. Mutual support, respect, challenge. No Masters or slaves. I'm 6-2, 185#, blk/br, bearded, attractive, masculine, stable, versatile, non-racist, HIV-. Into leather, uniforms, safe/sane kink. You: Masc, independent, stable, sane, hot, tall, attractive. Photo, phone. Box 9007LF

## KICK MY ASS

29, Muscular, deep throated. Body/ass licking; punch/kick bag needs mean, abusive Top into humiliation, beatings, and control. Can be public buddy - private lowly queer. Write with interests. 9200LF

## KIDNAP, RAPE, EMASCULATE

Take and rape me by force, piss and cum up my ass & down my throat! Choke me until I pass out. Fry my head with aroma! Remove my nut-sac-cock as lunch or trophy. Hear me scream in heavy bondage! Fantasy or real? Steve, POB 3521, Scranton, PA 18505. Do me! 3597LF ☐

## KINKY SAFE BONDAGE SEX

WM, 6', 165#, 36. I seek others into kinky sex. Would love to have a bondage slave to sleep with, not into SM, but love breath control. You should be very open minded. Would love to make love with a funeral director. Call 24 hours (516) 239-3321, late nite AOK. 9281LF

## KNEELING AT YOUR FEET

29, 5-7, 155#, Blond, smboth, muscular, professional but unfulfilled without demanding, uncompromising Master. Intense attitude adjustment (BD, WS, Whips, brainwashing, more) breeds enduring servitude and worship. Dark hair, hairy A+. Permanent devotion sought. 9232LF



# HEAVY FLESH!

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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## LASHMATES

National Whipping/Spanking Club, info: RS 496A, Hudson #H-24, NYC, NY 10014

## LEATHER SEEKS BIG MUSCLES

GWM, 43, new to the leather fraternity, but into leather and all it entails, BR/BR, 5'11", 190#, Balding. Into muscle bound, GWM, 35-50 yrs, more muscle the better. Would worship in any way desired. Tattooed, pierced, PA, BD, light SM, CBT. I adore only you alone. Both of us HIV-. 9275LF

## LEATHER PIG BOTTOM/SLAVE

GWM, 35, 5'3", 140#, seeks to serve one (or more) hairy sadistic Leather Master/Top(s) into SM, BD, TT, whips, wax, rimming, maybe more! Biker(s), tattoos, uniforms, A+. Sir, tie me up spread eagle, I'm yours to use and abuse. Thank you, Sir. Massachusetts 9264LF

## LEATHER MATE

Aggressive, 5'8", 170#, BB, bottom soon to be Top, wants to learn the ropes, chains, and leather lifestyle from the bottom up. Serious, secure teachers/partners only. Will consider all leathersex possibilities. Short, in-shape men are a turn on. Replies with photo answered first. Box 8600LF

## LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 49, 5-8, 150#, br/bl, stache, looking for younger bro/son into leather. From affection to kink, must want to wear it all the time. Prefer slim, dark hair with beard & stache, but will respond to all. Photo please. Write: E.M., PO Box 463, Lahaska, PA 18931

## LEATHER MASTER DEMANDS

Slave not lover, be open to physical, mental, sexual & spiritual growth. BD, TT, CBT, wax, piercing, FF, WS, cages, total domination and ownership. Send photo, letter & phone to Master A.J., P.O. Box 16515, Phoenix, AZ 85011-6515 8861LF

## LEATHER BREECHED CYCLOCOP

totally dedicated to leather, M/C's, SM, bondage, cop uniforms and gear, guns, Nazi, satan, am bottom or mutual. Moderate to very heavy scenes. Cigar smoker. Smell, taste, feel creak of black leather. Toys from Fetters A+! Phone JO ok (504) 282-0729. Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157 3579LF ☐

## LEATHERMAN'S REALITY

Heavy-duty, leather biker needs to be collared, pierced and marked for permanent ownership by a heavy-duty, leather Master who needs to dominate, control and own an extremely hot, healthy and horny leatherman/boy and who has experience in the art of heavy bondage, SM, kink, and mind control. A lifestyle dedicated to the world of leather, shared by 2 men on the ultimate journey of leather bonding between Master and slave. Master's looks, age and location, while relevant, are secondary to his sense of self, attitude, experience and a private facility to implement the above and more. All Master(s)/daddy(s), detailed letters with photo and contact number will be welcomed. 3573 ☐

## LEATHERSEX AND COMMITMENT

Attractive Top, 5-9, 35, 169#, HIV-, hairy, Italian seeks one special bottom. Into: whipping, body/boot worship, BD, TT, CBT, VA, assplay, wax. Facial hair, non-smoker preferred. Long term. Are you ready for what lies ahead? Letter, phone, photo to: Box 8927LF

## LEVIS/WRESTLING/LEATHER

WM, 41, 6'4", BR/BR, clean shaven, levi/leather stud into street fights, SM, BD, ball work (kneeing, punching, etc). Rough, no-holds-barred action. You: 18-35, jock, punk, skinhead, BB, into same. 501's, boots, smoke, aroma, Tops, bottoms, groups, write to 7000 Boulevard E., Apt 315-A, Guttenburg, NJ 07093 3580LF ☐

## LITE TO HEAVY BALLPLAY

Mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ballplay-stretching, squeezing, fondling, gentle to heavy, cuddling to kinky, including cath., sounds, enemas, prostrate massage, TT. Safe, mutual Top/bottom contact: JFIL., POB 6069, Boston, MA 02114 3549LF ☐

## LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is 47, 6-3, 220#, blond, hazel, hung & experienced. Complete surrender required. Serving your Master will be your life. slave should be under 40. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately, don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 9279LF

## LIVE-IN SLAVE BOY WANTED

WM, 45, 5'7", clean shaven, handsome, rugged, seeks possible live-in slave boy, 18-40, into cuffs, rope, discipline, ball licking, ass play. Master will give love and guidance. Send application, photo and phone to this New York Top. Box 3618

## LOVER WANTED

Looking for young, submissive bottom, under 25, into light SM, BD, spanking, nonsmoker, inexperience OK, cock size not important. Me:

37, 6'5", 230#, hairy, BL/BR, masculine, disease free, and financially secure, 12 mi from UW Oshkosh. Write with photo to P.O. Box 152, Ripon, WI 54971 9124LF

## MAN TO MAN

GWM, 50, 6', 185#, br/bl, clean shaven, pierced, good shape, enjoys tit work, bondage, whips, electricity and, with the right person, expansion of limits. Seeking possible companion who enjoys giving, receiving same. Reside in Conn. 1 hour from NYC. Box 9039LF

## MAN TO MAN

GWM, 33, 5-10, 173#, blk/blu, masc., great shape, BB, wants sweaty, muscle vs muscle, given n' take, sexy submission, wrestling matches with in-shape opponents, nationwide. I'm aggressive, competitive, hairy, goodlooking. In Houston. Send photo to: Box 8952LF

## MANRIDER WANTS HORSE

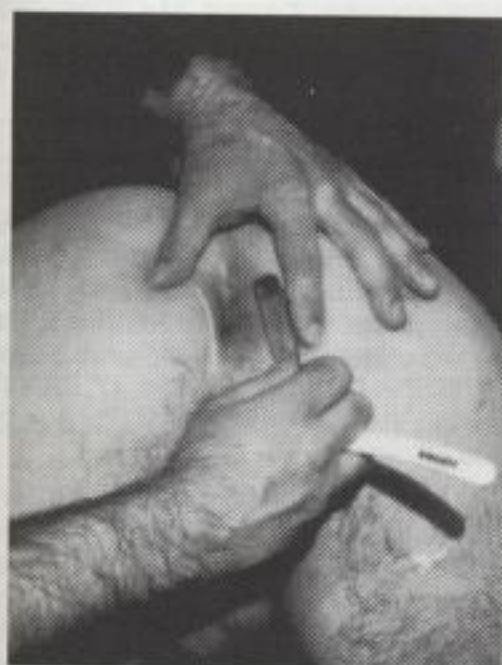
6'-1 1/2", 205#, youthful 63, GWM, Daddy, Top, manrider wants any age big, strong, heavysset, son, bottom to horseplay, mutually workout, swim, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160 3565LF ☐

## MAN-SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Strong, aggressive, btm sks Sadistic Lthr Top. I'm Ital/Hispan 5-6, 160#, strong, masc, BL/Brn, flat-top, 44" chest, 32" waist, 30's. Into SM, CBT, TT, BD, Gags, Hoods. Looking for a strong, tough Top to train me hard, abuse me. Over 6, hung, strong, stocky A+ plus. HIV-. Perm relationship wanted. Are you man enough to break and train me? Photo & Phone to Box 9226LF

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## Jack Stone's TRASH

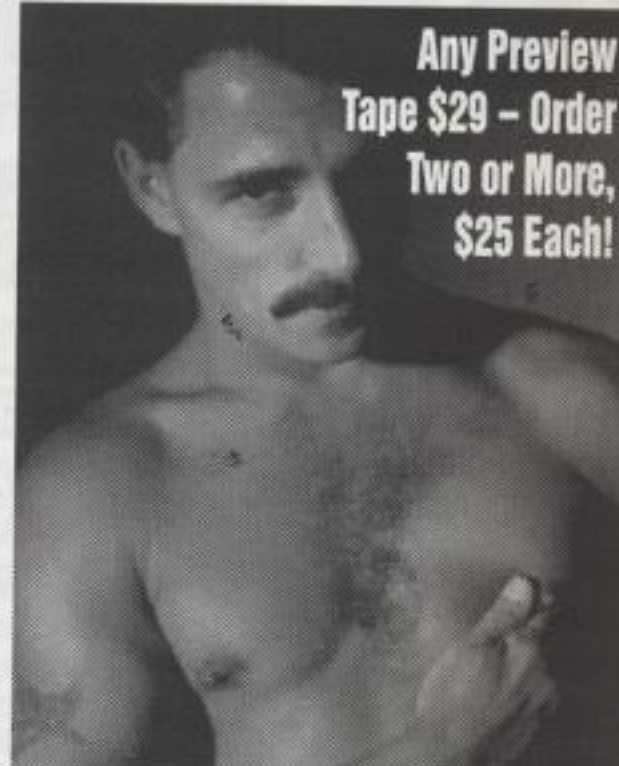


Jack Stone descends into the world of TRASH, rubbing your face in the sights, sounds and smells of New York guttersex. Hot Tommy Spit pisses in his jeans and gets a golden shower from Mike Harris—belting, spanking and mutual rimming, too. Whore-next-door Kevin Casey puts his bag of favorite toys to good use and treats you to a mind-blowing auto-enema scene. Clipper Thomas and Nicholas Blade prove their expertise at razor play. Take out the TRASH tonight...\$54



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### MARYLAND BONDAGE SLAVE

WM, construction worker, 36, 6', 190#, hairy & muscular seeks demanding Master/Top into leather, boots, uniforms, M/S scenes. Bottom into VA, CBT, TT, toys, BD, domination. Master: muscular, into cock & boot service, safe fucking & total control. Box 8914

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY

WM, 31, 5-10, 148#, muscular, well hung, seeks young, hard bottom into, leather, BD, VA, boots. Under 35, short, slim, HIV-, a plus. Must be submissive and wild in bed. Letter and Photo to PO Box 22355, Minneapolis, MN 55422 9245LF

### MASTER OF BONDAGE!

Whips & chains, ropes & gain, pleasure & pain. St. Louis, late 50's Master with mid 30's (9") son. Seeks trim, young slaves. Cum visit & scale great heights of erotica. Safe, Sane, experienced. Send ltr with to box 9080LF

### MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

for weekend or occasional use. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 35. Prefer smooth swimmer's build. I'm 44, 5-11, 165#, br/br, professional. Am an experienced Top willing to train a slave. Send picture/phone to Sir, PO Box 21093, Chattanooga, TN 37421 8528LF

### MAT TOUGH MEN WANTED

If you are in or coming to New England and think you can handle no-holds-barred battles for top, then I want your ass on the mats. 6', 210#, 40 year old wrestler will fuck you up and make you crawl. Join the list of losers. Rope match, jeans, boots. Name your game, Punk! I'm waiting. Box 8407LF

### MATURE BODY SLAVE WANTED

over 40, for monogamous relationship. You must need to serve, be into total submission, crave humiliation, and into licking my feet, sucking my cock, drinking my piss. I'm 60, 5'8", 145#, HIV-. Letter/photo to Box 1329, Sunset, CA 90742 7728LF

### MEN INTO TIGHTS/SPANDEX

GLM, 40, HIV-, seeks men into tights, dance belts, spandex. If you enjoy seeing and feeling your thighs, ass, crotch encased in tights, let's talk. Want GM, tights/spandex buddy for fun/correspondence no BS/serious. Photo, phone, address. Let's get hard in tights. Box 9055LF

### MIDWEST BONDAGE BOTTOM

Butch boy, 28, sometimes crewcut, beard needs firm punishment and discipline from hot, hairy, muscular Daddy/Master. Hoods, SM, BD, VA, TT, spanking, wet jocks, safesex. Train me as your fuckhole slave. Photo/phone. I await your orders, SIRI box 9140LF

### MIDWEST DOG SLAVE - SPIKE

40 yo mutt, owned by 31 yo Daddy, used as urinal, cigar ashtray and total slave. Daddy wants to watch my bitch-hole mounted for real. Pain, degrading, kickass and scenes sought to amuse Daddy, abuse me. Travel possible, cigars A+. Spike, POB 2965, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 3600LF ☎

### MILITARY AND POLICE CLUB

6TH year and worldwide. Very discreet contact club for Police, Firefighters, Military, E.M.T., Paramedics, Correction Officers, & Licensed Security Officers. Proof of service is required to join. SASE & 2.00 credited to MPC - D, POB 22806 Houston, TX 77227 9109LF

### MORE HOT CUM - OH YEAH!

GWM, cocksucker/fucker, 38, 5'9", br/br, stache & hairy chest, HIV-, seeking hot jocks, hard hats, cops, truckers, bikers, & leather studs into mutual oral service, steamy WS & JO. Call Tom (908) 832-6121. 9199LF

### MUSCULAR BD LEATHERMASTER

Seeks boy as houseboy/helper, lover to train in hot safe/sane BD, Lt SM, & gym. Me: gdlkg, GWM, 38, 6-0, 190#, cleancut built/big. You: in 20's, GWM, HIV-, gdlkg/boyish/submissive, need firm Top to serve. Good opp/home 4 bright, sincere boy. Good letter/photo a must. 9153LF

### MUSCULAR STUDS & JOCKS

Muscular, 26, flattop, wants horny studs for intense gym workouts followed by leather, rubber, spandex, using TT, CBT, cuffs, shackles, hoods, gags, dildos, etc within full view of camera. Safe sex only! More muscles the better. Let's pump it up, then get off! Box 8869LF

### NEED BOY FOR PIG TRAINING

Looking for hot boy who needs Daddy. Be accepting and proud of your sexuality. In to assplay, toys, bondage, TT, and CB play, spanking, enemas. Fantasy, pleasure, cuddling, & loving. Open, honest communication. 25-35, white, has good body. I'm early 50's, silver, 6', 175#, handsome. Apply w/ letter & picture to PPA, 798 S. Santa Monica Blvd. #109-252, W. Hollywood, CA 90046

### NEW FISH

Impudent biker-type wants to be broken of his bad habits in strict penal correctional environment. Looking for a Master with the facilities, equipment, and interest to get into a prison boot camp or brig program. Rules, cell or cage, shaving, etc. Subject is healthy, 43, 6-12, 180#, blond, looking for serious stuff. Box 9159LF

### NO BULLSHIT

Blond bodybuilder, 34, 6-3, 190#, HIV-, moustache, needs ONE overprotective, possessive, masculine man, Boss, Dad with a mean streak. Into rape, rope, public humiliation, control of my body, balls & brain. Possible permanent ownership. Tough to break. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92176

### NO GAMES REALITY

Permanent live-in slave position. Must have nonquestioning attitude; my pleasure/your desire. Into SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, VA, toys, mind body control & more. Me: 42, 6', 185#, BR/GR, beard, total Top & hung. You: 21-50, bottom. Send photo, phone & experiences to Box 8950LF

### NOOSE/COWBOYS/BOOTS/SOX

Hungstud top seeks guys into hanging fantasies, SM, BD, and torture, autoerotica. Hot for cowboy boots, sweat socks and nce bare feet. Want execution and foot videos/photos. Reward for source info. Buy good cowboy boots 9 1/2 "B". I'm GWM, 5-10, 165#, 47, BR/BR. Write Jay, PO Box 9414 W.B.B., Dayton, OH 45409 LF

### PADDLINGS AND STRAPPINGS

needed by GWM, leather bottom. Woodshed and school-type discipline and outdoor whippings desired. W/S and BD. Strong fetish for watches and Speidel Twist-O-Flex watchbands. Write Jim, PO Box 66201, Houston, TX 77266-6201 3513LF ☎

### PAINFUL PUNISHMENT NEEDED

Upper midwest, 41 yo, 5'10", 185#, 6" cut. I need to have my naked body restrained and my bare butt painfully beaten. Then I need to have my dick mercilessly punished by a strong man who does not shy away from inflicting man-to-man pain. 9271LF

### PERMANENT DEGRADATION

Rubber, leather, bondage slave seeks permanent cigar smoking. Master to administer extremes of degradation, deprivation & heavy bondage leading to complete servitude. Slave will submit to complete toilet service & as cigar ashtray. Permanent ownership leads to heavy tattooing, piercing and genital modifica-



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

tion once under sadistic Master's control. Total confinement leads to no-way-out ownership. Nothing is too sick or heavy. 3613 ☒

## PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED

Handsome Master seeks second boy who truly needs to serve and has worked hard to make his body a prize for a great Master who understands the responsibility of owning a slave. Letter of application and photo required. 8772LF

## PERSONAL TRAINER

Sissy, man-faggot needs bully/buddy, 35-50, to toughen him up physically & mentally. Slap fights, wrestling, DIMP, rigid bondage, POW endurance training, head trips. Me: 6'3", 185#, 42, masc., smart, fit, upfront, no bull-shit guy. You: safe, in-shape, skilled, exp. & need to unleash some serious energy w/ man who understands. Trust=terror=truth. (212) 627-GUTS.

## PISS DADDY SEEKS 2ND MOUTH

Ex-coach, Dominant Daddy, 56, and his hot young toilet slave, 30, seek second boy to share Daddys's cock, big chest, hairy armpits, sweaty feet, recycled beer and ?? No fats/fems, but attitude more important than looks. Be thirsty, imaginative and raunchy. Do not call unless you are willing to give your phone number also. (505) 989-7654. 8552LF

## PLEASE KICK MY ASS

29, musc, deep throated, body/ass licking, punch/kick bag needs mean, abusive Top into humil., beatings, control. Can be public buddy/private queer. Write with interests. Box 9200LF

## PRISONERS OF WAR

Young, bare-ass prisoner, soldiers apply wires to his pink scrotum, swollen cock head and clenched anus. He cries, screams; they laugh. Interested in accounts (fictional & true), drawings of military, police and other torture, castration and executions. Write to 3560LF ☒

## PROLONGED ARSE STRETCH

Canadian boy, 6'3", 28, hot bod, masc, great ass, looking for mind/butt stretching weekend trips, (USA/Inter) away from corporate world. Huge toys, animals, med/mechanical equip, gangrape, BD, FF, dungeon. Send photos, set-up kidnap ideas, all races able to host. 3592 ☒

## PUMPER'S PERFECT THROAT

Hlthy/hot/lean queer, 40, HIV+, has fuckface (slackjaws out/lubricated milker's throat) for huge penis and/or dildo plungers, frozen scumbags, exhib., hum. (Please Mister, vacuum-bloat my 9" and tits while you plug me!) You never felt suction like this. 3601LF ☒

## PUT ME IN MY PLACE

Obedient, masc., boy seeks Top/Dad to serve and obey. Travel CA & TX. PO Box 25822, Greenville, SC 29616

## RAUNCHY LEATHER TOPMAN

wants horny, hungry bottoms into WS, CBT, FF, scat, pain, and more. Me: 40, 5'11", 170#, muscular, hairy, 42"ch, 33"waist, 16" arms. You: 25-45, in great shape and ready to serve. Photo and phone a must. Boxholder, 2215-R Market St. #482, San Francisco, Ca 94114

## REDNECK COCK MASTER

33, muscular, long-haired, foul-mouthed, mechanic seeks slave. BD, intense CBT, alterations, forced multiple orgasms & dry milking, exhibition & self sexual display, WS, VA, mind fuck. Permanent only, ownership required. PJH, PO Box 4376, Suite 502, Houston, TX 77210

## REFORM SCHOOL

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196. Box 9049LF

## REMOTE RAINFOREST REDNECK

Seeks radical, masochist cub to share non-leather farm life with an affectionate but rowdy bruiser, 36, 5'10", 250#, beard. Into C&W music, whiskey, smoke, guns. You: fuck-face, punch/kick-bag, teddy bear, 30-40, beard, HIV-. Call "Bud" (206) 374-9441. "NO BULLSHIT!" 3545LF ☒

## ROMAN EMPIRE TYPE SLAVE

Under 30 required by academic, 50, no-nonsense Master in SW Ontario, Canada. This is for real! Live-in, serious only. (visiting slaves also considered) Agreed-upon period of service enforced. A year or a lifetime! Write Box 9129LF

## ROUGH TEXAS COWBOY

36, 5-10, 180#, muscles, stache, hairy chest, 9" cock, pierced tit, hunky cowboy with black hat, boots and spurs, into 3R's-Riding, Roping and Raping! Seeks musclemen and yuppies who want to be worked over by a real man! 9193LF

## RUBBER DADDY

50, 5'9", 170#, into heavy industrial rubber gear, w/s and muck. Seeks buddies 35+ with similar interests; East Coast-Mid West (also travels frequently to Germany and Switzerland). Rolf, PO Box 689, Brooklyn, New York 11202 8502LF

## SADISTIC BONDAGE MASTER

seeks masochists for hours of strict bondage and erotic pain. Bound, spread eagle, you will beg through your gag as I torture your ass and tits. Your balls will be slapped and squeezed while you struggle and beg in vain. I'm 34, 5'9", 185#, GWM. You: trim & under 40. Chicago area A+. Safe only. Send photo and needs to Box 3569LF ☒

## SEEK MATURE TOTAL MASTER

any age, for monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV-, attractive, tall, trim, into total submission, hot far out scenes, your dominance, control & power. Sincere only please. Photo appreciated. DW, PO Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942

## SEEK ASSERTIVE/DOMINANT NO BS

### TOP/MENTOR

Novice boy, WM, 36, 5-7, HIV-, modestly hairy, big chest, large nipples, 11yr military background and an untapped masochist streak just waiting for the right Top to take advantage of it and give him the attitude adjustment he needs and mold him into what he wants. Sir, this boy is serious! I am respectful, obedient, zealous and intuitive. Would like to correspond and possibly make arrangements to meet Sir, if this interests you. Please write with photo and orders to Box 3557

## SEEKING MASOCHIST FOR TOTAL

### OWNERSHIP

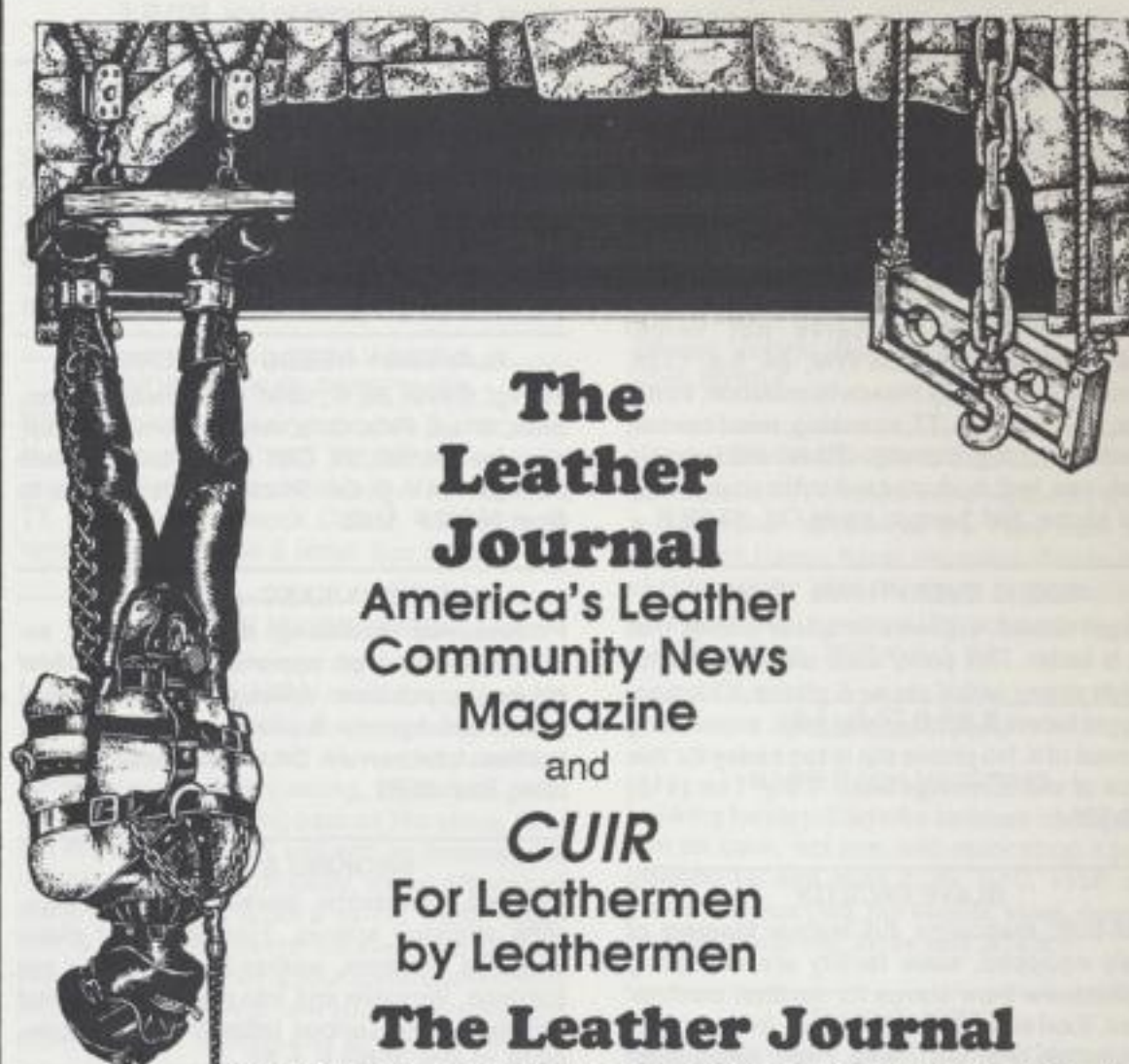
Every form of torture, use/abuse, physical & mental anguish, and permanent marks. You exist only for wants of extreme Sadist. Sadist is WM, 40's, 6', 165#, with a gym body, educated prof. You: total masochist, 40+, in-shape, healthy. Your looks 2nd; the right attitude is most important. Relocation to CA. Serious only. NO J/O, NO BULL SHIT! Send Letter/phone/photo to Box 3590LF ☒

## SEEKS TOTAL MASTER

slave, 33, 5'9", into heavy BD, CBT, VA, shaving, wax and hanging. Les, POB 14294, SF, CA 94114

## SEEKS-ARABIAN-FRIEND

35, 210#, body-builder, very hairy, very exhib. with colossal cock - 12" and enormous balls. Looking for photo/home video exchange, vacuum-pumping partner from virile men, very horny types, leather, big ass A+. 3555 ☒



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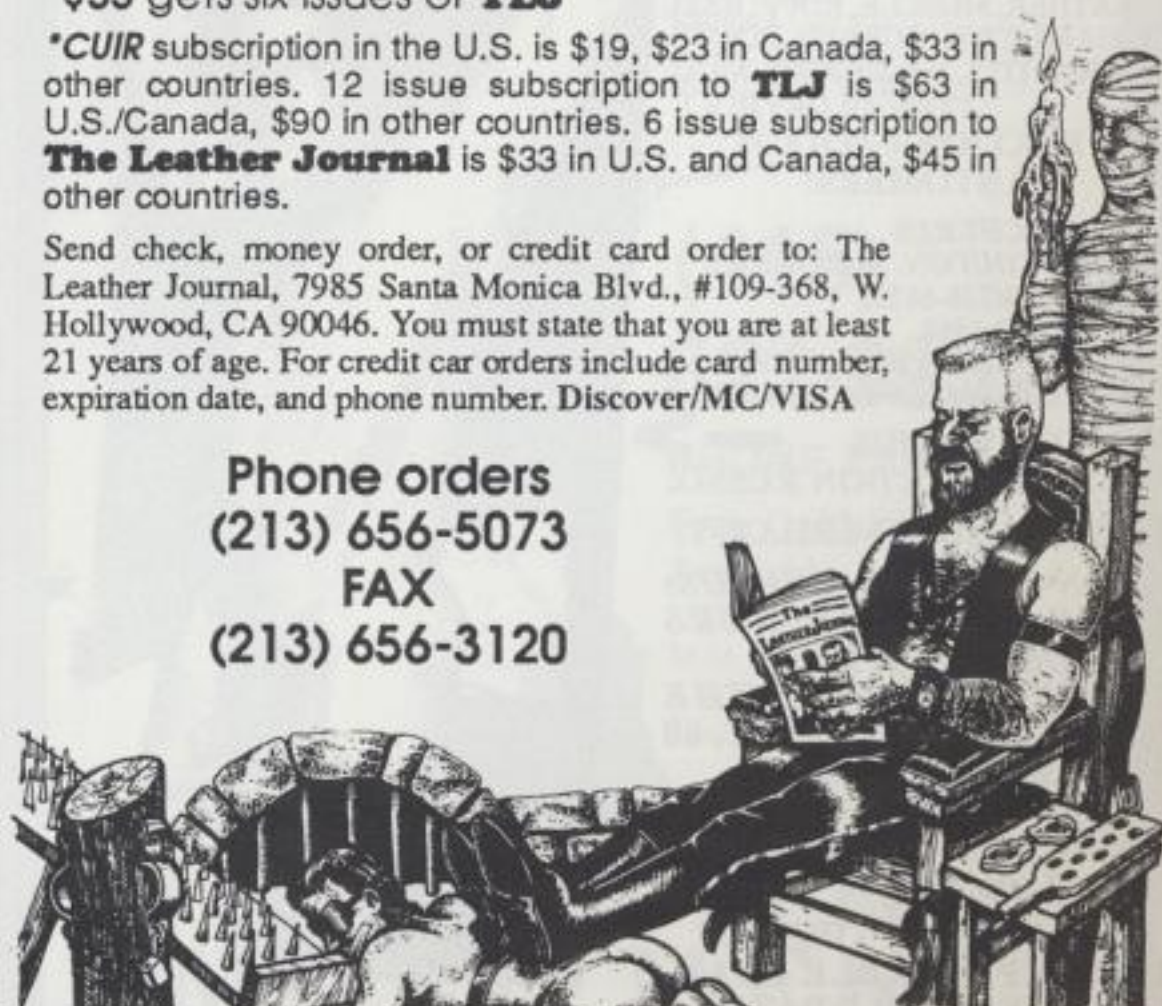
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## SIR!

Bootlicker begs to serve hot verbal Leathermaster. Versatile WM, 44, 5-6, 132#, muscular, nice body. Needs humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will worship cock, ass, feet, body and submit to your control and abuse. Sir! 3-ways, travel OK. 8346LF

## SIZE IS EVERYTHING TO ME!

Midget dicked, submissive queer knows that big is better. This panty clad, un-hung inferior needs strong verbal abuse & phone JO action. Faggot haters & all other real men, super hung & proud of it. No phone trip is too heavy for this piece of shit. Evenings best. "T iny" T im (415) 668-5664.

## SLAVE FACILITY

Well-built, masculine, full leather Masters of totally equipped, slave facility are accepting applications from slaves for no-limit confinement. Total submission to abuse, intense pain and torture, FF, CBT, elec., etc. Applicants: musc, 30-55, full letter & photo; no limits. 9274LF

## SLAVE WANTED BY

WM, experienced Master, 40's, good body, 8", cock, dungeon, stable life, warm climate. Seeking GWM, serious, permanent slave, good body, hair on head and brain inside. Sumbit,

work, naked domestic chores, SM, TT, CBT, no drugs. Pic and phone to box, 9018LF

## SLAVEBOY WANTED FOR

Permanent ownership by demanding Master, WM, 42, 6', 165#, HIV-. Training to include B/D, CBT, TT, WS, shaving, etc. Total mental and physical commitment required. Reality, not fantasy. Sincere applicants may call RJ @ (717) 835-9648. 8912LF

## SLAVEBOY NEEDS MASTER/DAD

Hotvgl, GWM, 36, 6', 190#, HIV-, clean shaven, br/br, 8" uc, Fr/a, Gr/p, needs Dominant Top, 45+, for SM, BD, TT, CBT. Eager for new, safe scenes. I'm in S. CA. Photo/Phone, please, to Box 3596LF

## SLAVEBOY/EXEC. ASSISTANT

Professional marketing, advertising, PR executive seeks prof. opportunity and/or slave/houseboy position. Willing to relocate. Top: prof/talent Agency & client exper. Bondage, leather - total service. Sir, please send detailed offer. Box 3571

## SMOKING SCENES

WM, 43, moustache, seeking men into cigarette smoking scenes. Forced and/or chain smoking, uniforms, leather, hoods, gloves are turn-ons. Versatile and into many scenes. Hot smokers send serious letter & photo, if possible, to Box 3589LF

## SOCKED FOOT FETISH

WM, 45, 5'10", 175#, BR/BR, would like to meet a Guy who would like a foot massage and a guy who would enjoy making a guy smell his socked feet and J/O. Jeff, POB 103, St Peters, MO 63376. A suburb of St. Louis. 9248LF

## SON/SLAVE SKS MASTER/LOVER

Smooth, defined, prof. boy, 30, 160#, 5'9", bottom. Needs Master/Dad, experienced & graying with pride, hung, hairy, Top. Naked, collared, pierced & branded at home. Friends & spouse in public. BD, SM, FF, WS, balanced with love for quality, will move. Photo, phone, letter. Complete mel 9196LF

## STRAIGHT FUN AND GAMES

Young, straight guys abducted, stripped bare ass, raped (all holes), tortured (long), gelded and executed. If such fantasies turn you on, write: I like stories, drawings and phone contact. 3559LF

## TATTOOED BOTTOM

Tattooed bottom wanted for service by 38 yo, WM. Photo to West, POBox 69502, W. Hollywood, CA 90069

## THE BOY'S THE BOSS!

daddy pig/slave serves, worships, obeys, Boy/Master, 18-30, who gives orders & big time VA. Dad's 54, slim, athl, bearded, prof, HIV-, in exc. shape, begging boypiss. Also seeking contact with other dad/slaves for poss. 3-somes, serious Boy-worship services, phone JO & hot letters, etc. 3537

## TITBOY NEEDS MASTER

Masculine GWM, 38, 5-9, 160#, wants Dominant into working my nipples until I am obedient, ready to serve. A newspaper as training device is a special fetish. Also submissive penpals. Will answer all. Jay, PO Box 882, N. Little Rock, AR 72115

## TO THE WOODSHED, NOW!!

For that long overdue discipline you really need and want. Have paddles, straps, etc. to assure

a lengthy and thorough session. Am experienced, late 30's, tall, trim, moustache. Photo & frank letter to: Box 8936LF

## TOPS AND SLAVES

Slaves needed as ranch-hand for assimilation on Dallas ranch. Dominant, well-hung Tops needed for ranch slavedriver. Live in bunkhouse. Dungeon, SM, BD, TT, WS, Aroma, smoke, and more. Both must be HIV-, 21 to 40, any race, cut/uncut. Send photo, stats to Ranchmaster. 9194LF

## TOPS AND SLAVES

Slaves needed as ranch hand for assimilation on Dallas ranch. Dominant, well hung Tops needed for ranch slavedriver. Live-in bunkhouse. Dungeon S/M, BD, TT, WS, Aroma, smoke and more. Both must be HIV-, 21 to 40, any race, cut/uncut. Send photo, stats to Ranchmaster. 9194LF

## TORTURE STORIES

You show me yours and I'll show you mine! Truth or Fiction about men being tortured, not play, real torture. I'm not interested in castration or death, though if they happen at the end of heavy torture, they happen. I have lots of stories waiting to be copied. Send me sample of what you'd like to trade. 9293

## TOUGH MAN, SIR

Leathered, booted, experienced bottom ready for leathered and booted tough MAN who will apply force through expected rough, tough process. Immediate and unrelenting with wide collar, heavy hood, gag, TCBT, suspended whippings, broken, publicly enslaved in full leather gear for an evening. Just do it and mean it!...also into same on cycle, 5'11", 190#, bearded, regular meetings, not permanent, have gear, NY/DC corridor but travel, SS, negative and healthy, photo supplied. 3612LF

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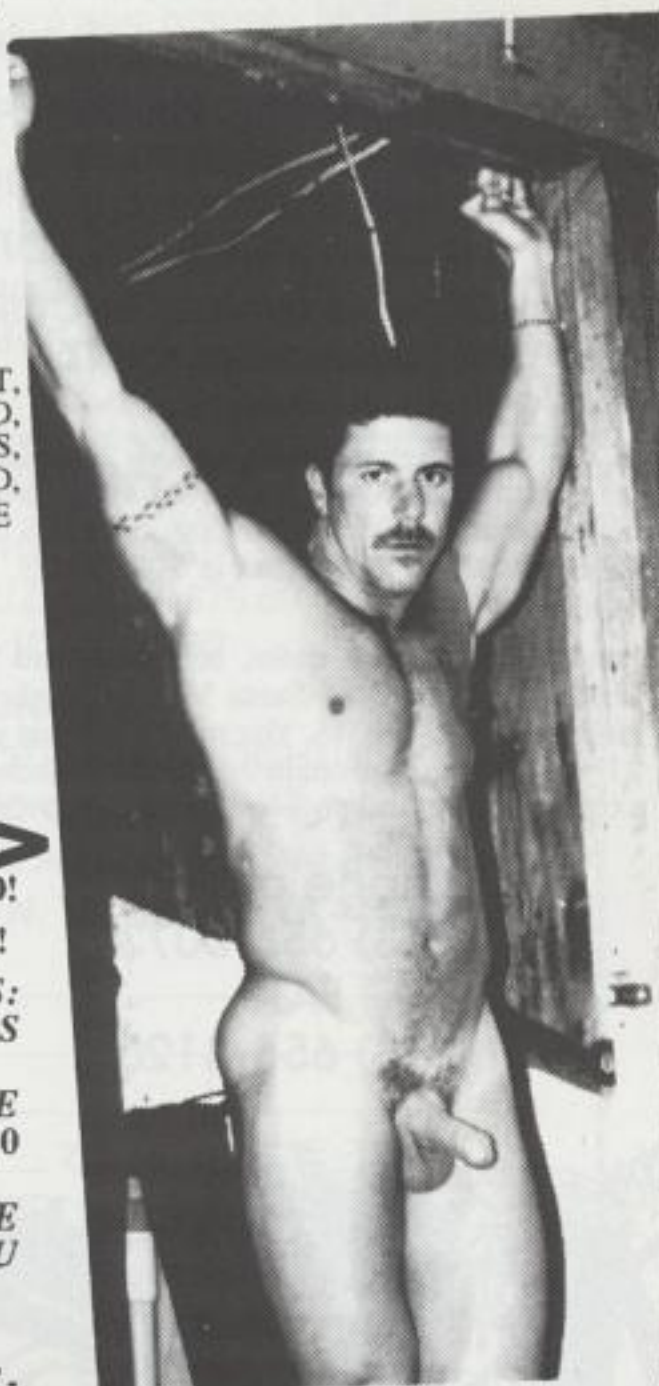
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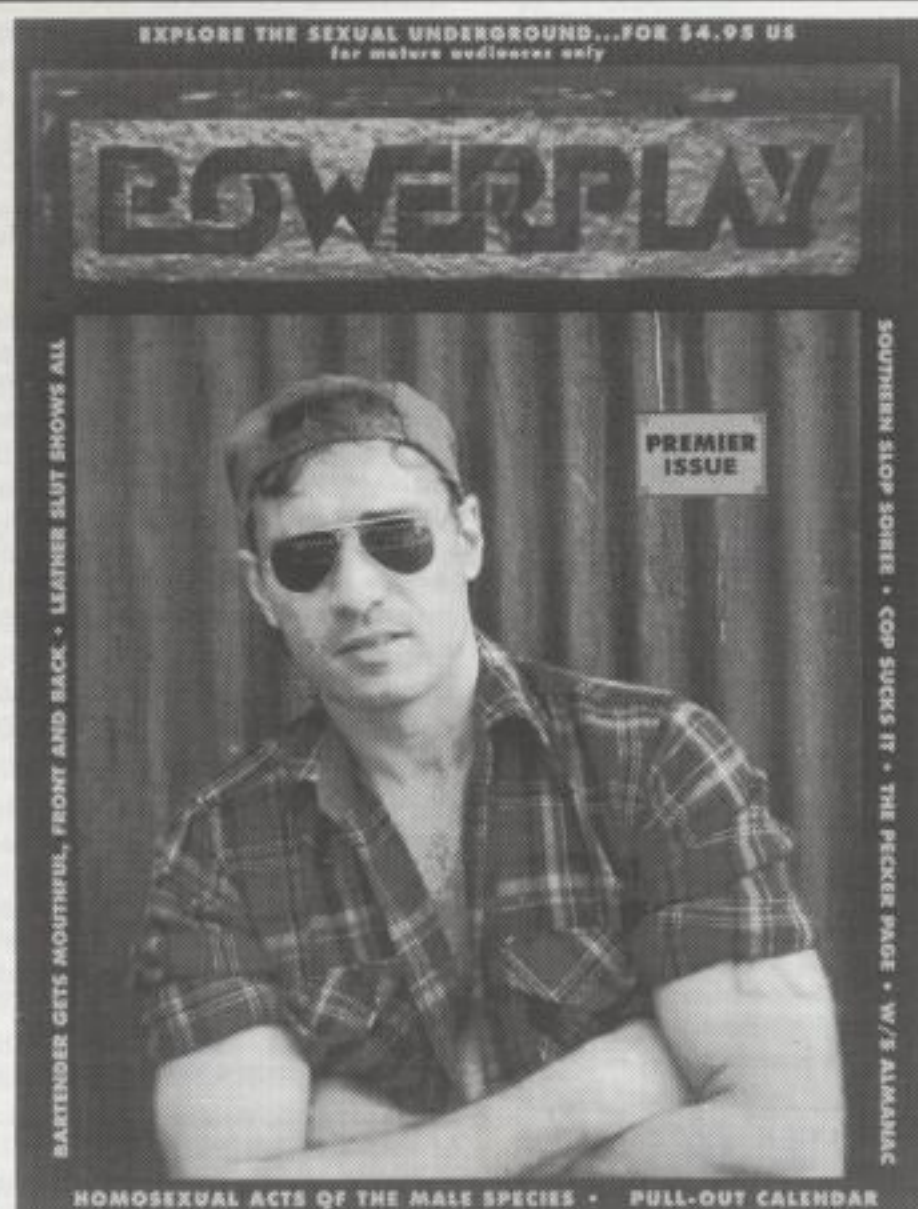


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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## TOURING GERMANY OR EUROPE

Combine pleasure and tour! Topman, 45, 6-5, 218#, accommodates masochists & bottoms over 35 with beard, stache. Must be into heavy torture/pain trips. All nationalities. Artistic inclinations appreciated. Write letter with photo to: Box 8917LF

## TRAVEL TOP COP

37 year old stud, 6', 170#, hot hairy body, great look, big fat prick, low hangers, true Dominant! Looking for true submissive boy for my personal use/abuse. Boy is thin and good looking and will suck dick and dirty ass while tied. Let me plow your boy cunt. Send application w/ photo. 9108LF

## TRAVELERS ON I-95

Very handsome, well built, 35yo cocksucker, available 24hrs, 15 miles north of D.C. Excellent deep throat for truckers, blue collar, white collar, cops, or any masculine men traveling thru. Use me for 5 minutes or 5 hours. Call anytime, Dan (410) 290-7331.

## TRUE SLAVERY

Are you ready and able to take on the demands and obligations of a life of REAL slavery? This is not for beginners. Bottoms need not apply. Only slaves with correct attitude will be selected for ownership. (612) 559-1062. 9216LF

## UNCUT DOMINANT WM TOP

Seeks white fuckboy. You: 20-33, HIV-, slim, masculine, loyal and not into booze, drugs, or smoking. You need spanking, heavy ass, mouth, and nipple abuse. Me: very short hair, moustache, 6', 175#, 50, hard body, tough nipples, HIV-, open to LT bonding. Foto to POB 3834, San Diego, CA 92163. (619) 297-3044, 6-11pm. No JO calls. 3566LF ☺

## UNCUT 9" DOMINANT DADDY

Bi, white, married male, wife unaware, 55, 6'1", 195#. Previously Top only, 9" uncut. Now wish to provide complete french to clean, healthy guys in Richmond area only. WS, rimming also available. Race & age unimportant. Call Doc (804) 257-9599 & leave message or write Box 3598LF ☺

## VERY HANDSOME MAN W/ STACHE

Sks same. Top/bottom 4 very hot times. Inexp. a big +! To: POB 571503, Tarzana, CA 91356

## VOYEUR/WRITER WANNABE

needs encouragement and ?. Correspond and possibly meet others or those who want to be watched. HIV-, some touchy feel but mostly watch. Willing to assist limited participation in your fantasies. Limited travel - western NC area. 3599 LF ☺

## WANTED: TOUGH LEATHERMAN

and disciplinarian to train my very handsome 25, year old boy to follow his Master's orders and commands without question. I will hand him over to you for non-sexual training; you deliver him back obedient and submissive. You must have trained before, respect limits I impose and provide references. Send very detailed letter to Training Center, POB 5840, Wash. DC 20016 9156LF

## WEALTH HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

GWM, executive, 6'3", 242#, good build, HIV-, travels the world. New to scene, seeks someone I can trust to enjoy my lifestyle with. Me: I'm 48. You? Send photo and phone, a must to Box 572, Gwynedd Valley, PA 19437 - outside Philly. Tell me about yourself. 3526LF ☺

## WELL-BUILT BONDAGE BOTTOM

Handsome and well-built bottom, 25, looking for friendship with strong minded & bodied man. Need Dominance, Control, & security at home, while by your side in public. Main focus is bondage and confinement. Interests include TT, CBT, safe sex, shaving, enemas, and catheters. Photo/phone to Jeff Taylor, POB 19288, Pittsburgh, PA 15213 3576LF ☺

## WORK FOR IT, SWEETLIPS

Bitch faggots with hairy crotches & pretty boy cunts - I've got 8 big, stiff, red inches for you, if you please me. Safe but intense. VA, WS, CBT, TT. Me: Mean redneck Daddy, 45, ready to rumble. Send photo & letter. Box 8959LF

## YOU ARE MY BROTHER

and will live with me under my supervision. But Master owns you, body, mind & soul, as He owns me. We truly exist only to serve Him in total obedience. Master, 39, is utterly sadistic, extremely wise, & very caring. He derives great pleasure from inflicting pain on His slave, 42. I am branded, my right ball will be destroyed & removed when He chooses, as an offering of submission. This is not a game. Faith, devotion, & complete obedience are required. you will respond describing your understandings of your path to present & how you discovered your slave nature. Include the strengths you will bring to serve him. Los Angeles area; slave does not live with Master. Reply to Box 9081 9081LF

## YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE, PUNK

Uniformed, BM Sadist, 40's, wholly gung-ho to mantrap, capture white jock, badboy with a growl in his groin for sadistically inspired physical interrogation. Butthead prisoner will be cruelly mindfucked to beg for release thru

enforced multiple orgasms and dry milkings; VA, TT, CBT and foot bastinado/torture. No bullshit jocks, 21-39. Box 8529LF

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soulmate for life; yessir, can-do attitude for use in Cabinet business. Boy who can swap engines or handy with spray gun is on second base for 6'4", 40yr Dad. A tease, experienced with results; likes whips, restraints, VA, and athletic uniform. Boy will work hard and play hard. 8838LF

## ZEN BROTHERHOOD RISING

Zen Master/HIV-, seeks a few hard men to live a communal, stress-free life. Hard work and hard sex= Happy, harsh discipline of rinzaizen-christian path. Mild SM limits respected/novices ok. I offer a secure life; not a scene. 2 yr minimum term. 35784LF ☺

## ALABAMA

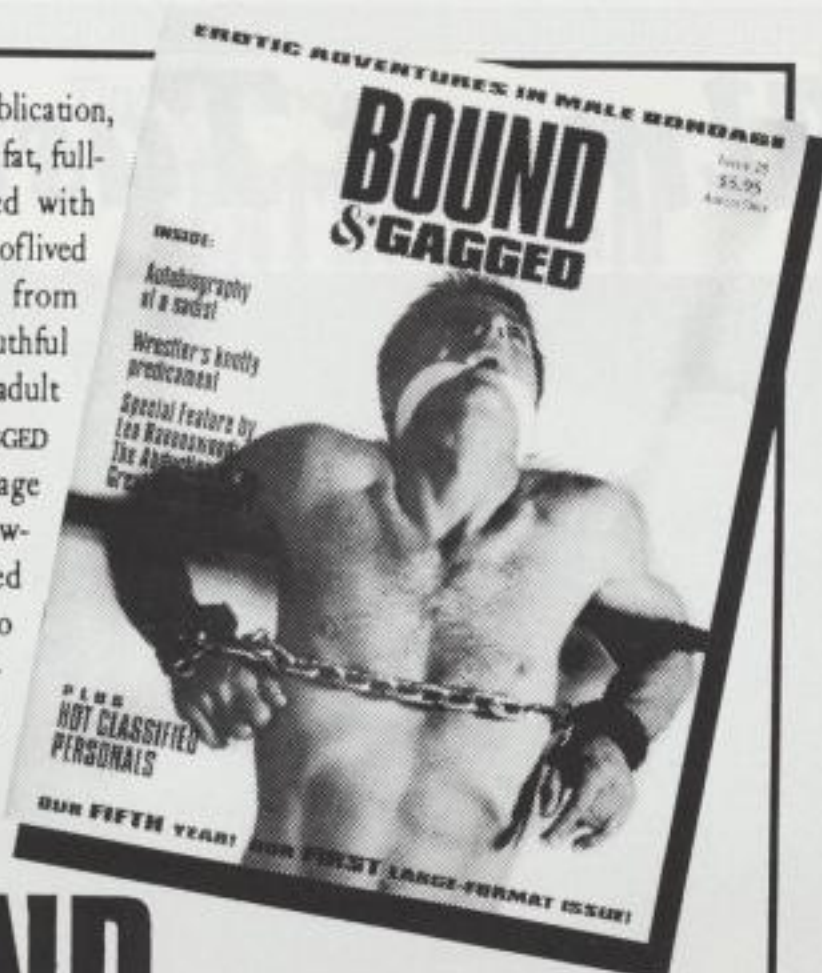
### BARE BACK WHIPPING

Looking for step-Dad who believes in whipping son on back, not ass, with razor strop. I got it growing up and miss it. 38, 5-10, 155#, can travel. Serious Dad, not Master, slave, domestic type discipline. Write Box 9243LF

### PHONE JERK

Fuckhead wants brain pumped by mean, lowdown, dirty old men of experience and deepshit, virulent intensity. 55yo, GWM, 170#, 5'6", 7 1/2" uncut, neck 16", bicep 13 1/2", waist 32", chest 42", calf 15 1/2", thigh 21. Auditions only after 10pm CST. Survivor: triathlon training, pumping iron. Want my insatiable holes disciplined by hot Tops. (Bobby, 205-976-5318) Box 8516LF

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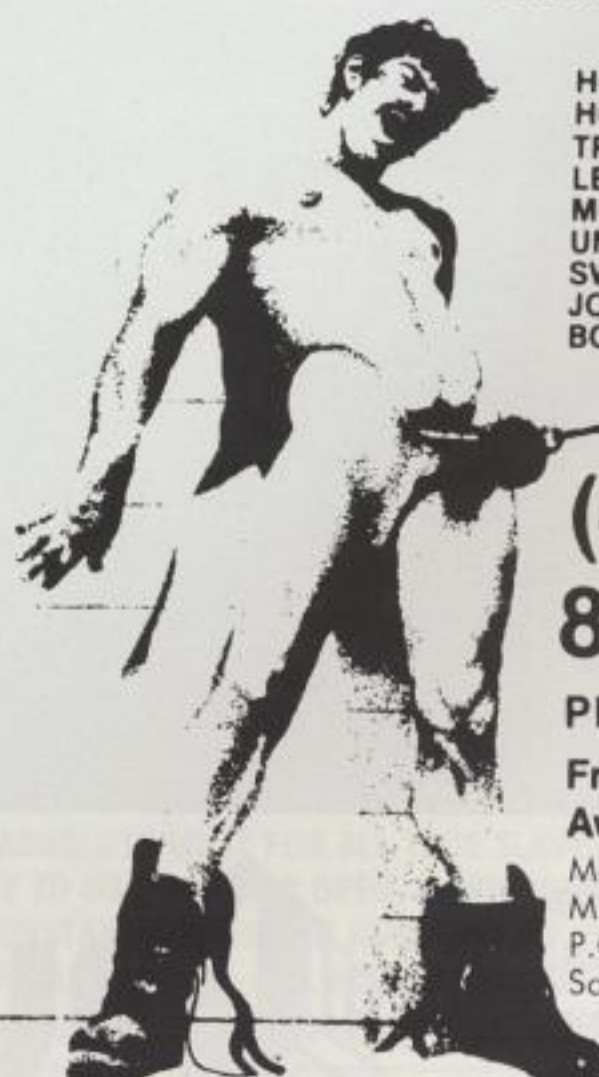
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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## TOPS WANTED - M/F/COUPLES

WM wants to be stripped & bound by sadistic but sane Tops. Make me struggle & suffer for your enjoyment & enjoyment of your friends as you subject me to shaving, TT, CBT, hot wax, electricity & anything else. Mobile, Birmingham, Pensacola area. Group humiliation a +. Letter, photo, phone to: Box 8928LF

## ARIZONA

### AZ DAD & BROTHER SEEK 3RD

GWM, 56, 6', 230#, Top & GWM, 44, 5-11, 165#, bottom, secure, loving, BD, CBT, FF, toys, playroom, CW/leather. Seek 3rd, 30-55, hairy, honest, in-shape. Let's explore fantasies. Long term possible. Box 12256, Tuscon, AZ 85732

### ON CALL SLAVE WANTED

Sadistic Master Bear, 53, seeks masochist slave who will serve when called. BD, TT, CBT, WS, whips, pain, companionship. Can lead to live-in. Limits respected. Safe, sane Master knows how to train, use, abuse and to love his property. Tucson area. Box 8997LF

## ARKANSAS

### MARLBORO MAN WANTED

GWM, 35, red/grn, professional, responsible and fuzzy on the outside. Rebellious teenager on the inside seeks Daddy, big brother, lover. Turn me on with big cigars, heavy smoking, shaving, booze, aroma, encouraged or forced smoking, uniforms, altered states. Box 9019LF

## NO. CALIFORNIA

### ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral

service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lessons in humiliation and service. GWM, 46, 5'8". No Drugs. 8754LF

### BLUE COLLAR SKINHEAD

Scat punk, 27, studly, wants to be whipped, boot-stomped. Likes Derby Jackets, Beanies, ski masks, Ben Davis pants, metal music, Heavy kink, eating turds, WS. Call John at (415) 968-8210.

### BONDAGE AND BRIEFS

WM, 40, 6-3, 180#, trim, athletic, seeks masculine, trim, WM/HM, 20's-30's, bottom or Top for BD. Cuffs, ropes, chains, long hot nights bound & gagged w/sweaty briefs, socks. Levis, boots, CBT, TT, shaved balls, WS, lite SM. No heavy ass play. Fresno, Modesto, Yosemite area. Box 9011LF

### BOY MASTER FOR SLAVE MAN

Me: GWM, 37, look 30, 5'7", 130#, v-gdlnkng, built, smth, strgt appr, dscrt, nice butt, 7 1/2" cut, thk, Top Master. You: GWM, 30-45, 6'+, 185# of beefy musc, strgt appr, dscrt, v-hairy w/ hairy BBL butt, hung w/lo hanging balls, excl hygn esp, a-hole, shaved hole to nuts, btm slave, seeks huge cocks up ass, dwn throat. Is craving to rim, deep FRA/p, hard GR/p, advrtz w/butt esp chaps/ass torn jeans for hung men at sex clubs & 3 ways. I'll cockring, spank, rim, lube, finger, GRa, FRA/p, you btwn men. Once in a while you want ez FF, TT, BD, WS, a shave, spankings, my butt, nudity, beach, suntan sex, jocks, htub, mssge. Friend, trust, fin. sec. a must. Letter w/photos req. VHS prfd. All returned w/ or w/out reply. Bay Area, SF prfd. No fats. Serious men only. 9161LF

### BUTCH BLOND 31 YRS

Athletic, cocksucking pig, 6', 180#, lking for hot, hung Top/Master/Daddy, 35-50, into rubber, WS, VA, TT, toys, rimseat. Seeking perm. position in bed and home; equal out. Reality with fantasy, honesty, integrity, long term relat. Martin S., POB 469012, SF, CA 94146-0921. No Photo, no response (will return). 9143LF

### CEREBRAL TOP

Creative, intelligent, healthy, white male, executive in early 40's, seeks curious, fit men for introduction to safe & sane, white hot, SM & BD. Uninitiated bottoms should send fantasy requirements & limits. Not seeking live-in partner but rather a buddy to be challenged. Like-minded, aggressive Tops also welcome for man-to-manscenes. Write Ken, POBox 70952, Plaza Station, Sunnyvale, CA 94086

### DADDY WILL TRAIN

trim young lad in the art of obedience thru bondage and discipline. SF Master is 40, son 30, both are experienced and attractive. Cum visit and submit. Tom (415) 282-5439

### HAYWARD HEIGHTS MOONLIGHT

Young, hard, Latin angel turns most straight guys heads as I strut the avenues and parks in only leather and muscle. I need a tough guy in leather to hold me, kiss me, and love me all night long. POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541 (510-727-0704) Box 8996LF

### HUMPY DOG SLAVE

Slobbering, obedient, mutt looking for Master into dog training, bondage, cages, piss, tits, leather exhibitionism, verbal abuse, ownership, heavy fucking, shaving. Healthy HIV+, 5-6, 140#, blond, 34, tattooed, 8", good hole. Ready for piercing and more tattoos. Can travel. Mark in Santa Cruz, (408) 423-3166. Box 8611LF

### I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nicelooking W/M, 46, seeks contact with younger, dominant guy of any race. If you've been working hard at working out and would enjoy forcing me to tongue clean your sweaty pits, nuts and worship your ripe asshole, write: Chuck, Box 51202, Palo Alto, CA 94303 LF

### LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Leather/bondage pig seeks demanding leather Master for training in BD, CBT, TT, WS, VA, hoods, gags and more. Service as you order. I am 6', 190#, HIV-, trim full beard, fairly hairy, Fr/a, Gr/p. Write CC, POB 2405, Turlock, CA 95381-2405. Photo/phone to 3520LF ☎

### LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Very handsome, moderately severe, San Francisco Daddy, 42, 6', 205#, average endowment. You must be younger, x-well hung, ready for total ownership; WS, a must. Roy (415) 661-5748. No phone sex. SERIOUS ONLY! Call before 11pm. 3556LF ☎

### MUSCULAR STUD NEEDS DADDY

Handsome, 29, 6', 200#, solid, bl/bl, stache, needs studly Master with muscles, cops, rugged types, cowboys, who can Dominate this hunk with TT, ass beatings, discipline & training. Drilling afterwards. Safe only. Photo/phone # get same. Thank you, Sirl 9230LF

### NEAR BERKELEY VISIONARY

Seeks slave/son, GWM, 21-35, for SM partnership. Direction, discipline with firm hand/heart. Safe/creative; intense ass-beatings; home for right son. GWM, early 40's, 6'2", 170#. Honest letter to: Dave S., Box 467, El Cerrito, CA 94530 LF

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Photo: Stephen Sutton



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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

GWM novice boy, 29, seeks Dominant Tops & couples who can train my submissive butt in SM especially CBT, Spanking, shaving, & TT. Expand my limits. Be willing to workout with me. Hairy and uncut pluses. All answered. Photo/phone requested. 9128LF

## SEEK DOMINANT SON

Retired executive, 60, 5-11, 170#, silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks son 18 to 32, shorter to 5-9, masculine, boyish, horny, jackass stud who struts his stuff w/hard on and commands (in bedroom only) servility, hard fucking of dad's open pussy, butt rimming of his sweaty boy hole, body worship, water sports. This hot butt, horny senior dad craves to serve son, receive verbal abuse, training, humiliation, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, bondage, smelly armpits, enemas, fucking, cock-sucking. Teach me to serve you and give you total pleasure. No scat, FF or brutality. Out of the bedroom I offer companionship, friendship, and possible relationship. Call (415) 929-7124. 8444LF

## SINK YOUR HEAD

& skin in the mental pit this demon will dig for you. Me: 5-7, 140#, 55. You: 30-55, in a bod you respect. Turn up in the uniform you get sweaty to wear: the whip will stripe across it & across your skin, until you ARE the uniform. Box 9030LF

## SLAVE WANTED

Top, 44, 5'9", 170#, HIV-, seeks slave for BD, tit work, shaving, spanking, and safe action. Photo? Write Box 284, 584 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

## SLAVE SON SEEKS MASTER

Novice slave son, 28, 5-10, 155#, br/bl, moustache, in-shape, desires to serve Topman, Master, Dad, 30-45. Occasional safe scenes, training, SM, BD, TT, CBT, leather, whips, restraints, oil massage. Especially likes intelligent, hairy, uninhibited men. Photo, phone to: Box 9032LF

## THE CONSUMATE BOY

Butch, muscular, bottom, 31 yo, 155#, Brn/Hazel, hairy, nice bubble butt. Looking for hot, mature, self assured Daddy with strong hand and warm heart plus the right combination of sexual energy and affection. Boy is into SM and needs to be taken to the limits. Wants to have the right man make his hole theirs. Photo and phone gets reply. 9252LF

## TOP SEEKS ONE WHOLESOME BOY

You aren't perfect butt (sic) you wanted to be a good boy for a fine Pop, late 40's, 6', HIV-, Sil/blk, hvy, beefy, Super hard dick, Daddy. You 20-40, decent, hot ass/lips. Lil' boy needs Dad's big love, nite after nite. Let's mate. Photo/phone to box 3547LF ☎

## WANTED OVER 40 BOTTOM - S.F. BAY AREA

Are you a SM bottom but not passive - Great that's what I want in my life right now, along with someone who's into expanding limits, (No boundaries; even better) sleazy, pain, and sex. I'm over 6 feet, hairy, tattooed, moustached, pierced and more than many can handle. No drugs. All body types welcomed. all letters with photo answered. Find this ad interesting, but don't think you match-up, write anyway. Box 9113

## WANTED: SLAVE BOY-TOY-DOG

Must submit to total control relationship (in/out of dungeon, leather, rubber, boots), and to prolonged heavy bondage, CB&TT, SM, pain training, service and use. Master is 6', 41, professional. We are slim, hung, HIV-, GWM. Responses: CTT, POB 14673, SF, CA 94114 3525LF ☎

## WRESTLE FOR DOMINANCE

WM, 28, 5-9, 155#, muscular, aggressive, challenges other men to wrestle for top. Loser humiliated and rammed up the ass! Got 9" cock to fuck you raw, and expect same if I lose. Be same weight, muscular & dominant. I wanna fuck a Topman who will fight to fuck me! Box 9048LF

## WRITHE AND SCREAM FOR ME

You securely bound as I torture your cock, balls, thighs, pecs, abs, back, with fingers, fists, whips, electricity, cigars, hot wax, and more. You writhe, suffer, scream, and beg. I enjoy when you beg me to stop. I fuck your face-do it well and I will stop. Probably? Experience is not essential, the hunger for pain is. Safe sex only, no damage. Include info on yourself, your interests, and your experience. San Francisco area. 9292

## SO. CALIFORNIA

### BD SM BUDDY WANTED

by WM 40, 5-10, 165#, in-shape, ED. prof. for mutual intense scenes, CBT, ropes, chains, FF (optional), gags, romance, massage, relationship possible. HIV-, nosmoke/drugs. San Diego, Mark (619) 689-6106. 9154LF

## BI BOTTOM SEEKS BI TOP

WM, 40's, into BD, CBT, enemas, feminization. If you can get off by having this bottom in tight bondage and transforming me into a female with tits and all, let's get together. I like it rough. My wife wants to watch and maybe fuck you while I watch, naked & helpless, then eat your cum from her. Write: Box 8966LF

## DADDY SEEKS COCKSUCKERS

GWM, 47, 5-11, 175#, br/bl, seeks cocksuckers who like getting lots of verbal BD, SM. Top is 30, 175#, good build, BR/BL, prof. by day, cowboy by nite. Years of fantasy waiting to try on willing bottom. Good opportunity for inexperienced bottom who wants to explore. You: straight acting, good build. Send response to POB 1176, San Jose, CA 95108. Picture A plus.

## DEF. TOP/SHRP MND/FIRM HAND

Strict, WM, 41, 5'11", 175#, BL/GRN, uncut, will redass a man out of brainy, arrogant, rebel rectv fuckhole with attitude. Hot LTHR/501/uni, man to man, XX in/outdoors. SM, BD, VA, WS, SP - etc. Limits respected/exp. Bi/mrrd/novice/race ok - but in shape, cln, hry bblbutt, A+. Submit expl. app/bio/pix to Sir. Box 3524LF ☎

## HARSH INTERROGATION

Me: 36, 6', 165#, lean, muscular, lots of equipment. You: well-muscled, sweating, strapped down. How much can you withstand before breaking? Send letter and photo to Mike, POB 586363, Oceanside, CA 92058 8442LF

## KINKY BOTTOM?

Gd/kg Top, 5'9", 150#, BR/BL, workout, HIV-, seeks nasty guys into GR, BD, WS, toys, shave, leather. Bill. Box 3536 ☎



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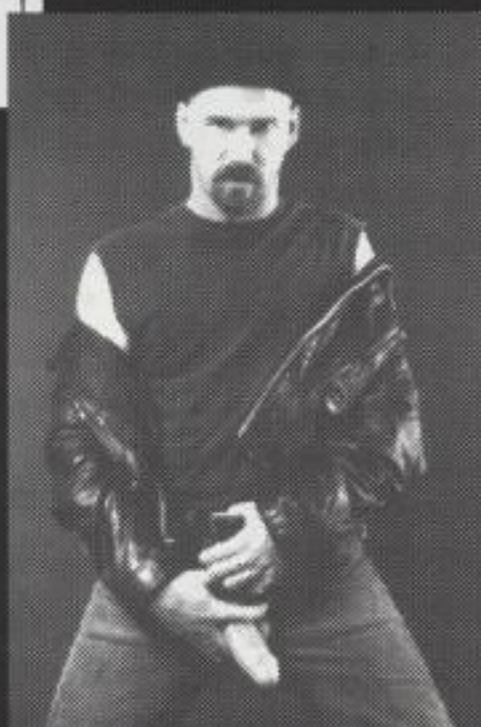
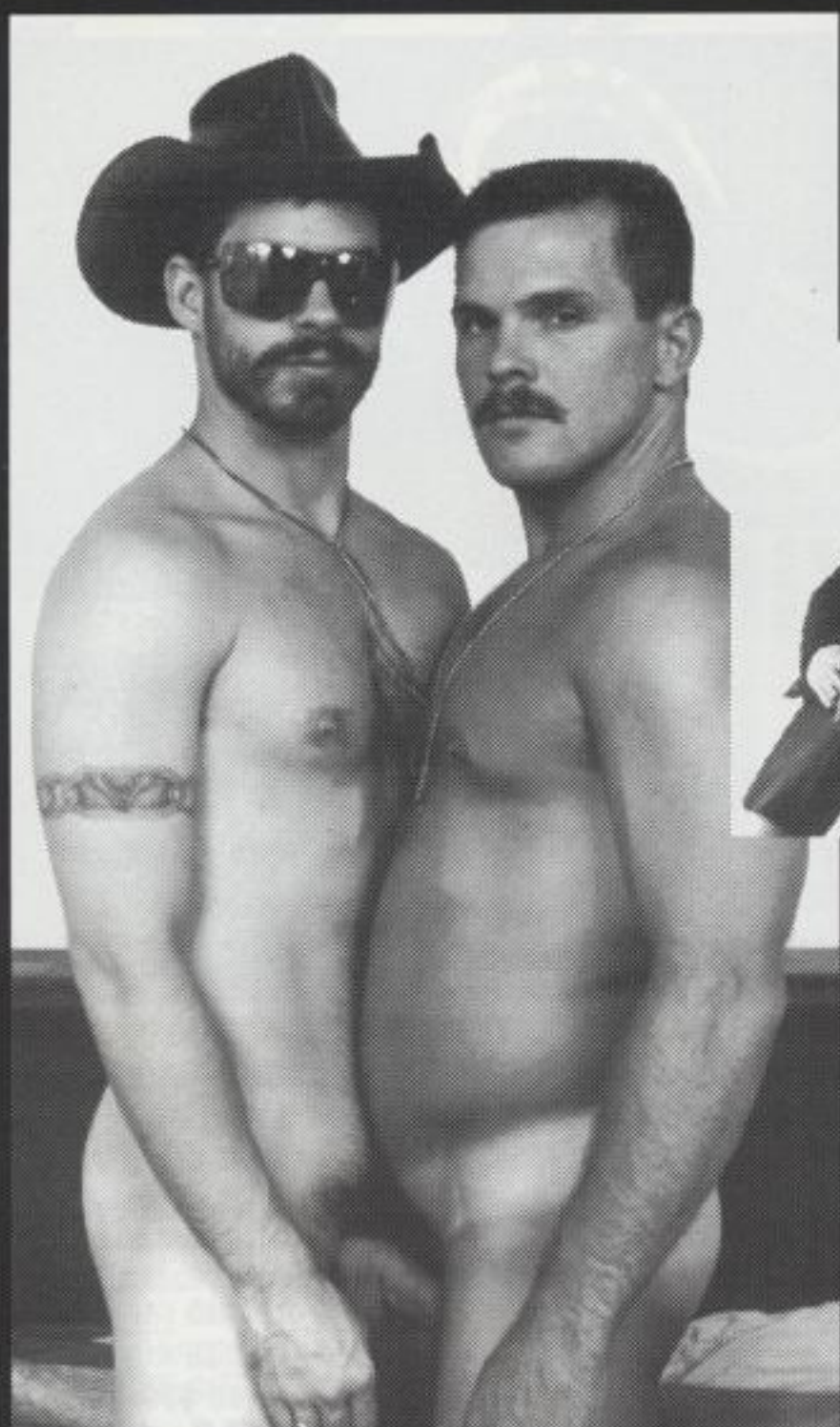
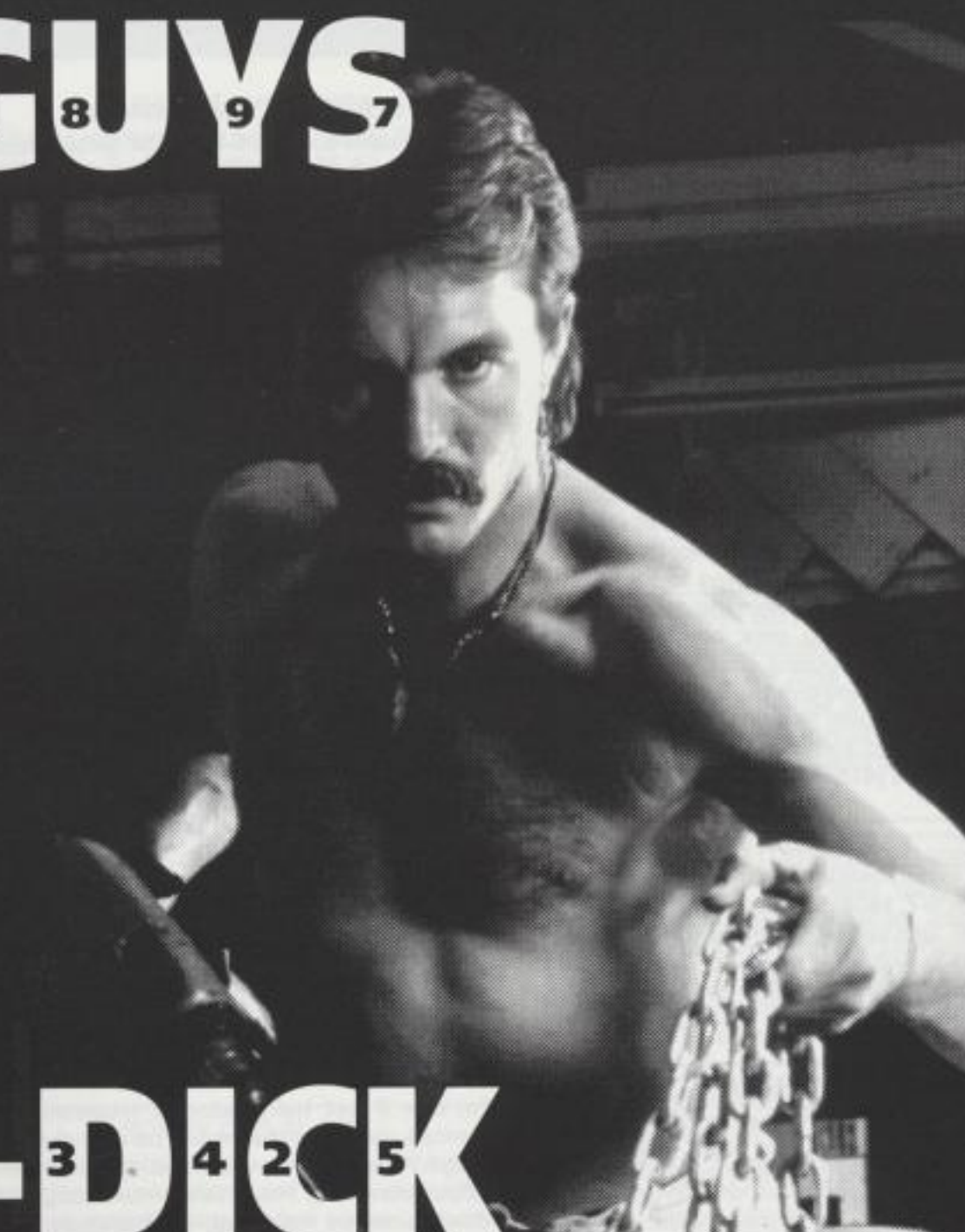
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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## ORANGE COUNTY DADDY

WM, 5-11, 175#, 54, young looking, average build and looks, 6" uncut, shaved balls. This Leather Daddy is Top or bottom. Experienced to satisfy your every need. HIV+. Any race answer with picture to: V. Starr, 3410 Meadow Brook, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 3552LF ☎

## OUTLAW MUSCLEBOY

I'm turned on by aggressive men in black leather or cycle cop uniform who would like to capture and use a goodlooking, fantasy-oriented, bodybuilder, 36. Muscles are very big and defined, my skin is smooth and tanned. Big, juicy pecs and nips. Into B&D. Tell me what to wear for capture, what to bring for games, Sir. Dark hair and moustache a big plus. Box 8985LF

## PISS BOTTOM (THIRSTY)

I'm a GWM, 33yo, brn hair, grn eyes, w/8" cock. You be Bi or SWM between 30-50yo, good shape with a hairy chest, & uncut cock a plus, loaded with piss. Let me completely service your cock. No fats or fems. I like real Men. Call Jeff at (714) 449-8113; Fullerton, CA. 3543 ☎

## SLAVE BOY WANTED

Hot, hairy, experienced, Master in So. Cal., seeks short, slim, hairy, cocksucking, piss drinking, obedient, houseboy, slave who will submit to 5 years full-time hard service, giving Master complete control/rights of ownership, while submitting to heavy, SM, BD, FF, full torture training. No limits. You will be fully trained and caged when not in use. I am 45, goodlooking and always horny, serious only. Submit: 1- Application, 2- photo, 3- Phone No. This is the real thing. 9165 LF

## USE/BRUISE/ABUSE ME

WM, 39, 6-2, 190#, seeks Tops into WS, BD, TT, CBT, VA, buttabuse, bodypunching, humiliation, exhibitionism. Age/race unimportant; imagination, kinky mind are. Turn ons: leather, facial hair, cigars. Photo gets same. 12190 1/2 Ventura Blvd. #161, Studio City, Ca 91604 9149LF

## WANTED: MUSCLE SLAVE

Muscular, masculine, leather Daddy/Top seeks men in nipple work, B/D, C/B who get down and take orders. Call (213) 461-3277. 9251LF

## WANTED: BLACK DOMINATION

Masculine, muscle-slave ready to serve and obey tough Muscle Master. Call (213) 668-9040.

## WANTS SERVICE

Ver., masculine, dominant, straight-acting, WM, 6'1", 250#, 51 seeks masculine guy who has an internal need to serve a Master/Dad/Bear type guy both in and out of the bedroom. Letter photo/phone to: Thom, 312 West 6th Street #194, Corona, CA 91720. (909) 277-3010. No jackoff/sex calls. Serious only! 9106LF

## WHITE TOP/MASTER/DADDY

by WM, bottom/slave. I'm 42, 5-11, 210lbs. Husky, hairy, br/hzl, beard and stache. Husky, hairy, hot tits, mouth & hairy tight butthole. Looking for Master to serve. Am FRA/P (front & rear), GrP, TT, WS, Lite BD, anal play, toys, boots, leather, levis, hairy body A+. Looking for friend/playmate, Poss. relationship. AM HIV- and no drugs, LA, CA area, serious Pls. Jay, POB 67E06, LA, CA 90067 8386LF

## COLORADO

### MATURE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Ready & willing to serve Master. Right attitude. Need direction in BD, SM, TT, WS, ass work and more. Have collar. Can entertain & travel to receive proper training. 6', 200#, clean shaven, hairy. Don, Box 9151, Colorado Springs, CO 80932.

### TOPMAN SEEKS WHIPPING BOY

Into creative, hot, leather bondage, TT, CBT, heavy asswork & rough face fucking. Top is 5-10, 37, 165#, bearded, br/bl. Country setting, east of Co. Springs. HIV+, safe sex and safe world required. Box 9040LF

## CONNECTICUT

### ARE YOU A BOTTOM OR SLAVE?

Undecided or don't know? Experienced, versatile, demanding Master (44, 5-8, WM) will help you find out while you learn the difference between discipline & being disciplined. Have usual equipment & interests. Hazing, VA, POW. Seeking well-built WM's under 35 with right attitude. Box 8964LF

### MAN TO MAN

GWM, 50, 6', 185#, BR/BR, clean shaven, pierced nipples, good shape. Enjoys titwork, bondage and expansion of limits with the right partner. Reside in Conn. 1 hour from NYC. Respond with photo and phone, plus personal description. 3609LF ☎

### PLAYFUL PIG CLEANING

Housecleaning in the nude by smooth piggy (203) 678-7431. Day, hourly, or weekly rates.

## DC METRO

### 2 FF BEARS, EXPERTS & VERSATILE

Lovers, mid 30's, pierced, masc, FFA members looking for kinky, imaginative men. Interests include FF, WS, sounds, enemas, tats, TT, piercing, BD, Lt. SM, leather, hoods, & ? Will teach beginners. Limits honored/expansion on request. Must play safe. 9220LF

### HIV+ FIGHTERS

WM, 42, 5'10", 160#, trim, beard, HIV+ seeks rough, erotic combat with like-sized men. Equals locked in bare-handed sexfight - rip, spit, piss, TT, CBT, got the Balls? Send photo and phone and challenge. 9167LF

### SLAVE WANTED

Black Master, 45, 165#, 10" uncut. Needs second slave, any race. Must be seriously into FF, TT, ass beating, shaving, raunch, piss, ball work. Serious only, no punks. Safe sex. Visitors welcome. Call (703) 780-5990 or write Box 8580LF

### WM BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

Lean, muscular, 45, 5-11, 175#, 45" chest, 31" wst, x-Navy seal, Fr/A, Gr/P, seeks lean, non-smoking Master. Whatever rites, attire, use/abuse, whipping req. Relate to Story of O, 9 1/2 Weeks, Beauty's Punishment. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft Washington, MD 20749 9163LF

## FLORIDA

### BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

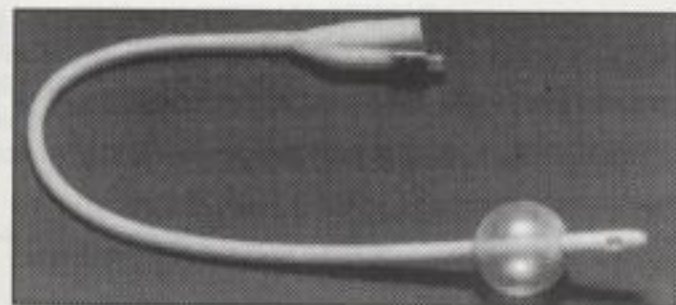
seeks big, husky Daddy bear, 45+, to whip the sass out of my big bubble butt when son pisses Daddy off. I'm 6-1, 215#, strong as an ox, GWM, 40, ex-marine. Into all safe sex, HIV-, with limits respected. I can travel most anywhere. Love truckers, jockstraps, uniforms, belts, straps, paddles. Photo & interests, Sirl Box 8944LF

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### CAN YOU TAKE 1000 LASHES?

Disciplinarian Dad seeks sons, 18-35, needing SEVERE, bare ass flogging -- bloody but safe. I'm sane, very healthy, understanding & trustworthy. Enemas, dildoes, other games, optional. For full details, write Box 3538LF (C) [X]

### HOT SUBMISSIVE

Totally submissive bootlicker desires domination. Fuck with my mind. I am ready to submit for your pleasure to long sessions of safe-sex; BD, VA, WS, shaving, spanking, and piercing. Please write explicit letter and photo: all Masters answered obediently. PO Box 4434, Miami, FL 33116 3543LF

### ITALIAN STUD MASTER

Master Gino, 35, 5'7", 140#, 9", Black hair/Blue eyes. Tight body/hairy, hard chest. Seeks ownership of attractive Aryan Male, BB, 25-45 for intense weekend sessions. BD, TT, Enemas, Dildoes, Body shaving. Non-smoking, self-assured, business man with wing-tipped shoes A+. Total servitude required. Applications including photo, letter and contact info now considered. 9160LF

### JOCKS & LEATHERMEN WANTED

33 year old, in-shape, hot, ex-college jock seeks real men for strict discipline, frat hazing, butt use, bondage, leather, humiliation and service. 5'11", 165#, travels US & Europe. Photo & phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 8570LF

### MUTUAL RAUNCH

GWM, goodlooking, bearded Daddy, 5-11, 170#, youthful, 52. Healthy body with dirty mind seeks same 35-55 for friendship & sessions in wet levis. Into turds, snot, & ripe mansmells. Sorry no cigars, bondage, hard drugs. Travel U.S. Photo gets reply. 9231LF

### ORAL PLEASURE

43yo, WM into sucking cock and kissing ass. Serious only. Seeking masculine men. Call Rick (305) 786-1749. 3551LF (C) [X]

### PALM BEACH SLAVE BOY

Seeks Master/Daddy into assplay, WS, TT, CBT, ass eating, and bootlicking. HIV-. 3542 (C) [X]

### PROFESSIONAL CARING TOP

Wants All-American boy to be my equal by-day and sex toy by-night. Me: 9+, WM, 35, BR/GR, 5'9", 160 lbs. You be 18-35 athletic, attractive, HIV-, w/good imagination into BD, Spanking, LT. SM. Write with photo: PO Box 7502, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338

### SLAVE SEEKS STRICT MASTER

WM, 30, masculine, attractive, 5'7", 9", HIV+, healthy seeks blond, blue-collar, well-built Master, 21-45, who commands total servitude/ownership, BD, VA, WS, TT. Your rules, Sirl Fort Lauderdale. Photo/Instructions to Box 9160LF

### SOCKED FOOT FETISH

GWM, 45, 5'10", 175#, would like to meet a guy who would enjoy a foot massage, J/O & making a guy sniff on his sexy, sweaty, smelly, socked feet. St. Petersburg area. Jeff, PO Box 1165, Elfers, FL 34680-1165 9110LF

### TIGHT ROPES IN CENTRAL FL

Tightly bound and gagged. How about chains? Switch positions. Write Box 22324, Lake Buena Vista, FL 32830

### UNINHIBITED FISTING

GWM, 35, great shape, huge pierced nipples & cock with Master who works on them. Into FF, TT, dildoes, WS, shaving, CBT. Seeking others in good shape with huge, hungry holes into intense assplay. Full body photo gets mine. POB 0154, Coral Gable, FL 33114 9262LF

### VACUUM PUMPERS - CENTRAL FL

We like shaving, WS, vacuum pumping, pierced, rimming, ripe foreskins and long, fun sessions. POB 800, Tavares, FL 32778-0800

## GEORGIA

### BOY/TOY WANTED FOR BONDAGE

GWM, 35, 5-5, 140#, HIV+, pierced, tattooed, hairy, and mean. Seeks slaveboy, 18-30, good looks, toned body, craving discipline, humiliation, and abuse on an ongoing basis. Prefer BL/BL. Apply with photo to: Suite 566, 595 Piedmont Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30308 3511LF (C) [X]

### DADDY SKS SON/SLAVE

WM, 38, 6', 170#, good build, safe/sane, HIV-. You: HIV- and submissive, no exp. required, no smoke or drugs, CBT, TT, BD, limits disc. Relationship possible. Stand naked and hard for Daddy, ready for inspection and his caring instructions. Mandatory bio. and photo req. to M. Brand, POB 53266, Atlanta, GA 30355 3554LF (C) [X]

### DOMINANT MEN WANTED

WM, 36, 5'11", 165#, BR/HZ, pierced & shaved, seeks Top men into, BD, hum, VA, WS, face fucking, punishment. Write to Alan Meadows, 1266 W. Pacesterry Rd. #211, Atlanta, GA 30327. Straight or Bi-men A+.

### DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Hot, GWM duo; full leather Tops - 27, 5'9", 140#, blond, smooth, 8 1/2" & 40, 5'10", S/pepper, smooth, 7 1/2". Into BD, WS, tits, VA, assplay, etc. Any scene safe/sane, mutually agreed upon. Seeking GWM's 25-45, bottoms preferred, versatile OK. No fats. No J/O phone calls, serious only, inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, (404) 888-0754, before 11pm. Ask for Doug. 8420LF

### DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE/FUN

Attractive, hot, GWM duo: full leather Tops - 27, 5'9", 140#, blond, smooth, 8 1/2" and 40; 5'10", s/pepper, smooth, 7 1/2". Into BD, WS, CBT, Tits, SM, VA, assplay, etc. Any scene safe/sane, mutually agreed upon. Seeking GWM's 25-45, bottoms preferred, versatile OK. No fats, no phone JO, serious only, inexperienced OK. Midtown Atlanta, Call (404) 898-0754, before 11pm, ask for Doug. 3518LF (C) [X]

### PUNK ME OUT

Hot, 29 year old, blond, bottom boy needs capture, strict confinement & torture. Mind fuck this boy to beg for release through painful torture, humiliation and raunch. Imprisoned, I will strain and fight as you work your will on both my mind & body. Box 8926LF

### REGULAR GUY SEEKS HARD TOP

Masculine guy into workouts 37, 6-1, 175#, new to leather scene - TT, CBT, Hard assplay, seeks muscular endowed Top, 45, to help take the plunge & expand limits. Photo/Phone to 9133

### STRUGGLE AGAINST MY ROPES

Gdtkng, masc, Lthr sadist, 30, 6', 220#, br/bl, highly educated, professional, gdtkng, masc, straight-acting, muscle, 21-45 with cocky attitude who needs but resists heavy prolonged bondage, torture, rape, etc. Struggle and scream to no avail! Send photo. I travel. 3516LF (C) [X]

### SUBMISSIVE 21 YR OLD BOY

Very goodlooking WM, 5'10", 160#, Bi, cocky, college swimmer. Seeks: Masculine, Dominant and Confident Man/Mentor. I've only 2yrs of experience but realize I was born to serve you. I'm obedient and your needs always put first. Photo/Note to Box 7492, Atlanta, GA 30347 3539LF (C) [X]

## HAWAII

### ALL AMERICAN ASIAN

Attractive, athletic, very smooth, lean, defined, big nips, 5'5", 128#, 40. Seeks other muscled, masculine buddies for mutual bodyworship, titwork, gym discipline, oil, sweat, mirrors, JO, wrestling, spanking, bondage. Send detailed letter/photo. 2142LF

## BOYS WANTED

Topman, 36, 5'10", 180#, gymbody seeks in-shape bottoms, men/boys into serious assplay, BD, TT, and other games. Send letter with photo (no photo/no reply) to POB 4560, Honolulu, HI 96812-4560 3564LF

### CUMIN' TO HAWAII?

Two masculine GWM, 34 & 37, looking for hung Top to fuck us. Take that big cock of yours & slide it into our hot holes. Write w/photo when you are coming to Hawaii with that big Daddy dick of yours. Randy & Mike, 377 Keahole St. #6-187, Honolulu, HI 96825

### HOT HARD SPANKING NEEDED

Muscular, lean, boyish, great ass, 39" chest, 30" waist, 5-7, 150#, needs butt spanked by firm Master with hand, paddle, strap. BD scenes. Photo gets same. PO Box 240272, Aina Haina Station, Honolulu, HI 96821-9998

### LEATHER TOPMAN

seeks slave or buddy who craves exhaustive ass play. SM, BD, TT, CBT. Require hot, active slave who earns his ecstasy, slim to BB, mature. Master is 43, hot, hairy, 5-10, 165#, beard, bld/grn. Travel to SF. PO Box 390759, Kailua-Kona, HI 96739

## ILLINOIS

### LONG HOSE BIG BAG WANTED

GWM, 37, 5-11, 215#, blond/blue, well hung, seeks suds buddy, Top or bottom. I'm versatile. Age 30 to 60 and well hung a plus. Into all types of ass play. No booze or drugs. Let's share fantasies. Box 9006LF

### PRO-WRESTLING FANTASY

CHICAGO GWM, 32, 150#, 5'6", hairy, good shape, HIV-, seeks big, beefy GBM's who get off on beating up men in pro-wrestling style, one-sided brawls. Rope/chain/death matches. Semi-real to all-fantasy. Punch, bloody my forehead. Big or huge Kamala guts welcome. Box 9060LF

### VICIOUS SADIST

Seeking those who crave intense pain, severe mind-fuck, total servitude. Demanding Top has a few openings for lean, smooth boys, blacks, no-limit masochists and any into depraved, bizarre encounters. Photo, phone & serious letter. Chicago/Mid-west. 3602 (C) [X]

### WHERE'S MY MASTER

Willing slave, 34, 6', 178#, very att., fit, muscleboy seeks to please/serve similar fit, nonsmoking, cleanshaven masc. man into L.T. relationship. You won't be disappointed! Photo available for insp. Pls include yours, Sir. 9228LF

## INDIANA

### LEATHER MASTER WANTED

slave, WM, 5'7", 140#, Brn Hair, 46yrs, HIV-wants Master or Masters into TT, CBT, SM, WS, shaving, whips, collar, wants to learn dog training. Please Master, I am waiting to hear from you, Sirl Discretion assured. 9123LF

## LOUISIANA

### FF MANHUNT

Rare find! Hot, handsome, healthy, magnanimous, pony-boy, handballer needs to be ridden. Irreverent, but not jaded. Versatile (or climb on top) seeking dedicated, big bro./mentor/sire into xx-duty fisting and more. 33, 5'10", 170#, fit. Your phone/photo nails me. 3615LF

## MAINE

### A FEW GOOD MEN!

Who can take it. Wanted by sane, serious, experienced Master, 49, with well equipped dungeon. Into all scenes, mod. to hvy. SM/BD. No scat or drugs, trim, masculine, willing, younger men, HIV- preferred. Send PIC. I'm in So. Maine. Box 8619LF



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Our unit offers several improvements over any previous; stronger and more pleasant frequencies, can be used with up to four attachments (2 or 4 attachments on one person or 2 attachments each on two people), instant kill switches for each channel, provides a potential for interesting variations in delivery of the current. L.E.D. indicator lights so you can see the pulse of the unit. Includes AC adaptor or can be used with 9 Volt alkaline battery. Two intensity controls allow you to fine tune the sensations. Separate frequency and pulse rate controls offer the maximum range of stimulation variations. Also includes 2 sets of leads for attachments listed below. Absolute pleasure!!!! —**M401 P.E.S. BOX W/AC ADAPTOR AND TWO SETS OF LEADS \$299.95**

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Ultra Sound Transmission Gel. Water soluble, non greasy and will not irritate tissue. Safe for external or anal application. Solution will add to electrical signal strength, ideal for use with cockrings, or whatever. 8 fl oz. —**M503 AQUASONIC \$7.95**

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The charge of a lifetime. An ACRYLIC butt plug with two electrodes that stimulate the anal sphincters. When used with the P.E.S. Box that has an adjustable pulse rate, this butt plug can become an actual *fucking machine* sliding in and out of the ass by itself (with proper setting on power source). Available in three sizes. Expensive but worth it.

**M554 6" x 1 3/4" BUTTPLUG (LARGE) \$169.95**  
**M555 6" x 1 1/2" BUTTPLUG (MED) \$169.95**  
**M556 5" x 1 1/2" BUTTPLUG (SMALL) \$169.95**

## ElectroPlate

This is a concave oval of LEXAN with two electrode strips. Designed to stimulate the lips of the vagina, it also works well anywhere on the male body. Try it on the scrotum, inside of the thigh, on the bottom of the foot...—**M558 ELECTRO PLATE \$59.95**

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This is a short length of conductive rubber that, when used anally, for urethral insertion, or looped through the acrylic platform, becomes a mystical cock-head stimulator in conjunction with a single cockring at the base of the cock (approximately 6" long by 1/8" diameter). Originally designed for anal insertion. If used with single electrode cockring, the current will pass from the front on the body through the prostrate into the ass. Can be used in any moist opening below the waist including the urethra, but if used for urethral insertion must be a one person toy. Caution this one delivers quite a jolt. —**M557 SPARKLER \$49.95**

## Cockrings

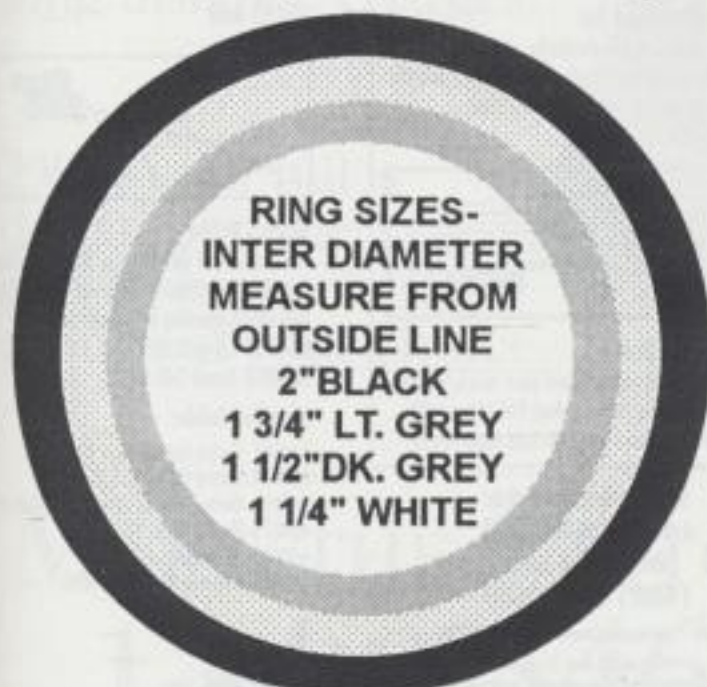
Lexan cockrings are available in four inside diameters: 1 1/4", 1 1/2", 1 3/4" and 2". Each size is available with a single electrode and conductive material running the full circle, or with two electrodes and separate areas of conductive material on each half of the circle.

**M551 SINGLE ELECTRODE COCKRING \$49.95**

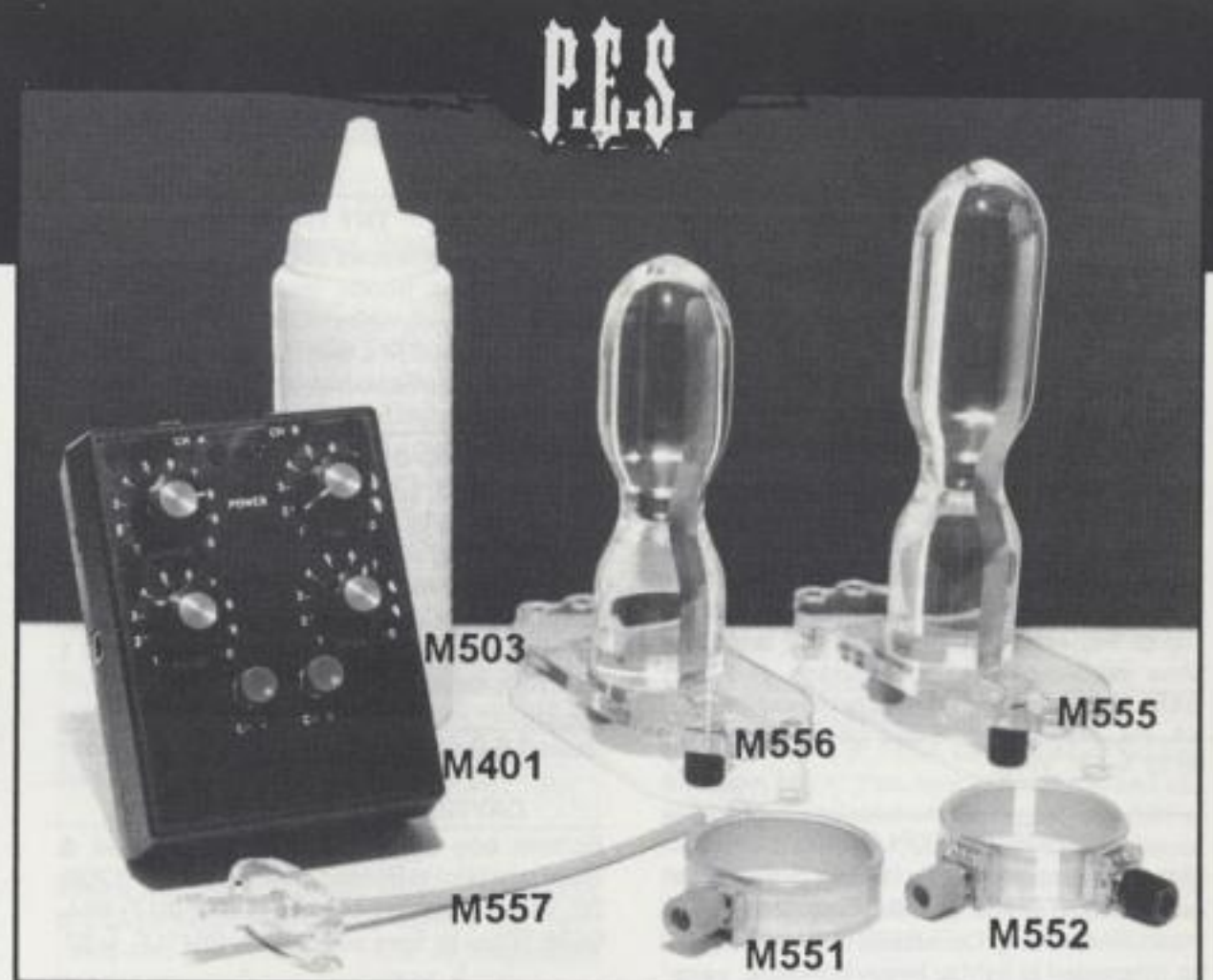
**M552 DOUBLE ELECTRODE COCKRING \$49.95**

**M553 SET OF TWO COCKRINGS (M551,M552) \$79.95**

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## GIVE/RECEIVE PADDLE/STRAP

Long, hard, severe paddlings/strappings on bare ass. Have a real woodshed. Friendship/relationship oriented. Let's talk and arrange to meet. GWM, 37, 5-10, 140#, br/hzl. PO Box 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. Mornings after 7am: Dave (207) 947-2329. No J/O calls, phone sex. 8892LF

## MARYLAND

### BARN, WOODSHEDS, CABINS

GWM, 6'3", 39, in-shape, masculine, healthy, moustache, looking for masculine, in-shape, Top or beginner who is hirsute, 30 to 50, for slow experimentation in bondage and light S&M. Must have barn, shed, or log cabin. MD, VA, PA, Nationwide. Send photo and letter. 3610 ☐

### BOUND TO PLEASE

Masculine bottom, 35, 175#, 5-11, br/br, goodlooking seeks goodlooking Top who's masculine, strong, Dominant, caring & romantic. Interested in light to heavy bondage, gags, leather. Nopain, smokers, substance abusers. Please send photo, details of interest to: Box 8929LF

### BURLY BEARDED BEAR

GWM, Daddy, 37, 5-11, 210#, br/bl, HIV-, mostly Top, into leather, bondage, lite SM, toys, SS. Wants man with his shit together for sex, relationship. Games are for playrooms. Be a man...and my buddy, on the streets. Photo/letter to: Box 9024LF

### GIRLS JUST GOTTA BE BAD

Sensuous TV who's naughty at times needs discipline befitting a wayward girl. Also seeks medical and surgical advice from qualified practitioners who can make her a real woman. Box 8677LF

## TRY THIS

In-shape, experienced bottom, 50, 5'8", 160#. Heavy scenes: hoods, leather, gags, chains, dildoes, levis, oil, rubber, CBT, bondage, breath control. Serious M's only. No pen pals. Everything safe OK. Slave training needed. 9259LF

## TURNED ON BY LEATHER/LEVI

GWM, 5-6, 61, br/hzl, HIV-, works out 3 times a week, likes to see guys in leather, levis & boots. Love to run hands and tongue all over same. Light SM, safe sex. Rural area, restraints in barn. Germantown area. Send name, number and best time to call. Occupant, Rt 1 Box 156, Boyds, MD 20841-9309

## MASSACHUSETTS

### DAYTIME SEX IN CAMBRIDGE

Bottom boy seeks Tops for phone sex & meetings (sic) in Boston area. Boy is 5'8" 120#, 38, likes titplay, lite bondage. Call (617) 864-9596 10am to 5pm only. Scott. 3541LF ☐

### MASTER NEEDED 4 HOT ACTION

Asswork, CBT, TT, FR, GR, bondage, gags, heavy ass beatings, dildoes, fantasy, rough reality. I want to be your sex slave. I'll try most anything at least once. Try me. I am 39, 5'7", nice build. Any age, race, OK. Let's get into it. 3548LF ☐

### MASTER SKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Master, 40, tall, well built, construction worker's body, hairy, cleancut, successful, educated, seeks slave, 18-26, smooth, hard, well-defined bodybuilder, needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective & caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes,

complete obedience & superior physiques. Work/school or pro BB as I determine is best for you. HIV- only. Relocation for top quality applicant. Photo & phone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St, Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821.

## MICHIGAN

### BONDAGE BOTTOM

GWM, 45, 155#, HIV-, above avg looks, nice body & ass, well endowed, uncut, sincere professional. Into extended sessions of BD, ass whipping, etc. safe sex. Experience important, not looks, age or race. Playroom preferable. Can travel midwest. John, PO Box 1571, Dearborn, MI 48121

### BUTCH BOTTOM SEEKS KINK

GWM, 32 195#, 6'1", nice body seeks Top to expand my limits. Am fuckface eager to serve under your rim seat. Shove dildoe(s) up butt & mouth. Into: FF, Toys, VA, TT, BD, & raunch. I am at your disposal - stretch me out. Use me any way you desire. 9066LF

## MINNESOTA

### WELL BLT SLAVE WILL SUBMIT

to: naked service, humiliation, mind control, heavy VA, Lt. torture, heavy degradation, group use. Me: 30, 6'1", 185#, handsome, musc. You: demanding, arrogant, mean, older pref. Write w/ details: JS, PO Box 6491, Minneapolis, MN 55406

## MISSISSIPPI

### SENSUAL SOUTHERN LEATHERS

Kepi to boots Leatherman seeks lean, lusty jockmate whose leathers are daily gear, while riding, working, tromping! Rubbersports? How about rainy rides, woody walks, wetsuited

wallowing. Plus, mutual nutkneading. Write Harold, Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 3532LF ☐

## MISSOURI

### BOTTOM SEEKING TOP

WM, 32, into leather/rubber/BD/gags/hoods/enemas. Enjoy variety of scenes. Want man/men to share S&M; permanence not necessary. Invest a letter and/or a picture. You'll get honesty and the same. Lets explore the possibilities, Sir. 8526 LF

### WET ACTION

Wet and raunchy action wanted by goodlooking, bearded Daddy. Prof. GWM, young fifties, slim and fit, 6', 170#. Seeks masculine, fit, GWM, 35-55, for friendship, raw sessions, possible relationship. Visiting Kansas City, Columbia, St. Louis in fall of '93. Letter with photo gets reply. To A. Rainmaker, POB 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236

## MONTANA

### TOP OR BOTTOM

6-2, 240#, 34, seeks 25 to 40 for mutual satisfaction into BD, spanking, humiliation & anything else considered fun. Serious inquiries only. Box 9221LF

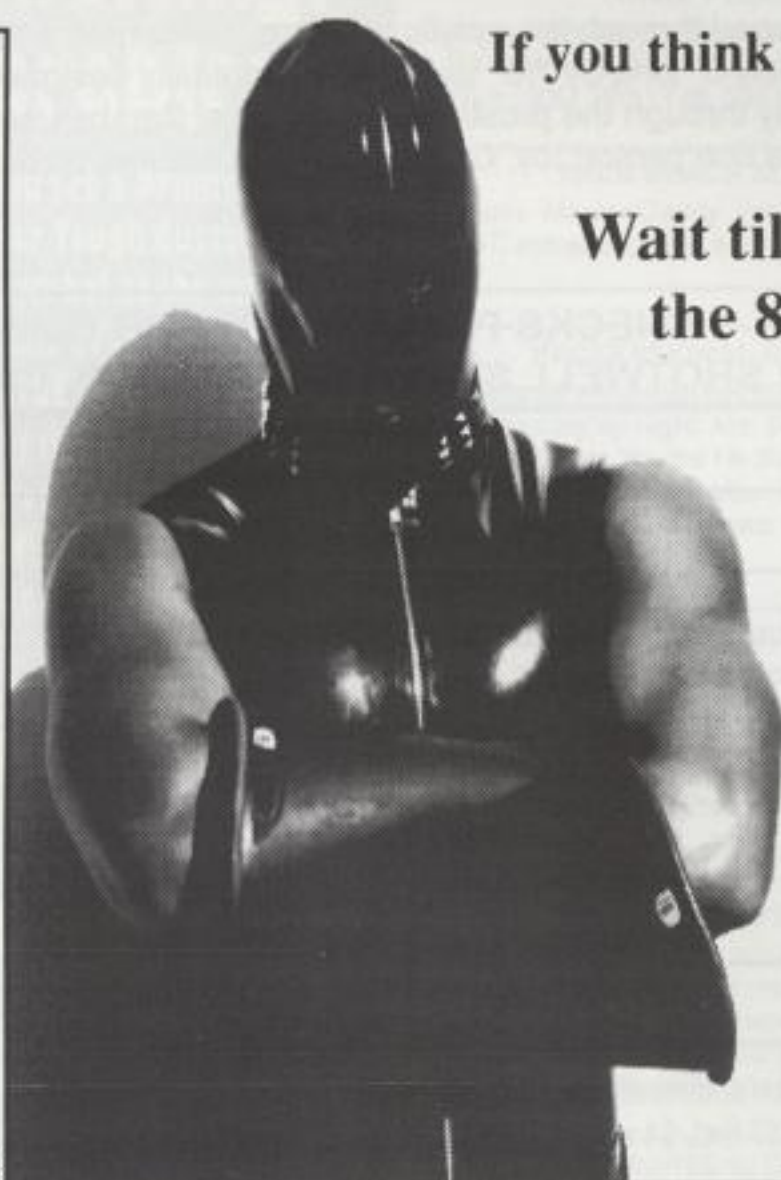
## NEVADA

### BALD/BALDING ONLY

Locals and Vegas visitors, any age, into giving head, being videotaped, and much more, sought by flip-flop Master Daddy, 50-something, tall, slim, who, if you're responsive & affectionate, will love you to pieces, even if you're an asshole or are naughty. Photo requested. All answered. Box 8982LF

# RUBBER REBEL

NUMBER ONE



If you think this cover is wild...

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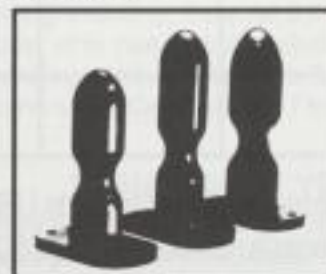
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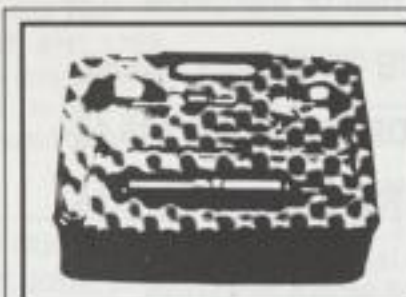
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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

### EXPERT TOP SEEKS BOTTOMS

GWM seeks younger men sincerely interested in exploring safe, sane & consensual SM, BD, etc. Novices or experienced, long or short term. Must be sincere and willing to learn from demanding, no bullshit Master. Send letter, photo to: Box 8836LF

### VICEVERSA

Novice eager to learn both Top/bottom roles hard doing leather/rubber/latex/rope/cuffs/suspension/BD/toys. Enjoy CBT, TT, FF, SM, gags, hoods, collars. Let's learn together. GWM, 44, 5'9", 175#, 8" x 2" round, outdoors, plus no drugs/smoke, safesex, 1-603-474-7048, 9069LF

## NEW JERSEY

### BEARDED BOY SEEKS DAD

Jewish professional, 30's, HIV-, BR/BR, 5'8", 140#, good shape and eager. NYC Metro. 3591 ☎

### HOT SLAVE BOY

27, smooth, musc, BB, 5'7", 135#, tight build, great ace firm, round butt seeks hot, hung, L/L Master into BD, CBT, TT, WS, assplay, GR/FR, Dildos, etc. Send Explicit letter/photo in NJ/ NYC area. BB, leather A+. Photo/Phone first reply. 9202LF

### LEATHER AND RAUNCH

36, 5'10", HIV+, healthy, dirty minded guy with well equipped dungeon seeks depraved playmates for fun and/or possible relationship. Into S&M scenes, heavy asswork and raunch. I've got average looks and build, enjoy a suburban lifestyle, computers and motorcycles. I prefer

Top but will switch for the right player. NJ-NYC commuter. (908) 953-0221. No JO CALLS! 3558LF ☎

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVES

Into training with BD, CBT, WS, FF, VA, racks, enemas, ass work, shaving, nipple work, mind control, servicing. Have play pen plus videos. Am 48, 5-9, 150#, HIV-. Slaves, 25-40, regular build & true submissives write to PO Box 8024, Piscataway, NJ 08855. Limits respected & expanded. Do it now, boy.

### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced Sadist seeks young (18-30), well built captives, man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored & expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (908) 874-6725. 8607LF

## NEW MEXICO

### ALBUQUERQUE GWM

37: gentleman, scholar, bodybuilder and ardent admirer of bound male beauty, not necessarily in that order. If you are young, fit and smooth, call me, Brian Lanter, I'm in the book. A cupiditate adligor adligati adulescentuli formosi, quod fas est. 9280LF

## NEW YORK

### ALBANY AREA

Tall, well-built, well-hung, hot, 41. Seeks hot bottom w/ slim bod, talented mouth/ass, for varied no-nonsense leather sex & poss. relationship. Must be sane, sober, healthy, independent. Detailed reply to Box: 9206LF

### ANIMAL LOVER

WM, 38, 6'2", handsome. Would like to meet others. 9076LF

### ANSWER THIS

Sexually Dominant guy seeks relationship. I'm successful, NY-based, good looking, in shape, 39, 5'8", 145#, HIV-, Beard, br (balding)/bl, Top but versatile. Like leather, bondage, safe GR/ A F/P. You're 25-45, good looks, workout. Crew cut, BB a+. No drugs, hustlers. Send photo/ phone. Box 8974LF

### ARE YOU A BOTTOM?

This hot Top (5'9", 170#, Br/Br, mstche, hairy & hung) is looking for a btm who likes to get tied, spanked, and fucked. Photo and phone a must. 3540 ☎

### ASSISTANT TOP

Seeks Dominant Top with slave to help work over. Learning process. Will service Top. HIV-, safe sex, NYC. I'm 5'8", 143#, 49: negotiable scenes. You're Boss. Box 3595 ☎

### ATTN: MANWORSHIPPERS

Pussy seeks other cunts to join him in total oral worship of the hairy, tall, lean, masc. body, big feet, and suckable cock of mature arrogant VA Master. Sluts, cocksuckers, pigs, asslickers apply with phone#. Master is too much Man for one pussy. 3553LF ☎

### BEARDED TOP WANTED

GWM, bottom, 38, 5-9, 170#, works out, trim, bearded, balding, HIV-, shaved balls, Prince Albert. Seeks bearded, booted, leathered, HIV-, Top for servicing, adventure and exploring all areas of B/D & S/M. Boxholder, Box 257, Radio City Station, NYC, NY 10101 9121LF

### BODY WORSHIPPER/SLAVE

on call for your pleasure. BB's, uncuts, WS are pluses. Head to toe, your desires are utmost in my mind. Call Mike (212) XUXU-218 til 12 midnight EST or write with pix to: Box 8971LF

### BOUND AND GAGGED TOILET

Me: 6, 165#, Br/Br, hairy, good looks & shape HIV+. You: love to keep me tied up, gagged and humiliated with; filthy socks, boots, 501's, jockeys, piss and shit. You: 25-48, gdlkng. Relationship possible. I keep healthy playing safe. Smelling & touching is fun 2. Photo and phone preferred. All answered. 9276LF

### BOUND AND GAGGED

Me: GWM, 37, 6', 165#, BR/BR, hairy, Gd Lks & shape, HIV+. You: love to keep me tied up, gagged & humiliated w/filthy sox's boots, 501's, jockeys, piss & shit, 25-48, Gd Lks & shape, relationship possible. Keep healthy, playing safe. Smelling & telling is fun 2. Phone/photo pref. All ansd. 9276LF

### BOY/SLAVE WANTED

GWM, 45, Irish Daddy/Master accepting resumes from boys, 18-35, who need love, guidance, discipline, must be total submissive into bondage, cuffs, rope, boots, feet. Phone, photo and resume to Jerry, POB 651, Yonkers, NY 10710-0651

### CBT TT MANSEX

Rough and Masculine, construction worker, WM, 45, bearded, crew cut, 5-9, 160# seeks men into receiving prolonged CBT, TT and serious assplay. You: over 30 and in shape. Big nips, beard, pierced, shaved crotch a plus. Write B.R., Box 168, 70-A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011 9111LF

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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## CUM IN MY FACE

Hung, butch, skinhead boy, 29, 5'11", 170#, new to SM. I am looking for masc. men to rough up my holes and teach me BD, SM, CBT, TT, WS, expand my limits. Photo/Phone to 3611 ☎

## DUMP DOWN MY THROAT

Want to suck cum, piss, shit from clean, hairy, HIV-, GWM. Prefer bearded, stocky. I'm GWM, 33, 5-9, 170#. Need discrete man who wants to dump down my throat. Photo/phone guarantee response. Box 8951LF

## EXCHANGE POSITIONS T-B WS

Mature leather jock seeks same, 20-45, well built to exchange Top/bottom roles, hard SM, mutual sex; also into WS and real scat scenes; no drugs; your photo gets mine; only those interested in mutual SM/WS, toys, piercings and full leather need reply. 9127LF

## FANTASY FUFILLMENT

Goodlooking, 36, 5'10", silver-blond hair, blue eyes, professional, versatile, enjoy younger men, bondage, SM, CBT, FF, shaving. Available with young, Nordic, swimmers-built God. Any scene created. The sex and company will be a great time. (914) 381-3302. 3617 ☎

## Goodlooking White Bottom

(married, 33, 5'10", 155#, very oral with a hot hole) is seeking fuckbuddies (1,2 or more) who are lean, muscular, hairy and hung (preferably uncut) for weekday (9am to 5pm) action (1 on 1 or 1 on group) in Chelsea area. Race is no barrier. You must be HIV- and discrete. Steve (212) 989-8597 - you won't be disappointed in service. 3504LF ☎

## HOLE TAKES HORSE MEAT

Hot WM, 31, 5-8, 145#, muscular bottom, seeks massively endowed dominant studs for rough plowing. HIV- only. Photo/phone to G.Stuart, POB 1125, NYC, NY 10113-1125. Fuck me up! Box 8527LF

## HOT HUNG TOILET MASTER

Beg to suck my 8" dick and hot hole. Master is a WM, very hot, muscular, 6'1", 185#, 35, brn, hairy mustache. Seeks pig for raunch, VA, piss, shit, humil. You must send photo and groveling letter to Sir. Box 8775LF

## HOT & MACHO LEATHER LATINO

Handsome, musc, hung - buenol! 30, 5'8", thick blk hr/stache, RED HOT, in full leather-cop uniforms-rubber, BD, VA, TT, hoods? Seeks masc. Topman, 27-48, gdik-trim-hot & hung. Make this latin stud give you long, slow, sweaty oral service both in full leather-uniforms-rubber! Beer-smoke-aroma. NYC, Boston, DC. 3580LF ☎

## ITL WHITE MALE 44

Submissive looking for a bearlike counterpart, my age or older. I'm not into heavy scenes but willing to learn. Sincere only; would appreciate phone & photo. Respond to POBox 522, West Hempstead, NY 11552 9198LF

## KINKY GROUP SCENE

Hot group open to in-shape Master's and slaves into SM, BD, etc. All ages, race, scenes. 47yo, GWM, 5'11", 160#, seeks also one-on-one buddies. Box 7775, Rego Park, NY, 11374. (718) 275-6719. 3616LF

## KNEEL BEFORE ME!

I will control, perhaps even own. Slave will bow to my will, serve my comfort, jump to my

command, fear my anger. WM, professional, 52, 5-8, 290#, hairy. Require full mental & physical description of slave. Supplication to: PO Box 2885, Brooklyn, NY 11202

## KNEEL BEFORE THIS FAT MAN

I control, perhaps own. You bow to my will, jump to my command, serve my comfort. Hairy WM, prof., 53, 5-8, 290#, seek younger, w/ ltl body hair; not balding or overweight. Req. full phys +. 3606LF ☎

## LEATHER TOUGH GUY

43, gym-tough Top, puts in-shape bottoms thru paces, service. Full gear ever ready. Generous with measured sensuous abuse, esp. TT, punches, stretch holds from wrestling. No fats, fems, masculine only. Travel western NY. Box 8963LF

## LOOKING FOR SON/SLAVE/BOY

Prof. GWM, 40's, 5-8, 155#, grey/brn hair, brn eyes, seeks GWM slave or son, 22-35, to train & control. Must be into BD, SM, CBT, TT, WS, toys & complete service. Age & experience not as important as willingness to learn & submit. Master/Dad is understanding & patient but demanding. FT or PT position available. Letter, photo required. No fats or fems. Box 9034LF

## NO IFS/ANDS JUST BUTTS

This 6'2", 210#, 44, bearded, HIV-, Ass-beater & non stop rimmer is looking for a leather-minded bottom with a beefy butt who can handle an emotional high, a hefty cock, an extremely severe lashing and total ass worship. Age, looks, race unimportant, Good Ass & thighs are. If handsome, manly leather Top makes it easier for you to flip over, get in touch. Rear photo a plus. #174, 1204 3rd Ave, NYC, NY 10021 9150LF

## R U MAN ENOUGH TO SUBMIT?

I'm Fr/A, Gr/P. I also give orders & train so-called superior men to obey. Any man can open his mouth or legs. Real submission is HARD - Get hard on command. Fuck me by my rules. Take the punishment if I'm not pleased. Me: 31, 5'7", 245#. U: hndsm/musc, hung. Box 3534LF ☎

## REAL SLAVE WANTED

By hot, muscular Top. You want to be owned mind, body & soul. I am 6', 33yrs, goodlooking. Write with photo & phone to Occupant, POB 3607, N. New Hyde Park, NY 11040

## SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

Has a real attitude problem with queers. Crotch booted leatherman needs fags to kick, punch, and face fuck. This is not bike club SM. If you're not into this, don't waste my time. Phone a must - photo a plus. As far as you want to go. Other sadistic leathermen welcome to reply. 9072LF

## SEX MAKES YOU ANIMAL

Want that literally? Hypnosis may let you feel you're really transforming. DH, PO Box 746, NY, NY 10108

## STRICT DISCIPLINE

The best spanking in NYC by GWM, 5-10, 170#, POB 1156 Gracie Sta., NYC, NY 10028

## SUBMISSIVE WANTED

Dominant GWM in NYC, 50, 5'10", 195#, HIV neg, seeks submissive GWM, 18-50, HIV neg, for bondage, spanking, tickling, humiliation. Open to other safe, sane, consensual scenes. No drugs. 9084LF

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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

GWM, 48, HIV-, seeks Master any age to be trained as naked house cleaner and toilet slave. Willing to serve groups. 9082LF

## TALL HORNY GUYS

Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 36, 6-1, 185#, very handsome, masculine, works out and sincere? Then call Tony (212) 675-7352 to meet in NYC (no JO). Act out your locker room fantasies - top or bottom, explosive action, possible relationship & more!

## TRAIN & BEAT THIS BUTT

GWM, 5'11", 205#, 39yrs, average looks, husky, hairy, good ass needs Master, any race/age to train and use me all ways. 3594LF ☐

## VERBALLY AGGRESSIVE TOP

Commanding-Demanding-Aggressive, yet sensual, seeks boy-toy needing/yearning to give of himself for my pleasure. Leather/non leather for 36 yo, 5'7", 190#. My place discreetly in Brooklyn. Letter/phone/photo? Box 2043, NY, NY 10159. Come serve this hairy man. LF

## VOYEUR BLACK-LATIN TOP

Well Ed. 43, 5-11, 165#, avg. looks, wants to watch, but may join in - a masc. gay/Bi or married any race top-bottom, use his well ed., mostly white buddies anyway you desire. 1 on 1, 3, or more. In store. Let's share fantasies. Animate! Photo a must S.S. and no S/M. Box 8541LF

## WRESTLERS, BOXERS, MARINES

Very goodlooking WM, 34, 5'9", 150#, BRN, BLU, workout at home. I don't drink/drugs but do smoke, into boots, piss, work outs, ownership, brainwashing, wrestling holds. Love

cocksucking, muscle worship, torture scenes, safe & sane. Respond w/photo. Go for it! 3604 ☐

## YOUNG LEATHER BOY

seeks a special Top who can safely guide me into leather sex, submission & moving past my limits. Relationship desired. Prefer older Brother/Buddy/Master. Boy is: 23, 5'10", 140#. Collars, boots, worship, growth, fun. PO Box 022487, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0025

## YOUR MUSCLE STUD FANTASY

Gorgeous, clean shaven, BB, Italian, 30, healthy, into receiving total oral/body/anal worship from studs who appreciate huge meat and hard muscle. Also into posing/flexing/oil/jocks. Send ph/ph to Box 1549, Murray Hill Station, NY, NY 10156-0607. Apply now!

## NORTH CAROLINA

### LEATHER TOP NEEDED, SIR!

Handsome, submis. btm, 29, 6'2", 200#, BL/GRN, sks to serve hot, hairy, beefy Top in full leathergear. Into SM, BD, Heavy TT, Ball Stretch, plugs, locked collar & cuffs, shackles. Please Sir, fuck my mouth, ass, mind. Hot scenes, poss long term. Explicit letter w/photo (gets mine) to POB 25835, Raleigh, NC 27611-5835. I want my hot tongue all over you, Sir! Work me. 9258LF

## OHIO

### BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

GWM, Top, 33, 5-10, 160#, seeks partner to be tied-up with ropes, chains, handcuffs and other bondage devices. Light to moderate bondage sessions, nothing too serious. Safety guaranteed and all limits respected. Safe sex or no sex. Dayton area. 9052LF

## HOT ITALIAN BOTTOM

Handsome, bodybuilding, sex slave, 43, 5'10", 160#, hairy, brown/brown, full beard, non-smoker/drinker, HIV-, wants to serve and service in-shape, non-fat, non-smoking Tops. Photo and letter to Ray, POBox 141553, Columbus, OH 43214 3531LF

## HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

You: 21-35, short, slim, for submission, humiliation, basement playroom, SM, BD, kinky, nudity, safe and sane only, no drugs. Letter and phone to Cleveland, Box 8686LF

## IF ITS NOT HERE YOU WON'T FIND IT

Hot Top, 31, 5'8", 150#, Blind/Blu, hairy, stache, 8 1/2" cut. Hotter Top/bottom, 36, 5'11", 160#, brn/brn, smooth, stache, 7 1/2" uncut. Hottest bottom, porn star, 25, 5'11", 155#, brn/blu, hairy or ?, 10" cut. All HIV-. Into BD, CBTT, electricity, FF, shaving, SM, WS, VA, complete playroom A-Z, 2000+ videos, limits respected/expanded. GP, POBox 1413, Mentor, OH 44061-1413 or Call (216) 951-5105. 3501LF ☐

## SLAVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASTER

Kinky Exhibitionist, WM, muscular, deep throat cocksucker - my favorite is uncut. Into SM, BD, FF, TT, CT. Display me naked in front of your friends, piss on me, verbally abuse me. Send letter & photo: Ken, PO Box 146, Blaine, Ohio 43909. (614) 633-5709 - JO OK. 9053LF

## SM BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional 42, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore S/M with artful controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD, submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or avg. A+. No gut

or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, PO Box 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219

## SPANKING

WM, 33, 230#, 5'11", looking for young male into spanking or anything. You must supply phone no. and photo to PO Box 446, Napoleon, OH 43545 3550 ☐

## SUBMISSIVE BOTTOM SEEKS MASC.

### TOP

Me: 29, 6'2", Heavy build, beard, HIV-. Into LL, CBTT, Feet, Sucking, BD, SM, shaving, WS, Heavy ass work, etc. You: sane/experienced/ Dom/HIV-/30+. Race/WGT open. Letter/photo to J.H., Box 261122, Columbus, OH 43226-1122 9116LF

## OREGON

### BOY CUNT NEEDS TRAINING

32 yo, 180#, 6-2, slim, masculine novice seeks Master for discipline, training for slavery and indenture. Open to all commands/permanent slavery. Write: POBox 3843, Portland, OR 97208. (503) 251-3752.

### MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink, just healthy leather sex, bootlicking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF

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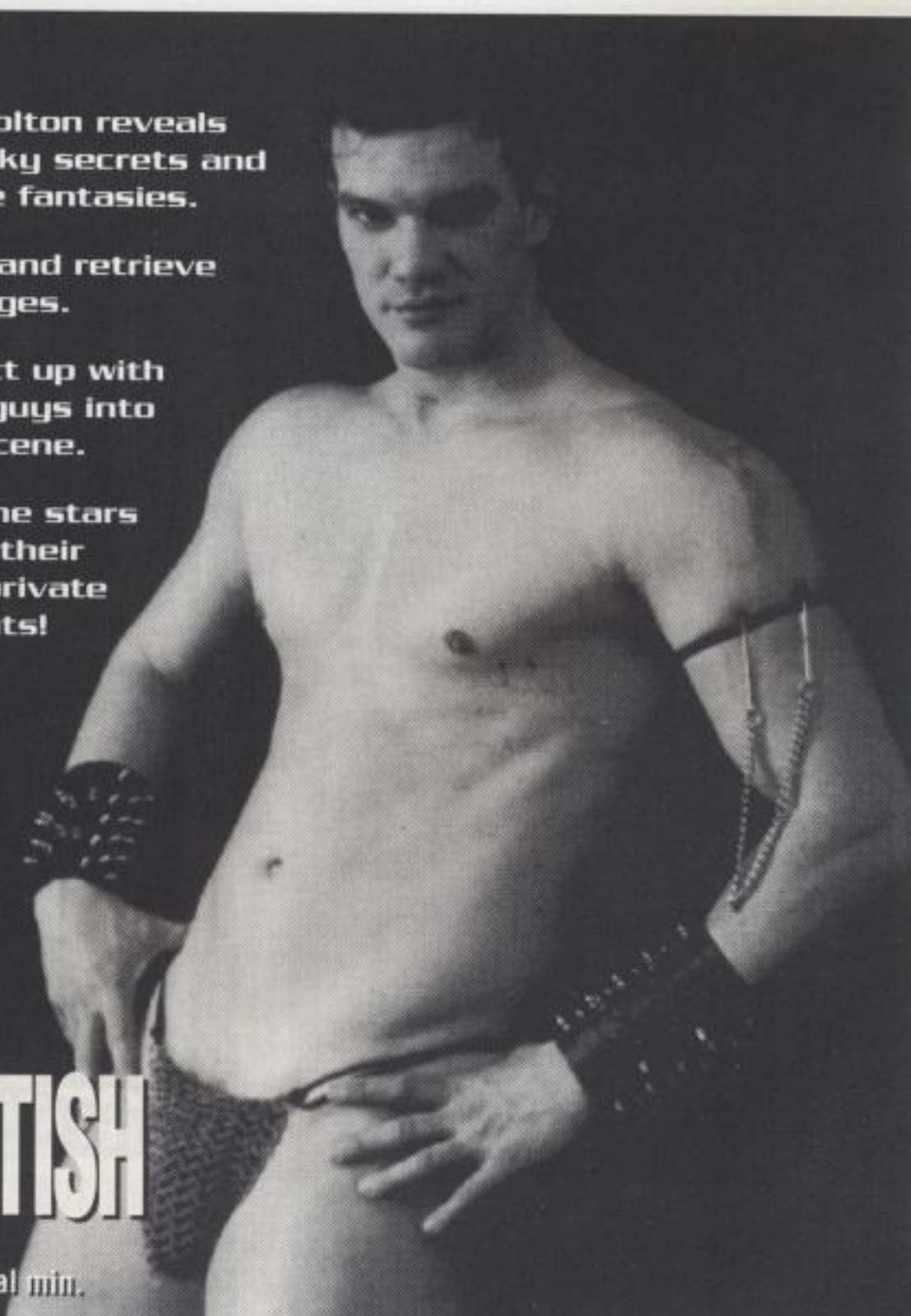
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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM, 28, oral slave needs to service Dominant, Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure. I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. I enjoy WS, BD, Toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, rimming & piss. I love it all! 3568LF ☐

### COCKSUCKER NEEDS DOM TOPS

WM, 28, oral slave needs to service Dominant, Hung Masters. Use my mouth for your pleasure. I'm healthy & ready to obey! Please write to POB 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. I enjoy WS, BD, toys and have videos for enjoyment. Leather & hairy, rimming & piss. I love it all!

## TEXAS

### BEAUMONT LEATHER DADDY

GWM, 44, 5-10, 160#, HIV-, blue eyes, brown hair, trimmed beard and stache with well equipped den seeks self assured, aggressive men into TT, BD, WS and mutual service. Box 9047LF

### DALLAS BUNKHOUSE FUNK (slc)

Overnight accommodations in the raw - \$10 per night. 5 minutes from downtown Dallas. Refer to my previous DRUMMER ad "MAN/BC NATURAL BAPTIST. Fuckers, suckers, truckers, unbuckle your "Bible belt". VA, B&D, CBT, TT, WS, FF, etc. Call Jp (214) 941-5640. Box 9094LF

### HUNGRY SLAVE REQUIRED

by Cowboy Top to drink piss, eat ass, suck cock, service pits and feet. Prefer fistable ass. I am 6', 170#, moustache/beard, very long

brown hair, pierced, tattooed, HIV neg. Send letter/photo to Perry, POB 2263, Lubbock, TX 79408 or Phone (806) 763-2700. 3608LF ☐

### HUNGRY HOLE IN HOUSTON

Muscular bottom, blind/brn, 26, 150#, needs intense TT, CBT, and asswork with my huge dildoes and anything else. New to scene; teach me new pleasures. Please!!! Will respond to all. Pen Pals OK. Reply to R.D., 1109 Hyde Park, #154, Houston, TX 77006

### LEATHER RANCHERS & COWBOYS

Ranching your business? Lease available for leather bro on my 344 acre, central Texas ranch. Ranch with a fellow leatherman. Also accepting applications for slave labor on naked chain gang in hot Texas sun. Near Austin, San Antonio. Box 8937LF

### LEATHER BOTTOM

Looking for hot Leathermen - North TX, NM, OK, & surrounding area. Into CBT, TT, B&D, & safe SM. Intense pain gets me hot & hard. I'm GWM, 32, 5'4", 135#, good build and ready for action. (806) 353-9452 or write to Box 8440LF

### NASTY EXHIBITIONIST

WM, 31. Watch me abuse myself with water sports, enemas, dildoes, diapers, spankings, and bondage while dressed in panties and lace. Video exchanges. 3593 ☐

### OLDER BOTTOM WANTED

You must be shorter than 5-8. At least 45 years old non-smoker. Fuckable. Able to cook, clean house. Able to relocate for long term permanent relationship. I prefer a short, stocky, gray, balding, man. Write to Morgan Box 227412 Dallas TX 75222-7412. 9197LF

### PRETTY HOUSEBOY WANTED

Blond, bodybuilder, Master, 6', 33, HIV-, seeks to care for bright, handsome houseboy who will cook, clean, serve. Must be young, HIV- (recent proof), thin to muscular. Should be into long hair (headbanger?), body shaving, piercing, nudity, exhibition, CBT, FF, expanding limits. Current photo with qualifications receive first reply. Box 8988LF

### SLAVE PIG NEEDS MASTER

WM, 32, 6'2", 180 lbs, HIV-, Brown hair & eyes total bottom. Into leather, piss, scat, cigars. Anything goes and the raunchier the better. Looking for rough Topman to abuse me. Have place/will travel. If possible call Randy (903) 792-0114 after 6pm - Texarkana, TX - or write to Box 9117LF

### WEST TEXAS BOTTOM

WM, 44, professional, clean, educated. Into pain, rigid restraint and total control. Ass beating, electricity, long intense SM, Whips, crops, Steel, rope, hoods, gags. If playing rough and on the edge is your thing, please write 3605LF

## VIRGINIA

### COME HOME TO DAD

GWM, bearded, Daddy bear, 47, 6', 240# seeks cub, fuzzy or smooth, for traditional safe bear fun. Non-smoker, stable, desires quality den time, maybe leading to a long-term stay. Bill, Box 2241, Denbigh, VA 23609-0241 3528LF ☐

### TIDEWATER BOTTOM

36, seeks local, booted, aggressive Top for regular training. Chained, BD, VA, CBT, WS, humiliation, chastity, electricity, etc. Dungeon a plus. I'm healthy, masculine, discreet, attractive and ready to serve. Phone # gets fast

response. 9244LF

### VORACIOUS & HOT

Friend, fuckbuddy, maybe lover, I won't travel. Rimming, ass play (fingers/hands/liquid/toys), WS; vanilla too. I/you like books, movies, music, politics, humor, drama, sex, (wildly varied) & are educated. Hairy chest, blind/bl, 38, handsome. You: slim preferred, to 40 years. Dennis, POB 11621, Norfolk, VA 23517

## WASHINGTON

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### LEATHER TOP MAN WANTED

Smart ass bottom wants to be taken to the next level by a man; to explore some reality not yet fantasized by this novice. Into WS, BD and wants exposure to more. 29, 6-1, 195#, hairy, pierced. If you have patience to train, I will expand my limits for you. Box 9005LF

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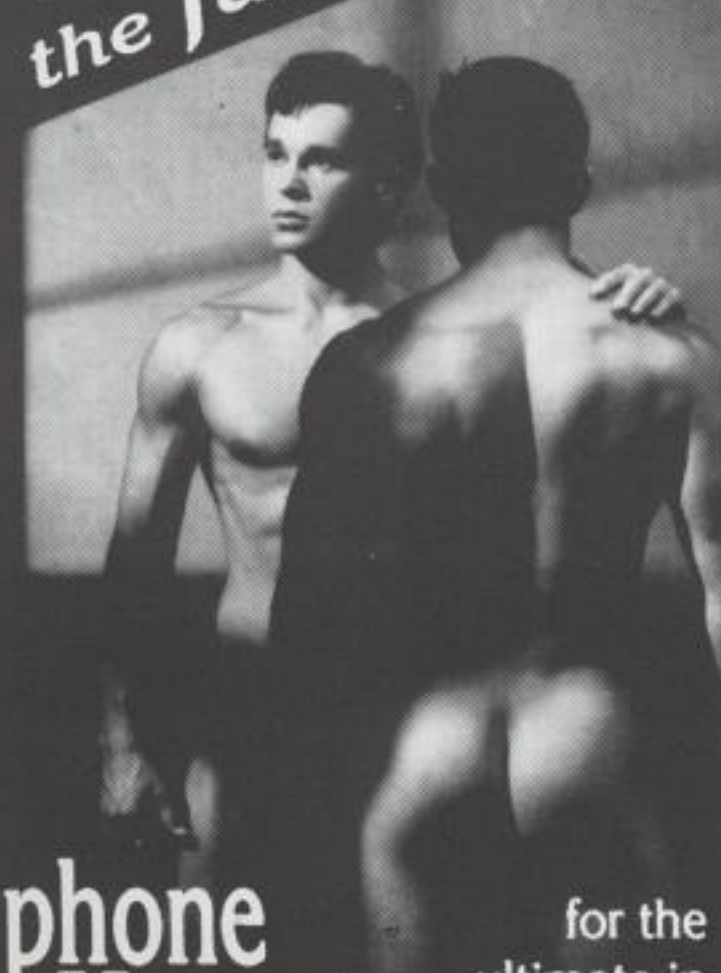
GWM, 6-3, 190# in Olympia area, looking for Tops and/or bottoms into BD, CBT, TT, SM, leather sex in general, light to heavy, safe & sane only. Age unimportant. Military welcome, absolute discretion guaranteed. Call (206) 956-0650 or write with photo & phone to: Box 9002LF

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## INTERNATIONAL

### AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Biker in full leather, 40, 5'11", 160lbs. Into leather, uniforms, Bikes, bondage. Looking for GI's, Airmen, cops, bikers. SP's, GSP welcome. Should be 21-45, safe, sane, healthy, discreet, bottom. Often in US, so stateside replies welcome. Here's your chance! I can take you where you want to go, but if you don't write, we won't meet. 9067LF

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29, 183cm, 73kg, crewcut, athletic build, healthy, stable, seeks similar. I'm active/passive, into manly sex in full leather/gloves (mask?), hard fuck dildo, titwork, light SM... Travel often, Europe/US. Full leather a must. No fats, fems, bald, moustaches. Send photo. 3503LF

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by Swiss leatherman, sleek body, beard, pierced, uncut, hung, 40, 5-7, 125#, bottom with very rugged Top. Big, hung, hairy, moustache or beard, educated & Dominant Dad. Black or Latin very welcome. Photos a must, no heavy SM. Box 8750LF

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Boy, 32, 6-4, 190#, seeks Daddy. Into CBT, shaving, taking orders, Domination, leather but

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Devon Jeffries is a newcomer who, as instructed, rides his motorcycle shirtless through the streets of San Francisco. On arrival his Master, Cougar Cash, removes the chain he had

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## SPRING BREAK ▶

Newcomer Christopher Valens is as sensual as he is beautiful. He had the good fortune to run into Cougar Cash, a man who knows how to handle nervous first-timers. Ripping the lad's clothes off and tightly binding him for service and submission, Cougar demands and receives everything this slave boy can deliver. This is a very erotic, nonstop bondage and domination feast. Full length video color feature.

◀ **TRAIN UP A PIRATE** Christopher Valens' wake-up call comes early, when his Master David releases him from a locked closet in which he, naked and shackled, spent the night. A quick shower and a furtive stiffness are all that's allowed before the slave is put to use. What follows is half a dozen positions of tight rope bondage. Between positions the slave is kept gagged, chained, and caged. Christopher is not only beautiful but passionately turned on to his slavery. A one hour color video.

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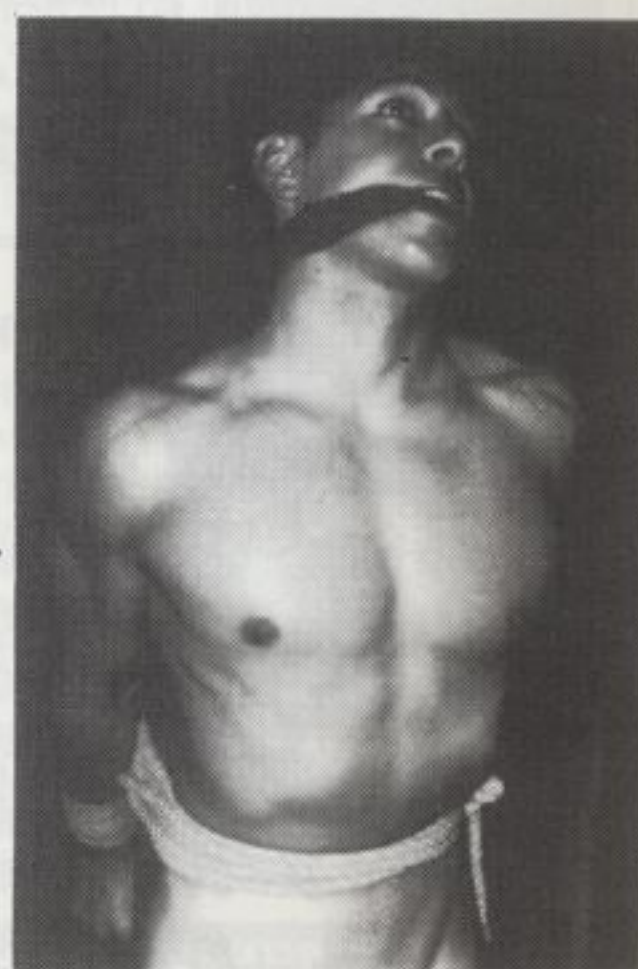
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# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

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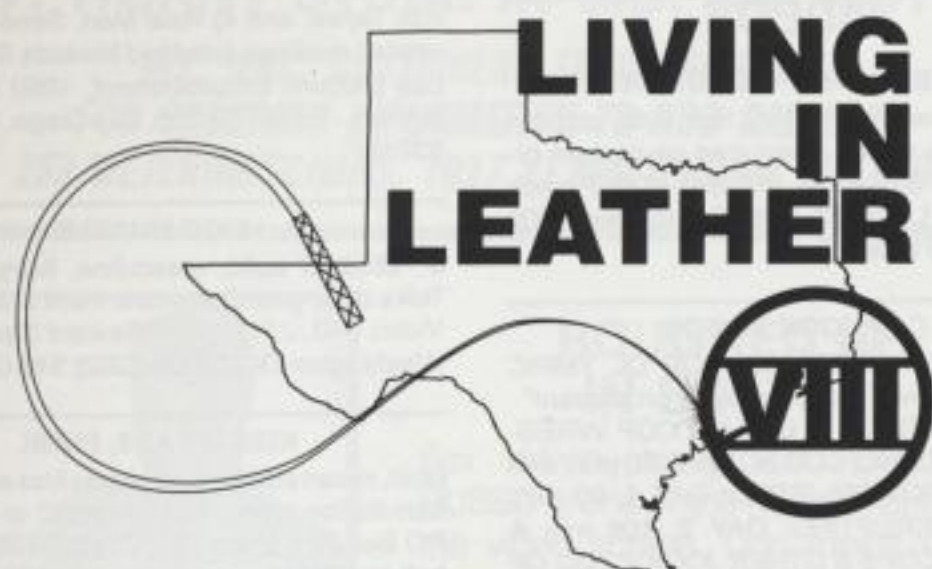
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# PRESS RELEASE:

## Amnesty/Egypt by Cavelo

(KW:AM-AMNESTY - 23-OCT-1990)  
(ON-LINE WIRE WZO:AO736;IBUX:)  
(WB)Amnesty Says Political  
Opponents Tortured;  
Detained in Egypt

LONDON - Amnesty International said Tuesday it was concerned about reports that thousands of political detainees were held without charge in Egyptian prisons and were often tortured.

The human rights organization said 8,000 opponents of President Hosni Mubarak's government were reportedly detained in 1989 and detentions, although fewer, were continuing this year.

"Anyone can effectively be held for months without charge or trial if the Interior Minister says they are a 'threat to national security'," Amnesty reported from its headquarters in London.

Ali Qasr, press counselor at the Egyptian Embassy in London, called the report "completely false."

Amnesty attacked emergency laws that let the government hold people without trial charge, for many months or even years. In some cases, family members were rounded up to force them to divulge a wanted person's whereabouts, it said. Amnesty expressed concern that some hearings took place this year without detainees being in court making it impossible for the court to know of any complaints of torture or ill-treatment.

Egypt signed the 1986 United Nations Convention against torture and so must investigate such complaints of torture, but Amnesty said it failed to do so.

"The evidence of torture in Egypt has been increasing and yet there has so far been little sign of a response from the Egyptian authorities to indicate an official resolve to tackle or eradicate the problem," Amnesty said.

"More systematic torture including use of electric shocks to genitals and other sensitive parts of the body, and suspension by the wrists from barred windows, or from doors, has been reported in dozens of cases, including many from 1989."

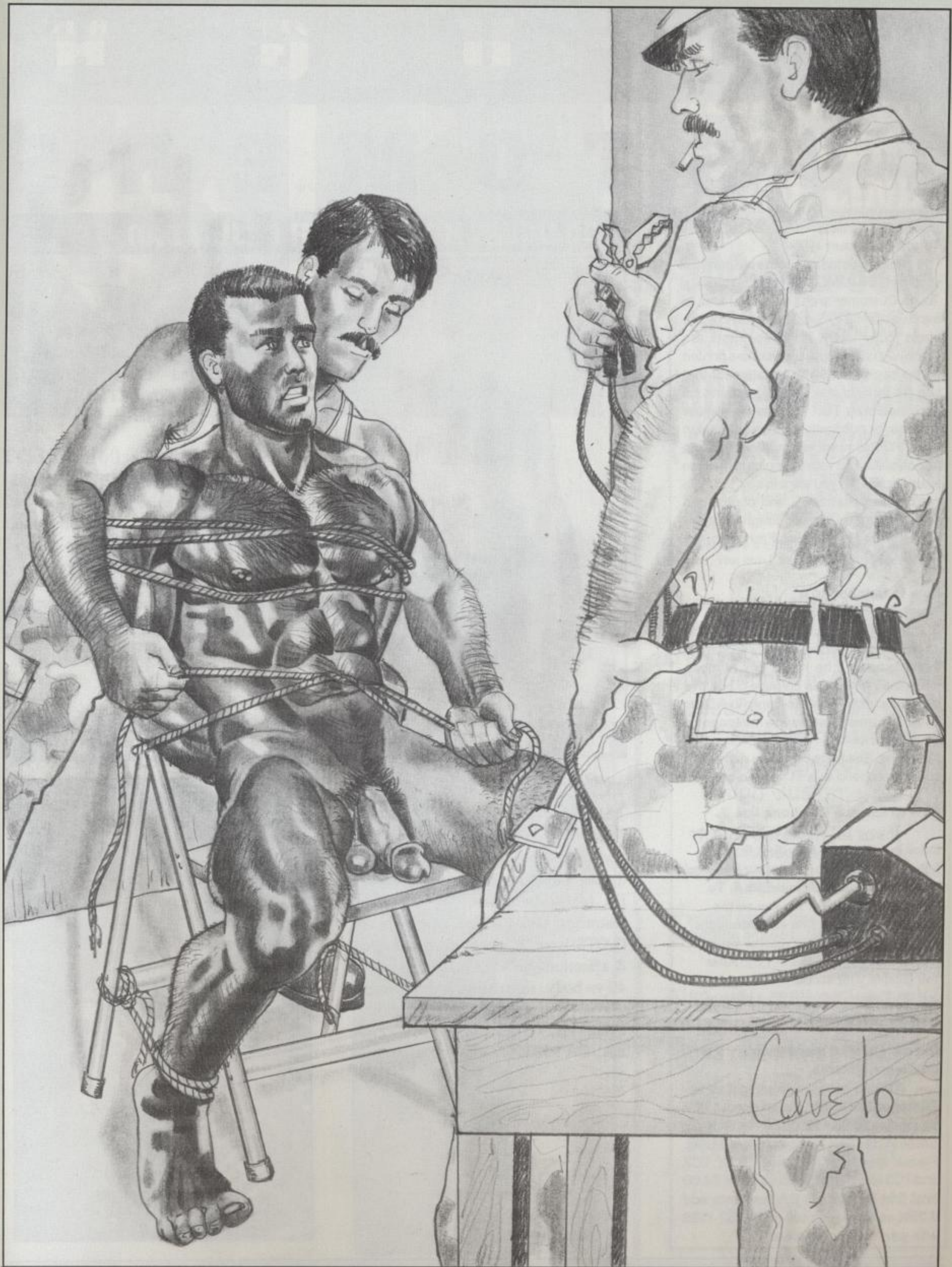
Among cases of political prisoners it says were tortured in detention, Amnesty cited Hassan Al-Chouhada, 27, arrested on Sept. 23, 1989.

"Hassan Al-Chouhada was beaten, and tortured with electricity and threatened with sexual attacks while being questioned about his alleged activities."

Amnesty said the newly appointed interior minister assured Amnesty specific cases would be investigated.

ADPS-DS-23-OCT 1963EDT/L





Cave 10



# T O U G H C U S T O M E R S

## How to become a Tough Customer

Tough Customer photos are contributed by DRUMMER readers. You're a Tough Customer aren't you? You should send us a picture. Send a black and white photo (color is OK if the contrasts are sharp) with your name and address printed on the back, along with a statement that you are of legal age and you want to be published as a TC. You may give your address for publication, or we will assign you a TC Box number. In effect this is a free classified ad with your picture in it, so let us know what you want to say, too. We can't show penetration, and photos can not be returned. Mail to: Tough Customers, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390.

## How to respond to a Tough Customer

If the TC you want to respond to has an address, respond directly to him at that address. If he has a box number, follow the instructions on page 52 of this magazine under "How To Reply To A Dear Sir Ad". You may also leave a message for your favorite TC with our new TC Phonenumber. See page 81 for the number to call and respond to a TC phone box.

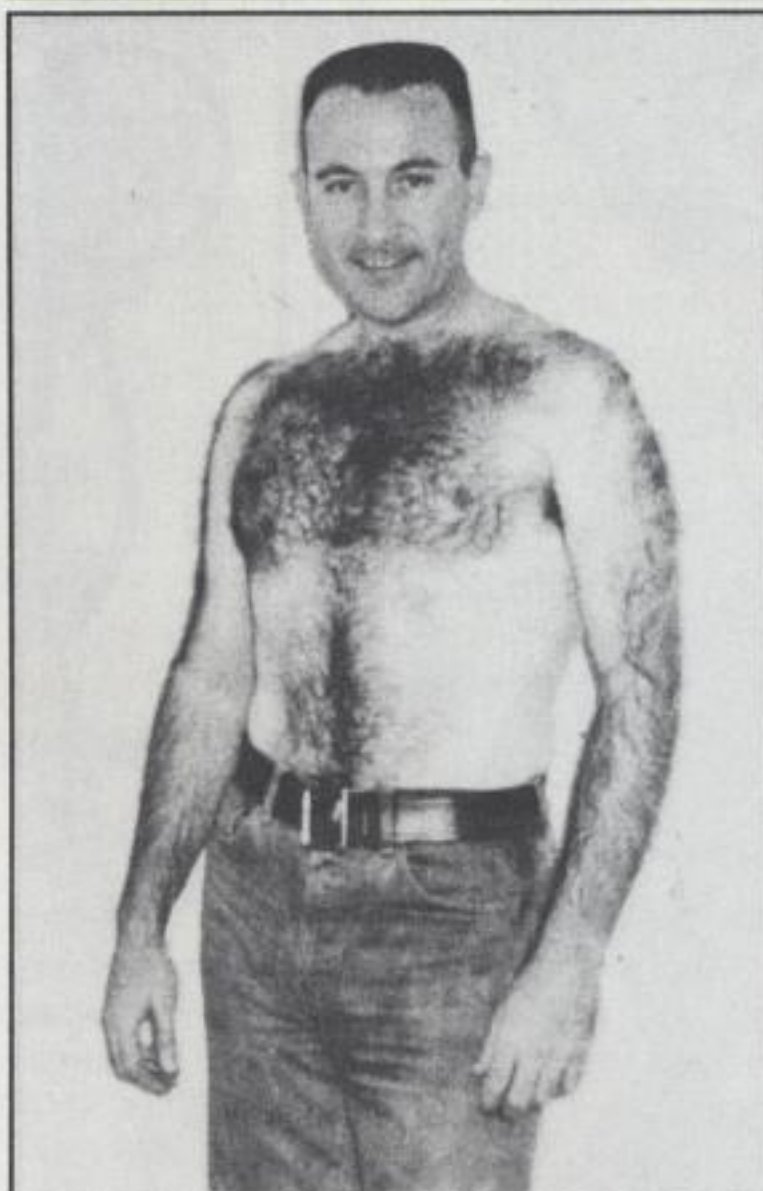
## How to use our TC phone line

If your TC picture appears on the following pages the four digit # following TC in your ad is your mailbox # as well as your TC phonenumber #. To retrieve messages left for you on the phonenumber you must first call Desmodus, Inc. at 415-252-1195 to receive your access code (ask for Dept. TC). After you receive your access code, you may call the Tough Customer Phonenumber to retrieve your messages.

## How to get a lot more Tough Customer pictures

We have published four special, all-TC magazines so far. You can order TC4 by sending \$6.95 + \$2.00 S/H to: RoB, 22 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Please specify which issue (TC1, TC2 and TC3 also available \$6.95 each, \$4.00 total S/H for all four) CA residents add 8.25% sales tax. Or call (415) 252-1198 with your credit card order.

## GO DOWN HOME WITH CAJUN DAD



**TC 167-2158**

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## HIS THIGHS & NIPPLES NEED ATTENTION

**TC 167-2159**

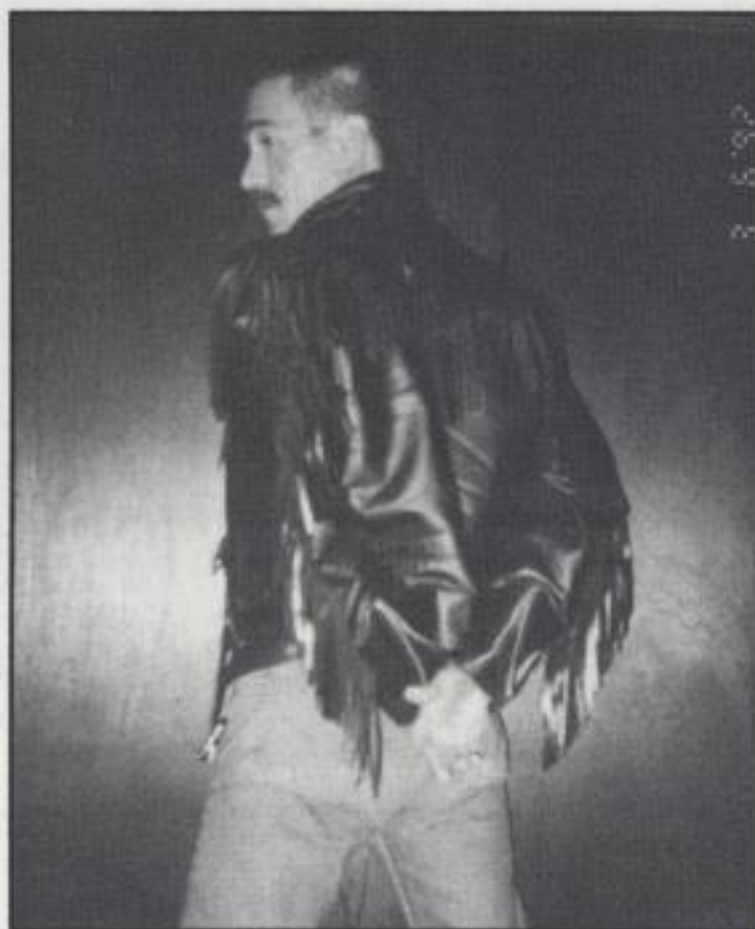
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**TC 167-2160**

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**TC 167-2161**

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(If your ad appears here, see page 80 for information on how to access your box #)

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IN DRUMMER 168



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